THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PENRHYN STANLAWS

In This Number: SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—STEWART EDWARD WHITE
IRVIN S. COBB—ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE—HARRY LEON WILSON

The Roland

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

TWO thoughts about your next overcoat:

Don't be too easily satisfied!

Make up your mind that this Winter you will have all the generous overcoat luxury your money will command.

The ROLAND shown here is a double-breasted Box-back overcoat, with a style of its own. It has roomy patch pockets, cuffs on the sleeve and a collar that can be turned up for warmth.

Go where the good overcoats are!

There are coats and coats. As with everything else—the most are ordinary. They just about get by.

Know the Make of your overcoat. Ask to be shown a few Kuppenheimer coats. Just slip into one and you'll find yourself saying—"Some Overcoat House—that House of Kuppenheimer."

Why, man, it's known everywhere as the Great Overcoat House, and has been for years.

See the coats. *You* can tell.

Prices—$20 to $50

Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan center of the United States and Canada. Your name on a post card will bring you our Book of Fashions.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

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Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
and Men Who Stay Young

Dress Up This Fall and Look the Part of a Well-Groomed Man!

DRESS UP! It's the spirit this Fall! This is the new age—the young age—when young men are in the ascendency. And "young men" doesn't mean only men up to thirty—but men of *all* ages who are *young* in *spirit*.

Reflect the spirit of the times in your dress. Spread the cheer of youth and optimism. Dress up—in Society Brand Clothes.

We specialize in young men's clothes—for young men of all ages.

Clothes That Portray the Youth Within ©A. D. & C.

which suggest the spirit of the hour—you'll *want* these original and correct new patterns, and you'll find them in Society Brand Clothes alone.

Send for the Style Book

Every well-dressed man should see our Fall Style Book. Sent free for a post card.

Society Brand Clothes are built slowly and carefully—for particular men, for men of all builds: men of regular build, and men who are stout, short and long. The supply is necessarily limited, and they are sold through the most exclusive store in every town. We will send you the name of the dealer who can show them to you.

For "Young" Men From Eighteen to Eighty

Gray hairs today must be offset by more youthfulness in style. This is the secret of the success of Society Brand Clothes.

A master designer—a man famous for young men's clothes—creates these styles for us. He gets his effects without fads or extremes. His keynote is conservatism. Men of any age and in any walk of life can wear them.

The Result This Season

In addition to exclusive styles, we offer many exclusive new fabrics—the smartest ever woven—Piping Rock Flannels (winter weights), Waterloo Squares, Normandy Checks, Donnybrook Plaids, Imperial Stripes and many other new Society Brand specials. See them before you buy new suits or overcoats

In standard fabrics the prices range from $20 to $25. By paying $30 or more you can be sure of getting our remarkable "Double Service" fabrics—made of extra long and fine wool, spun in double threads, and sure to give you greater service and wear than any other fabrics.

No suit is a genuine Society Brand Model unless the inside coat pocket bears our label. "Double Service" fabrics are identified by the special sleeve tag—

Double Service

Made in Chicago by
ALFRED DECKER & COHN
Made in Montreal for Canada by Society Brand Clothes, Limited

Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner

Yes, a little girl can use it—

—so light and compact

—so easy to operate

She can even put on the attachments as well as mother.

So it is easy to see how it banishes the drudgery of cleaning floors, rugs, carpets, furniture, walls and hangings.

After you have run it over your rug, that rug is *clean*. As clean as a new rug. Dust is in the bag instead of in the air.

And it is so easy to do; while it costs only 2 cents an hour for current.

The dust and dirt it will remove from a broom-swept rug is astonishing.

Just attach to any convenient lamp socket and turn the switch. Then guide it over the floor—requires hardly any effort.

Handsome, too. Highly polished nickel and aluminum; ebony-finished handle.

Patented air-cooled motor makes our 14-inch shoe very efficient.

The name Hotpoint means much to you because—

—More than **3,000,000** Hotpoint appliances (irons, percolators, toasters, etc.) are in use.

Which assures you that this cleaner is an advanced type—that it is mechanically and electrically right.

Dust and lint are brushed up and then sucked into the double-lined dust bag. The air-cooled motor furnishes extra strong suction. The extra long opening (14 inches) does the work quickly.

Start and stop it with push button on the handle. No stooping for the handle—it stays "put". Brush instantly adjusted for bare floor, carpet or long-nap rug.

Attachments for cleaning clothing, furniture, etc., can be put on without lifting or tilting the cleaner. Fully guaranteed.

Price $27.50. Attachments (7 pieces) $7.50. Canada, $37.50. Attachments $10.00.

Hotpoint Safety Comfo (metal-flexible)

Metal heater is covered with a soft eiderdown cover, easily removed, for washing.

Four feet of heavy waterproof cord connects with switch plug to regular 6-foot cord that attaches to lamp socket.

Heating element guaranteed two years.

The day is past for fussing with old-style methods of applying heat to the various parts of the body.

Electricity is the up-to-date way—the way to do it quickly, scientifically, safely, comfortably—the Hotpoint way.

This Safety Comfo (metal-flexible) is a distinct achievement, because now for the first time you can enjoy—

—heat for curative purposes, wherever there is a lamp socket.

—a metal applicator, flexible enough to fit the body curves and safe to use.

—temperature is under complete control of the user and can be maintained, increased or reduced at will.

—low heat begins instantly and is increased as fast as the patient desires.

—cost of operation is negligible.

Set it for the desired temperature and the automatic regulator will turn current on and off, maintaining the desired heat. Costs but a cent to use it all night.

Price, $6.50. In Canada, $9.00.

A Heater that Fits the Body Curves

The fire-proof steel case of Hotpoint Safety-Comfo is flexible and conforms to the curves of the body.

A move of the finger regulates the temperature, in the dark or under the bedclothes.

Look for the Hotpoint Sign

Nearly all the thousands of Hotpoint distributers display the Hotpoint sign. Look for the sign.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.

New York, 147 Waverly Place. Chicago, 2240 Ogden Ave.
Ontario, Calif. London, 38 Poland St., Oxford St., W.

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co. Limited

Toronto, 25 Brant St. Vancouver, 365 Cordova St.

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If you cannot locate the Hotpoint dealer, send check to our nearest office and we will ship prepaid. Be sure to give voltage.

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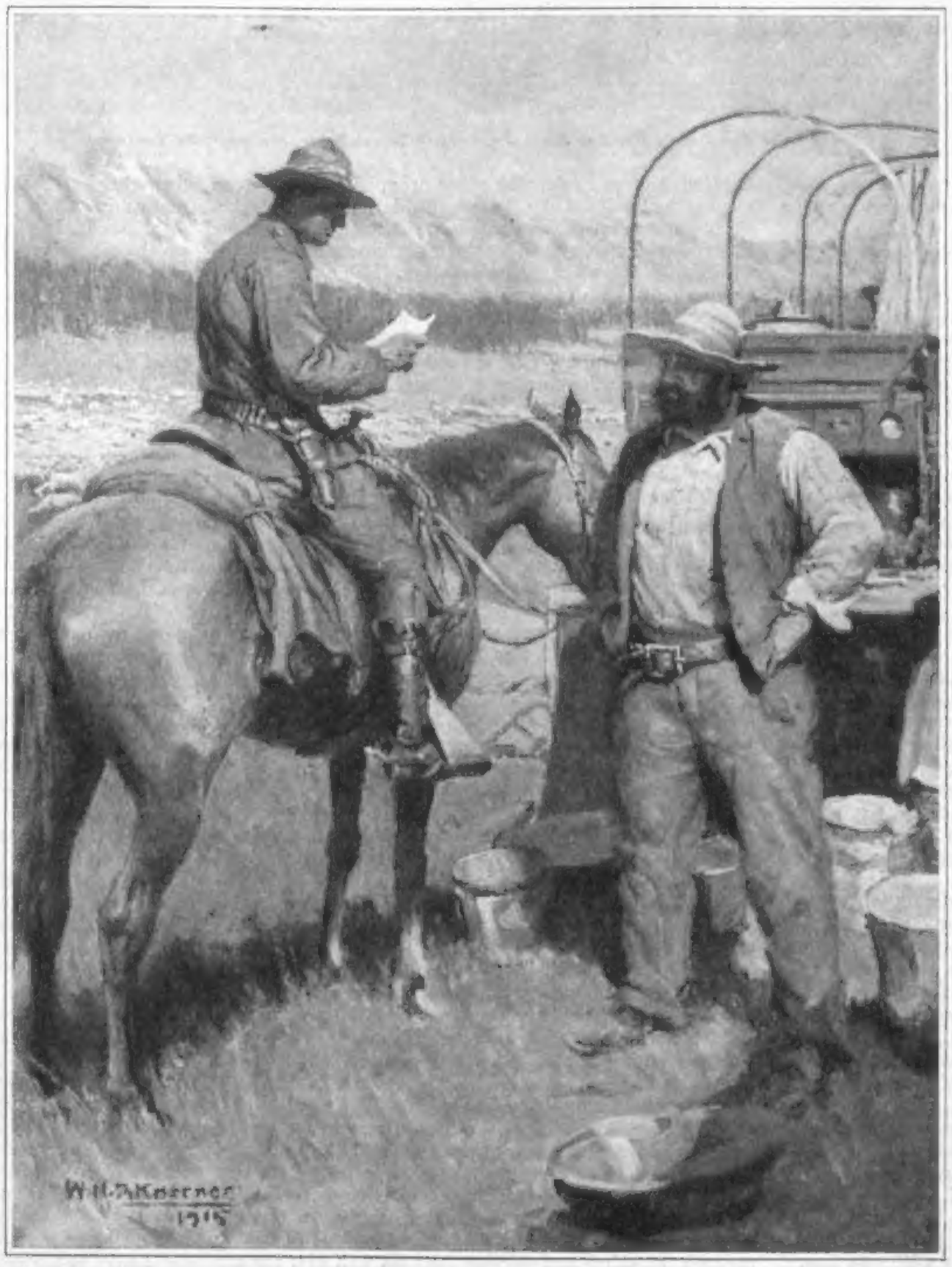
LORD OF MANY PEAKS

By Robert Welles Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JAY RANSCH, forest ranger, stood before the great wall map in District Supervisor Butler's office, and as he rendered account of his stewardship over the high places his lean forefinger conned the maze of contour parallels, re-creating for the accustomed eye the whole Sierra panorama of peak, glacier and gorge. Below the names of mountains were red numerals, lifting them from the flat plane of the map to the full measure of their towering grandeur—"12,200 feet—13,800." Spattered thickly between the red numerals of the heights were the blue dabs of glacial lakes—sapphire bowls in the pink granite of naked ridges. Where headwaters of rivers showed as thin worm tracks the ranger saw white, rushing water under clean sunlight. A No Man's Land—playground of fires and ice and the savage scourings of erosion. But as though this segment of the public domain, wide as the horizons and bristling to the painted sky with a dozen snow peaks, were but a city park, and he the gardener knowing each blossom, the ranger down from Moraine Station calipered a day's ride between thumb and forefinger, touched with a caress the depths of box cañons.

Steward of the public domain was Ransch, and a soldier of that silent, untrumpeted army of conservation whose business it is to save the West for a new and less greedy generation. Thirty or thereabout, tall, loosely thrown together as to sinewy arms and straddling legs, Jay Ransch appeared cramped by the four walls of the supervisor's Placerville office. His shoulders were stooped as if against the contingency of a collapsing ceiling. Olive-gray uniform, with spray of pine done in black silk at collar and coat sleeve, settled to his figure rather than fitted it. Narrow, rather smallish features, springing beak of a nose between deep-set black eyes, thin, shaven lips of a very wide mouth—his was such a face as Nahl, painter of the Argonauts of '49, put in his canvases. His eyes were used to distances and sublimities; the whole simple soul of the man lay in them.



"You'll Find the Rangers All Right if You Should Happen to Stray Your Sheep Over the Boundary Lines"

"Telephone line between Moraine and Stanislaus Station's all linked up now." Ransch bridged fifty miles on the map. "That big snowslide west side of Carey Peak last month wiped out four hundred yards of wire. Other lines O. K. In case it comes I can ring in on thirty telephones for help."

"It" was the unnamable, ever-present menace the dry months of summer hold over the mountains—fire. Fire set to the tinder of miles upon miles of close-standing timber; fire riding on the vicious winds from the snow peaks to gouge irreparable scars in the beauty and wealth of the wilderness. The carelessly left camp fire; dottle from a hunter's pipe dropped on to dry pine needles—there was but one supreme sin in Jay Ransch's decalogue, and these were forms of its commission. Whenever he spoke of the scourge Ransch's voice deepened insensibly and into his eyes flashed anxiety.

"I'll have six likely boys from the forestry school at Berkeley reporting to me on the twentieth." Butler tucked a handkerchief about his wilting collar—June in Placerville is a promise July fulfills—and joined his ranger before the map. "Three'll go to Stanislaus and three to you. Now, where've you picked your points?"

Ransch indicated the lookout points he had chosen on his range for the summer auxiliaries—fire wardens drawn each season from the state university to assist in policing against the enemy. To each a naked peak for a watch-tower and a sentry beat of many miles through the dim caverns of the pines. Somewhere within striking distance of each volunteer watcher would be the end of a telephone line, over which the fire call could be sent to Ransch's aerie at Moraine. These slender webs of communication the ranger traced for his superior.

"Oh, by the way, Ransch"—Butler turned to his desk and rummaged through the pigeonholes—"afraid I've got bad news for you, son. Letter from the state superintendent wishing the sheep on you this summer."

Butler turned with an apologetic smile in time to catch a shadow of chagrin flitting over the other's face.

"Yep, hard luck, Ransch; but somebody's got to be saddled with the woollies each year, and it's your turn now. State supe says it's the Ransome bunch—ten thousand. They'll go to the free range over back of Echo Lake and you'll have 'em for three months."

"They'll eat that range down to the dirt in three months," Ransch growled. "A woolly can ring the bark off a ten-foot sugar pine in half an hour."

"None of our funeral, Ransch, my son, if those ten thousand only keep to the free range." Butler hung a shirt-sleeved arm on the other's shoulder with a comradely gesture. "But here's a little tip. Met up with Clawson, district supe of the Kings River Range, down in Sacramento last week, and when I told him I was going to have the Ransome outfit in my district this summer he said: 'Keep your eye on that bunch of crooks. They'll jump the range and feed their woollies in restricted timberland before they've been on the grounds a week.'

"He knows, because he had the Ransome outfit on his grounds two summers ago and—well, it came to a showdown and a little matter of somebody sniping at him with a forty-forty before he edged 'em back on to the range and got his complaint into the state supe's office."

"Range hogs, eh?" Ransch put in sententiously.

"Clawson tells me the foreman of the herder gang is a tough man, who's careless about human life if he can do things from behind a tree."

"There's a couple o' thousand acres of grazing land in and round Echo Lake." Ransch spoke his thoughts aloud. "No call for anybody to edge his sheep into restricted lands."

"'Course not, but I'm just giving you the tip for what it's worth. The boss herder of this outfit knows just how far he can graze his sheep; but he'll probably push over out of the free range just the minute the grass begins to go short on him. So—it's up to you, Ransch."

Silence between them for a minute; then from Ransch:

"When do I get 'em?"

"Looks as if You Didn't Want to Meet Anybody in These Parts, Ma'am," He Ventured

"*Pronto*, son. They've been on the road a week now, and I hear they're due to roil up Placerville to-day on the way through."

"Well, guess I'll be pulling out for Moraine right soon then." Ransch reached for his hat.

"But you're going to lay over in town for the night—have dinner with me?" Butler urged with gusty cordiality.

"Thanks just the same." The ranger grinned shyly. "But you see, Mr. Butler, I can't sleep in a hotel bed, and Sam—he's my hawse—he feels about the same way as I do. We'll just breeze out into the short hills and make a camp. Anyway, I don't feel partial to traveling over Strawberry Road after ten thousand muttons have chopped it up. Sheep on a hotel eating-house plate and sheep on a clean country road both look the same to me—bad. So ——"

"Have it your way, Ransch." Butler clapped the ranger on the back in farewell. "And good luck! Just get me on the telephone if you have any ruction with that sheep outfit."

Ransch walked to the Fashion Stables, saddled Sam, his one sure friend and confidant of many a trail, and rode out into the heat-blasted main street of Placerville. Hardly had the ranger turned Sam's head away from the stable when his quick ear caught a confused murmur borne on the lazy westerly wind, a surf roaring of small voices and beat-beat-beat as of muffled machinery. People were running down the street to congregate at the intersection of a cross-road by the courthouse and there stand staring against the low sun. Ransch rode down to the center of the excitement. He looked off to where Strawberry Road dropped down toward the great valley.

Below a cloud of dust the road heaved and writhed in a spasm. Solidly, from fence to fence, the dust streak had resolved itself into a churning, tortured spume of gray. The molecular madness advanced with a hobbling, ragged progress. The wind brought ahead a thousand-tongued blatting and murmurous complaint, also an acrid odor of live things in struggling mass. Shouts, barking of dogs, treble shrieks of children racing to escape the deluge—these were the incidental explosions of sound over the monotone.

The sheep—ten thousand ravening mouths advancing to the promise of food up in the high places! The sheep—a plague coming to the fair, pure country over which Jay Ransch, ranger, was set in stewardship!

Ransch, his face hardened in loathing, whirled his buckskin about and set off at a gallop up Strawberry Road toward the dim blue heights, all glowing with rose tips.

The tenth sun after Ransch's flight from the plague of sheep found him up and grooming Sam for a hike across country. With the first bundle of light hurled across thin space from the far rim of the Nevada range Ransch paused in his work, as was his custom, for his morning devotions. No prayer; his, rather, the passive attitude of one receiving the benediction of his Creator—a benediction spoken from tremendous sublimities of mountains and space. For Jay Ransch sunrise amid the peaks carried the exaltation of an oratorio.

Moraine Station, his aerie, was a solidly built cabin on the thin spine of a long, high ridge, itself the trash heap of some great glacier of a past age of crag sculpture. One end of the ridge tilted itself up to meet the bald granite knob of Angora Peak; the other dropped its feet in the purple depths of Lake Tahoe, California's jewel lake. Fully fifty miles of lakeshore and of ragged mountains behind lay, foreshortened by the crystalline atmosphere of the heights, below the ranger's station. Behind and to one side unfolded the fearsome screen of the Divide—Tallac, Dick's Peak, Pyramid—a barrier of pink-and-gray granite, unclothed by the vesture of the forests, nude as Hercules. There lay the chilling cold of snowfields, the blue hint of glacier tips, flashing mirrors of a dozen little lakes in their rock basins. Blue of lake, pink of mother rock, gold of the sun wash, green of forested slopes—all this untempered and undimmed by the quartz-clear atmosphere, the cathedral stained glass of the high places!

Ransch swung into the saddle and took the trail through the fragrant frost of buck-brush blossoms over the shoulder of the Moraine, past Echo Lake, where the water spills over the Divide both ways, east and west, and down into the meadows beyond—the free range. His road was a silent one and desolate; there were no other travelers except crested jays and an occasional perky chipmunk. The dimmest of paths, it was marked here and there by "ducks"—a pile of small rock fragments heaped upon a bowlder top. The buckskin, despite his frequent neck-stretching to browse on inviting shoots, carried his rider with deceptive swiftness over the silent way. The gurgling outlet of Echo Lake was passed, and Sam was picking his steps down a steep alleyway of pine needles, when a sudden tug at the bridle stopped him. Ransch had caught a flash of red fluttering stuff through a screen of little spruces ahead—just a flicker, like that of a wind-blown garment, which instantly disappeared.

"Sho, Tham, I'm seein' things," he crooned in his mount's inquiring ears. "Your old man's living too much alone in these here silent places."

He clucked the horse on but kept a sharp eye ahead. Sam stumbled and slipped down the steep trail for a minute. Again the tug on the reins and a sharp exclamation.

"It's sure enough, Tham hawse," Ransch whispered in a gust of excitement, "a woman—and she's making to hide from us."

Abruptly the ranger whisked his mount off the trail and through a copse of alders. Perhaps fifty yards ahead he caught a glimpse of a scarlet skirt violently agitated and scaling the face of a rock outcropping as if by its own volition. Trees screened all of the fugitive but the flaming skirt. Curiosity and pique spurred Ransch in pursuit. With no pretense of stealth he sent his buckskin crashing through the alders and skirting the rock wall over the top of which the fugitive had disappeared. A woman alone here in the wilderness, a woman who fled when discovered! Here was mystery enough to invite investigation.

As the buckskin scrambled to the higher level above the outcropping the ranger saw the red skirt, topped by a mass of flying brown hair, clear a fallen tree and disappear. The fugitive was running like a young deer.

"Young fella, we surely got to look into this case," Ransch confided to Sam as he pressed his knees smartly in for more speed. Sam, who had seen the flying skirt and was enough of a sportsman to want to know what it meant, jumped forward in an enthusiastic spurt. Ransch made him swerve smartly to the right to head off the girl ahead, who had tried to make a quick double back to the ravine where she had been first discovered. Deliberately Ransch drove her into the edge of a great thicket of buck brush and manzanita, which cloaked a wide burn on the mountain side. She had not taken four steps before she was brought up sharply, snagged by the tough hands of the brush.

A red and rebellious face, upon which lay also a strong stamp of fear, was turned over one shoulder toward the horseman; a brown, bare arm, brier-scratched and roughened by sunburn, was raised to sweep the damp hair away from wide eyes. Face and figure—the latter scarce concealed under the tight-stretched front of a one-piece frock of red gingham—set the girl down somewhere above sixteen and on the sweeter side of twenty.

Rebellion struggling to subdue fear in her eyes, the free grace of her uplifted arm, the whole poise of her body straining against the barbs of the brush as a trapped lynx tugs stealthily at the jaws gripping him—these were the marks of the wild thing Jay Ransch had run to earth. The man's eye was quick to see and appraise. His wide mouth set itself in a grin, partly propitiatory.

"Looks as if you didn't want to meet anybody in these parts, ma'am," he ventured, lifting his hat with a flourish. She answered only with flashing eyes, in which there was naught but anger now. Ransch chuckled, as he might at the futile rage of a child.

"It gave me quite a start to catch sight of you, and at first I didn't know what you were—thought you might be a squaw or something and so I had to make Tham here—he's my hawse—tote me after you to find out. We're mighty curious, we mountain folks."

The ranger, though banter was in his voice, was doing his best to open a conversational lead. He was of a mind to apologize for his rudeness of pursuit, but he did not know whether to frame an apology for a child or a woman. What the manzanita held prisoner was neither child nor woman. Hint of woman there was, which the undecorated front of the child's frock could not hide; but in the mouth, now twisting from pout to red scorn, was the defiance of the child. Black eyes regarded the ranger from under the shielding brown arm unwinkingly. No answer to his clumsy overtures.

"You're a stranger round these parts or else I'd know you," Ransch began again, shifting uneasily in his saddle. "Know every child and woman from Rubicon to Markleeville, and I must allow I never saw you before. That's the reason I took after you—because I'd never seen you before—just like I'd take after a pretty new bird or go off the trail to paw round a snowflower." He thought he saw a softening of the hard lines about her mouth, and hurried on:

"I says to myself when I saw your bit of flamin' skirt dodging round the brush: 'Jay'—that's my name; a mountain jay you might call me—'Jay, this here young party's off her trail and she's gone loco.' You know strangers in these parts go loco when they gets off the trail, the mountains are so big and sort of deceiving. 'She's off her trail,' I says to Tham here, my fool hawse, 'so we'd better round her up, as it were, and set her right. Maybe you are off the trail."

He waited expectantly, but no answer came save from the black eyes, into which a spirit of taunting insolence was creeping. Ransch flushed.

"You aren't overgiven to conversation, I take it," he drawled. "You're not like some folks I know—tickled to death with the sound of their own voice. Maybe you think I'm going to leave you here off the trail and sticking

in a mess of buck brush, with the nearest house a good eight miles off. Maybe you think that, but you're dead wrong."

She tilted back her head ever so little and challenged him with her eyes. The ranger suddenly gave Sam the knee; the little horse delicately picked his way into the brush toward the girl. With a gasp she turned and tried flight, but a gnarled old manzanita spread a net for her and she fell. Just as she rose Ransch leaned from his saddle and swept her, kicking and scratching, up to the saddlehorn—not before she had marked him however. Blood followed two razorlike slashes of her nails on his cheek. With a quick shift of his left arm he had her hands imprisoned. Her head was against his shoulder, and her face, blazing with anger, turned up to his. He saw the little nest of freckles on either side of the thin nose, saw berry stains on her parted lips, even white teeth behind them.

Down went his head of a sudden, and he kissed the stained lips. She wrenched a hand free and marked him again viciously, just as his lips met hers.

"There," he said ruefully, "look what you made me do! And I didn't start to do it. I swear I didn't, ma'am."

"You—you sneakin' panther!" she gasped, twisting futilely in his grip. "Set me down or my dad'll drill you full o' bullet holes!"

Being called a panther did not startle the ranger nearly so much as the manner in which the girl spat out the words, catlike and with the snarl of a free-ranging creature cornered. It flashed over him that what he held in his arms was no less a fighting beast than the tawny stalker she had named him. Also the situation struck him as whimsically embarrassing. He had kissed a rebellious child as a taunt and had roused a woman's fury.

"Now—now," he soothed, for want of a more fitting exculpation. "I said I'm sorry; what more do you want?"

"I want you to set me down to oncet! It isn't for the likes of you to be packin' me round like I was kin to you. Set me down now!"

Ransch chuckled. He had freed her hands now, but they were no longer claws. Nor did the girl strain against him.

"You're a wild little blackberry." His eyes smiled down into hers. "And you sure have got thorns. But I can't let you go until you tell me where you live and if you're not sure enough off your trail. Woods are mighty thick and deceiving round these parts, and ——"

"That's my business—where I live and if I'm off my trail." She made a quick move to slide from the saddle, which Ransch as quickly checked by a tightening of his free arm about her waist. The discerning Sam had picked his way back to the trail whence the pursuit had started and was shambling through an aisle of great yellow pines.

"Maybe, maybe, Miss Rain-in-the-Face; but you see I'm a sort of policeman round these parts—if you look close you can see the fancy buttons on my jacket. And I can't allow young parties to go mixing themselves up in the woods. The hellydids might lay for you and drag you to their cave."

She sniffed scornfully, but in less than a minute curiosity pushed through her carefully guarded intrenchment of anger.

"Hellydids? Say ——"

Ransch reined in the buckskin and looked down at her face in pained surprise.

"I reckoned you were new to these parts—mighty new!" His voice bore a tinge of sympathy for ignorance. "Never heard tell of a hellydid, and you running free and innocent all round where they hang out! Mighty lucky for you, Miss Rain-in-the-Face, old Jay Ransch happened to find you before ——"

He stopped adroitly, with the question she would not let herself ask yet unanswered. Sam, catching the crisis of the moment, gravely waited, rooted to the trail.

"Well, I never been in these here Sy-erras before," the girl put in defensively. "Dad used to herd mostly down San Jacinto way, and I never heard tell ——"

"Go 'long, Tham hawse!" Ransch commanded, secretly exulting. "Well, ma'am, you know how bad the hydrophoby squirrel is, I reckon." She nodded gravely. "Not one—two—three with the hellydid, he isn't, because you can tell the way a hydrophoby squirrel comes down a tree whether he's hydrophoby or not and—take precautions accordingly. But when you make out a hellydid coming round a mountain there's only one thing to do, and if you don't know that thing you're a goner."

"What's that?" All defenses were down now. It was the child demanding to be told.

"Well, it's this way: You make a run right for that hellydid, and just before you range alongside, where he can nab you, you take a quick sidestep below him—that is, down the mountain from him—and keep right on legging it round the mountain the way he came. Old Man Hellydid, he makes a quick turn to chase after you and goes on his nose and plows up about a yard of pine needles. So you get away—and there you are!"

Ransch, his face perfectly grave, looked between Sam's ears out along the sun-flecked trail. The girl cast a quick eye up to the unwavering line of his mouth, then put the question:

"Why goes on his nose?"

"There you've hit the funny part of it. The joke's on the hellydid. You see, he's so used to the high Sierras and steep mountain sides that his off two legs, front and hind, have grown longer than his nigh ones so he can keep his balance on a forty-degree grade. But naturally he can only go round a mountain from south to north or from east to west, according to the way the mountain lies. Minute he tries to walk hind side of a mountain, as you might say, he goes on his face and he's helpless as a flapper duck."

For the space of a breath the girl was silent; she was digesting Ransch's bit of natural history. Then the explosion:

"Oh, you—you!" A brown fist shot upward in a neat uppercut and landed fair on Ransch's beak of a nose. Before he could jerk his head back a companion blow grazed his cheek. Little strangled noises sounded in the girl's throat.

"Chase me and catch me like I was a runaway kid!" Tears of anger and wounded pride filmed her eyes and her cheeks were burning. "Steal a kiss from me—and—and tell me a—a whopper! Take that, Mister Smarty—and that!"

The attack was so sudden and launched with such whirlwind energy the ranger was completely disarmed. He tried half-heartedly to hold his prisoner to the saddle, but she wriggled free of his encircling arm and dropped to the pine-needle carpet before he knew it. Down the trail like a startled doe she sped, her scarlet skirt whipping behind her, a danger signal against pursuit. The trail was plainly marked at this point—a shallow crease in the golden-brown velvet of pine needles—and the girl ran without hesitation.

Ransch's knees first signaled pursuit to the buckskin, but before the little horse had struck his stride a tug on the bridle brought him to an abrupt halt. A sense of something approaching shame cut across the man's impulse to ride the fleeing girl down again. He saw the whipping red flag disappear behind a windfall of logs, and then discovered himself very much alone in the forest. "Shucks! I didn't go to do it," was his defense, ruefully murmured into Sam's backward-turned ears. One hand went to his smarting cheek, and came away with two thin lines of red across the palm. Ransch looked at the stripes quizzically.

"Tham hawse, your old man thought he'd met with a Babe-in-the-Woods, but discovered he'd caught a regular she wildcat. Lordee, hawse, she's no kid and she isn't a woman. I reckon maybe she's one of these here wood nymps you read about!"

Ransch's first genuine impression that the wild thing he had trapped in the manzanita burn might be a stray off the trail was dispelled by the sureness of her flight down the faint path over the pine needles. Having not the shadow of an excuse for further intervention, he let the buckskin dawdle along the trail at a browsing walk, so as not to give the girl ahead the slightest suspicion that she was being followed. Ransch guessed their destinations to be the same. What she had said about being a stranger in the Sierras and her father's past activities as a herder identified the wildling with the sheep camp at Echo Lake meadows, whither he was bound.

This conclusion as to the little wildfire's identity brought a sharp disappointment to the ranger. His general aversion to the sheep included the class of men that handled them. Moreover, Supervisor Butler had warned him against the outlaw tendencies of the boss herder of this particular band now settled on the free range within his district. From the day at Placerville, when he had witnessed the advance of the invaders up the Strawberry Road, until the present moment, he had been oppressed by a brooding sense of impending trouble; had anticipated a clash with this boss herder, whose reputation was for carelessness in respecting the bounds of Government pastures. That the brusque little beauty who had left the marks of her nails on his cheek in exchange for a stolen kiss should be allied with the herder gang struck Ransch as a great misfortune—for her.

And—the thought suddenly bore in on him—was his own position to be improved by the morning's encounter? Instantly Jay Ransch was taken out of himself and thrown back to the service whose uniform he wore and respected with religious veneration. He, a forest ranger, was about to ride into the herders' camp in a capacity of supervision, and there be identified by a slip in a scarlet skirt as the roughneck who had ridden her down in the forest, kissed her and tried to kidnap her—Ransch did not dare guess the limits to an angry girl's accusations. Where would such a branding leave him as an officer of the Government? The man shut his eyes in a spasm of self-abasement. He'd been a double-riveted fool!

Half an hour later the silly blatting of the sheep came to his ears, and a turn in the trail brought him out on to the wide reaches of the glacial meadows. On the flat bottom of a great bowl in the mountains they lay, ringed about on all sides by a prickly hedge of forest and naked granite above. A meandering stream, down from Echo Lake, cut the green carpet in halves; alders and the spreading tents of tamarack spotted the meadows along the creek side. Ransch frowned as he spied at the far end of the meadows dirty gray masses spread over all the green expanse, like some infection in a garden of beauty. Greedily and without satiety the sheep were destroying, obliterating.

He rode toward a thin veil of smoke which rose from a clump of pines at the edge of the green. As he drew nearer he spied the high back of a chuck wagon and a smudged tent pitched near by. Blanket rolls and scattered remnants of camp dunnage circled the tent and wagon. A mongrel collie raced out to yap at him.

As Sam gingerly picked his way through the camp litter a man came out from behind the chuck wagon and stood

(Continued on Page 52)

Ransch Leaped to His Feet and Sent Three Shots Banging Into the Cleft

A FILM FAVORITE—By Rob Wagner

THE two tragedies of my youth were my "beautiful eyes" and my "lovely hair." How I detested them! My family, however, thought I was the most irresistible boy in all the world. It seems to me that my whole youth was wasted in Fauntleroy clothes, frilled shirts and Florida water. Being at heart a regular boy, I did my best to profane this exaggerated beauty; and I remember one time, when I had been all dosied up for the photographer, with what diabolic joy I sneaked off to my sister's room and cut great wads out of my golden forelocks and clipped my lashes to the roots. Little did I realize that some day my cow eyes and lovely hair were to be my capital stock in trade.

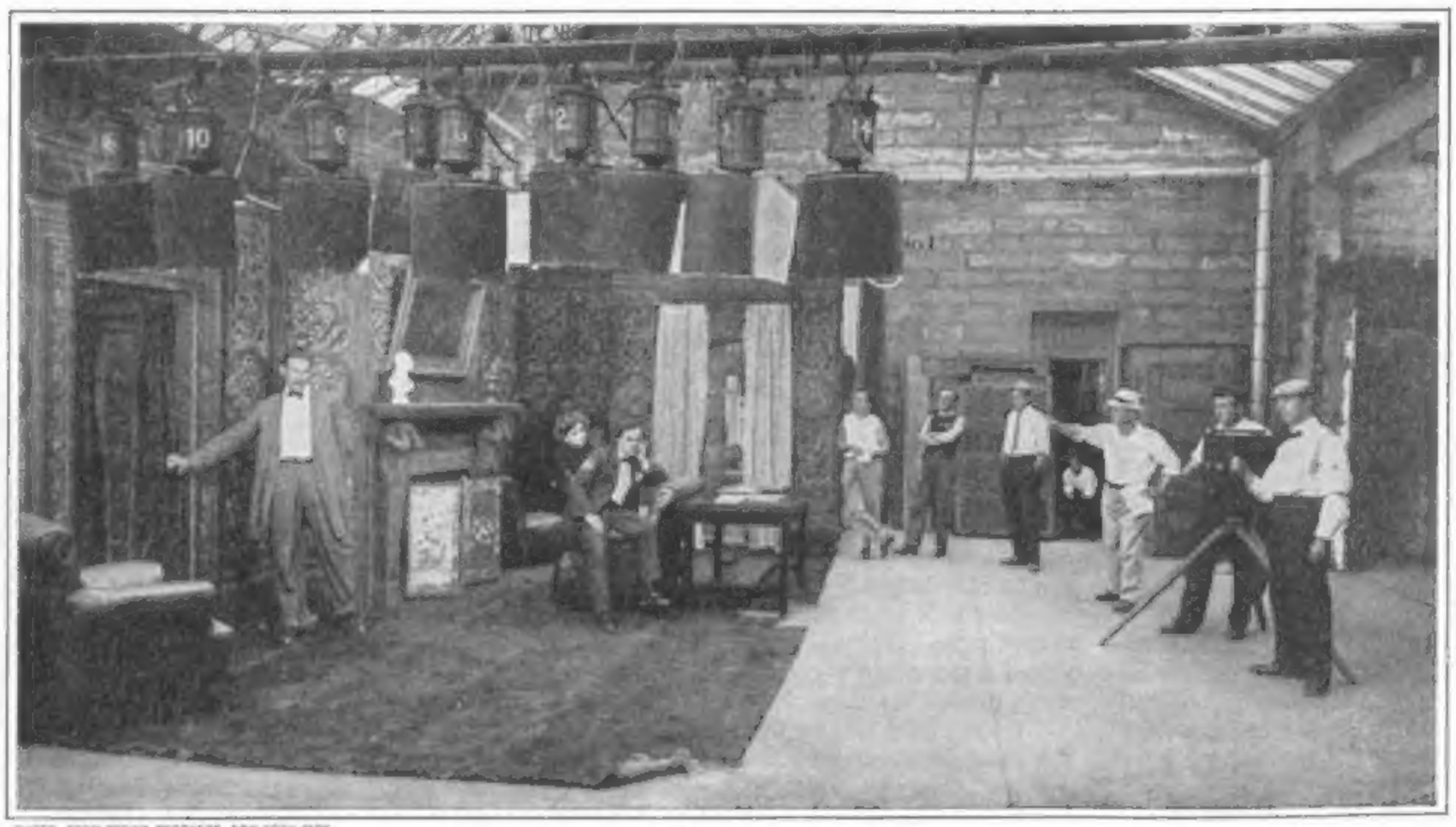


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Moving-Picture Studio

To add to my youthful cross, I was compelled to speak pieces on every possible and impossible occasion. I did not suffer much from this burden during the "moo-cow-moo" period of my babyhood; but when I was about eleven years old and began to develop a sense of shame I endured acute tortures whenever I was called on to face an audience and declare that curfew should not ring that night! The preparation for one of these elocutionary spells was almost as painful as the ordeal itself; for it took hours for my sainted mother to scrub, brush and polish me up so that I should be worthy of my plush panties, frilled shirt and wide Byronic collar. If persisted in long enough such Olympian demands will break the spirit of any boy, and by the time I reached the sixth grade I had become shameless. One day, at the end of the school term, I stood before two hundred people and held them spellbound while, in a beautiful lyric tenor, I recited Spartacus' Address to the Gladiators.

I know I made a magnificent picture as I rose to the full splendor of my four feet six, while Spartacus furiously urged the slaves to action, for I have my photograph before me as I write. It is the last of a stupendous series of Paris panels and cabinets that recorded the physical and sartorial glories of my childhood. I think, however, the high-water mark of my beauty was attained several years earlier, for in this hand-tinted print I seem to be too large for the Russian blouse.

Getting to be a Real Boy

AT ABOUT this time I began to grow and my beauty went into eclipse. My shame had long ago departed and now I began to steal, torture cats, smoke corn silk, break windows, fight with the Micks, and otherwise behave in a very un-Rollolike manner. Mother was much distraught, though father seemed strangely unperturbed. My personal appearance was the hardest blow to her maternal pride, for in my savage revolution I had gone from plush and white linen to the depths of depravity—corduroy and sweaters. For several years I was exceedingly plain; the hair clipped close to my sconce only emphasized the bright spark of sinister intent that lurked in my eye.

The languishing looks had departed—but not for keeps. By my early twenties my beauty had returned—the cow eyes and lovely mane—glorified. If anyone was ever cursed with fatal beauty it was myself. The girls thought I was "perfectly grand!" What the men thought would melt a linotype; so their opinions must go unrecorded. One he-comedian sent me a comic valentine of a male cloak model, the verse being more unpleasant than the picture, which itself was a notable accomplishment. If I had known then that in a few years this godlike beauty was to be worth a thousand a week I think I could have borne all the comic valentines with exasperating nonchalance.

Only to-day I saw my picture in the window of a leading haberdasher. In it I am wearing one of a dozen sport shirts sent to me by the merchant, and a card informs the gaping bystander that I am America's Greatest Film Favorite!

No doubt, cynical reader, you have decided by now that I am a vain, insufferable cad. Maybe I am—maybe not. My blessed mother has done and said everything she could to turn my head; but my father is Irish, and he saw a joke when nine days old—and told it to me. So, though the latest moving-picture beauty contest has awarded me the palm as the handsomest male extant, I have not allowed the victory entirely to unseat my reason. Knowing my limitations as an actor, I shall work this dear old fashion-plate beauty of mine just as long as the crowd wants me.

Now in America we worship two things—efficiency and success; and when one of us makes a barrel of money by boiling soap, or hits the pay check for a thousand a week, he runs straight off to a newspaper or magazine to tell how he did it, so that others may emulate his achievement. Being a good American I, too, shall tell my story.

It matters little who I am—the question that will interest nine gentle readers out of ten is, How to Succeed as a Moving-Picture Actor; and I feel that I can be more free in making observations if I do not disclose my identity. I propose to tell of episodes and make comments on things that are true to fact, though personalities may be somewhat disguised. My name is not Grannon, and I was not born in Syracuse; but that name and place are close enough. John S. Grannon, however, is not a very rococo name for a great actor; so when I decided to become one I changed it—let us suppose—to Spencer Grandon.

It is unnecessary to tell of my shameful, effeminate youth in further detail. Added to my cherubic beauty, a high-pitched voice seemed to justify the name "Sis" by which I was known even through my college days; but it was at college that I found myself, and there I determined to become a he-man even if I had to eat raw meat and grow a full beard. I plunged into athletics and by my senior year I had won a place on the football team and was the intercollegiate champion for the Middle West in welter-weight wrestling. Up to this time I was answering all the hopes and aspirations of my doting parents, and in the spring would become a Bachelor of Science, prepared to go forth and shed my light before men.

However, a little thing happened that turned my whole career in another direction. I was chosen to play the lead in the senior comedy—the beginning of my decline. From the possible heights of a consulting engineer I was to fall heir to the doubtful distinction of the most ravishing lover who ever rescued maiden fair. Nothing but the stage would do for me.

PHOTO. BY THE LUBIN COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Variety of the Scenes Takes Us From the Mountains to the Sea. It is One Grand Adventure

Father received my decision with some of the quaintest and rarest Irish in his very rich vocabulary; but mother—bless her dear old heart!—just knew that I would succeed at anything! If you do not believe I am the greatest actor in the world just drop my mother a line. But don't ask father!

Having chosen a career I splashed in immediately, went to New York, took the usual bumps, and scored several second-rate successes. My piping voice was the worst handicap. For four years I messed round with one company and another in every state in the Union, and stood about as much chance of dramatic preëminence as a snowball down in Yuma. Finally I found myself in Los Angeles without a job, and with only sixty dollars in my pocket.

Los Angeles, as you know, is a terminal, a dramatic jumping-off place, the end of many a histrionic career. When a road company leaves New York and wends its weary and unsympathetic way across the continent it usually ends up in Portland, San Francisco or Los Angeles—and then disbands. The latter place, especially in late years, has been the finish of many a gallant troupe that has tried for three thousand miles to buck the growing competition of the moving pictures.

The Starry Firmament of Los Angeles

ACCORDING to the storybooks and songs, when a company goes broke the orthodox behavior of the hams is to hit the ties back to New York; but Los Angeles is not Schenectady, and the walking across the Mojave is very inelastic. Besides, the Rialto has moved, as I shall explain later. If a theatrical bubble bursts in Portland or San Francisco the worst has happened and the "artists" will have to go to work; but, being willing, a good strong man or woman can always get a job canning apricots or salmon. In Los Angeles, however, another hope is left, for down there, besides fish and fruit, the canneries include the drama; in fact, this latter industry is far more important than either of the others.

It seems curious that a city in one of the nethermost corners of the United States should have become the moving-picture-producing center of the world. Statistics are not satisfactory, but the best authorities state that eighty per cent of the pictures made in America are produced thereabouts. New companies are forming every day—many of them, however, surviving only the first picture. Whenever an actor, director or camera man begins to feel his oats he starts a company of his own—but most of them go on the rocks. Notwithstanding these numerous fiascoes, the solid, enduring companies are growing every day; and, as a result, there are more actors employed in Southern California than in any other place in the world.

With very few exceptions all the stars of filmdom reside there, and it is there that they have their organizations, clubs, balls, picnics and barbecues. In the past few years their ranks have been filled by stage stars, so that a benefit or ball will call together "the greatest galaxy of headliners that ever appeared under one roof!" Yes; the Rialto is still on Broadway—but there is another Broadway, and it lies three thousand miles west of Herald Square.

I have said that Los Angeles is the end of many a dramatic career. I may add that it is also the beginning. Fortunate for me it was that the Candy Kid Company petered out in the City of the Angels; for—who knew?—I might soon see myself as the heroic driver of a fire truck that would go tearing through the streets, upsetting news stands and comic policemen! At any

rate, here I was, with my crofty clothes and sixty dollars, and here were the studios of some twenty companies. I bought an m.-p. magazine and sat up all one night in my room at the hotel making out an itinerary, so that on the morrow I might hie me forth to land a job.

It was not an encouraging beginning, for on the next day I visited three of the larger studios and the numerous friends I met all told the same tale of overcrowded companies, with thousands of applicants. Introductions seemed to help little; so I determined, as long as my money lasted, to take my chances with the "bunch in the yard." After a week's pilgrimage I picked out the most likely-looking company and settled down to wait.

These Western studios are vastly different from those still remaining in the East. The one I chose was typical of the best. It was a great eighty-acre tract near town; but within its high walls were hills, wooded barrancos, a brook and a small lake—all of which made possible many beautiful outside locations. The interior sets were arranged on a great platform, three hundred feet long by one hundred deep. These stages are without any covering whatsoever, except the sliding muslin diffusers that are drawn over to soften the sunlight.

It is the "yard," however, which one first encounters; and the waiting rooms of the New York managers present no such picture. As early as eight o'clock in the morning the place is thronged with the most amazing aggregation of humans within whom ever burned the light of hope. What is there about the moving pictures that attracts so many of them? They could earn a much better living picking lemons; so one almost wonders whether it is not the call of the ego that is the drawing force. Long benches crowded with cowboys; shopgirls; precocious children with admiring parents; plumbers; has-been actors; high-school girls; callow, cigaretty youths; Chinamen, negroes and Mexicans—all sorts and conditions of men, women and children are sunning themselves in the open and, for the most part, reading moving-picture magazines.

As the assistant directors—they choose the "extra" members of the cast—make their daily tour of the yard, scanning the benches for types that will best suit their needs, the hope that burns in the eager faces of the dramatic candidates is one of almost ecstatic expectation. The qualifications for a job are often astounding. "Does any man here know how to handle a rattlesnake? Which of you can ride an ostrich?" calls out a director. A burly chap who sat beside me for a week finally got on because of his expert knowledge of explosives.

Trench Fighting in a Two Weeks' Battle

AS I LOAFED there day after day, trying to catch up in my reading, I had time to contemplate many of life's vanities. What humiliation was this for a real artist! From the "legit" to the movie—what a fall! Where were my dreams of yesteryear? The fall, however, was somewhat softened by the knowledge that the pay checks were twice the size of those of the regular actors.

For almost two weeks I hung round the yard, refusing, because of my pride, to go on with two or three hundred others in "mob stuff," even though the job might pay me five dollars a day! But my pride began to peter out as my sixty continued to shrink, and one day I said to myself: "Well, mother, here goes your dear, beautiful little Spencer boy into the depths of the drama!"

Talk about beginning at the bottom! I started in a ditch. I was one of forty who were shot up in a Civil War story, and I lay in a ditch all morning while regiment

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

There is Constant Change and Our Work is Ever New

after regiment passed over my beautiful, prostrate hulk. Crowded in that bunch of forty humans I was thankful that cameras had no ears to hear; for such language as came gurgling to the surface beat any suffocating gases the Germans have yet invented. Those on top certainly learned some new ones from those at the bottom.

Yet most of these fellows boast of this indignity and will make a story of real dramatic triumph out of it. One of these very soiled individuals, who, no doubt, would have made a sincere gas fitter, told me how he had worked with Henry Whitnall in The Cataclysm. When I asked what part he had played he replied: "I was one of them niggers in the road, with m' throat cut; but in th' third reel I was in two swell close-ups."

My trench fighting was indirectly very fruitful, for these battle scenes lasted two weeks. When I was not violently shooting a gun or impersonating a corpse in blue or gray, I utilized my leisure in wandering about the lot and watching the other companies at work. At this time eight stories were being enacted at the studio with six companies in the mountains and at the beaches. I might add that the place had a complete menagerie and specialized on animal pictures.

There was a time when it was possible to fake the "animal stuff"; but that was before the film fans became oversophisticated. The skeptical habitués of the film drama may not believe it, but the animal pictures are now being made "straight." My attention was called to this fact by the elaborate precautions taken in preparing a scene in which it was evident that the action would be of great danger to the actors. The story was a South African romance—and the Boer's daughter, played by Gene Wilkinson, a handsome and fearless girl, was scheduled to do a scene with an unbroken puma. I think the action can be pictured more graphically by a diagram of the set:

It will be noticed in the diagram, on the next page, that a high, stout wire fence, inclosing a clump of trees and an open space, funnels down to a point where are located three cameras. The trees and bamboo entirely screen the fence from view, so that the illusion is that of the interior of a jungle.

In the scene Miss Wilkinson comes wearily staggering across the clearing and falls with fatigue on the spot indicated in the diagram. The location must be exact, because the action takes place within the angle of the camera and yet just at the edge of the picture. Then, as the girl rises on one elbow, she is horrified to see bounding straight toward her a great gray mountain lion. She raises her knife to strike; but just as the animal reaches her the picture is cut. When it is cut in again one sees the apparently dead beast, and Miss Wilkinson, much torn and lacerated, leaning over it.

Challenging a Wild Puma

WHAT really happened was this: Just outside the camera line stood one of the keepers with a freshly killed chicken in his hand. The puma smelled this and came bounding across the corral; but, in order to get his game, he passed directly over Miss Wilkinson's head. Scenes like this, as one may guess, have no rehearsals—with the animal; so three or four cameras are always used to obviate the necessity of a make-over. One must not think that such an act is perfectly safe, as there is always danger in performing with the "cats." In many scenes it is absolutely necessary to use unbroken animals; for when a lion, tiger or puma has been broken he is afraid of his keepers, and is likely to skulk in the corral and refuse to do the expected stunts.

This picture gave me an idea, and I knew if I could pull it off I should land big with the company. During the next few days I talked often with the animal keeper and made careful observations of the cats. I had determined to make an offer to the director of the animal stuff to go on and fight it out with the puma in front of the camera. From what the keeper told me, and with my knowledge of football tackling and wrestling, I decided that I could clinch with and hold one of these brutes with little danger to myself.

The director listened to my plans dubiously but with much interest, and told me he would give me an answer later. The next day, however, he came to me with a telegram in his hand, and said that if I would sign a release for damages against the company, and provided we should get twenty-five feet of good film, he stood ready to pay me a thousand dollars.

I sent for my football clothes and had them reënforced in the abdomen and on the back. I intended to wear them underneath my costume. The keeper had promised to clip the beast's claws just enough to blunt the extreme sharpness. With these precautions I was to take my chances. The director was not particularly confident of my getting the picture, as was shown by the fact that no scenario was forthcoming; a story would be written round the incident, he said, if I made good on the big scene.

It is no exaggeration to say that I had the biggest gallery that had ever watched a scene at the studio since its founding. The regulars and several hundred extras occupied every possible vantage point about the lot; but they kept at a respectful distance, as the cats are easily disconcerted by a crowd and, likely as not, this one would sneak off and refuse to attack me. Armed keepers were hidden behind

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Pavlowa Discussing the Work of Dancers With a Ballet Master

PHOTO, BY THE FOX FILM CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Most People are Quite Honestly Excited About Appearing in the Pictures

shrubbery and two sharpshooters stood just outside the corral. A formidable-looking doctor arranged his kit of bandages and dope. Most of the spectators, I believe, were hoping for the worst. At any rate, they were fully expecting "Sister" to get his! The only ones fully confident of success were the keeper and myself.

Twice—three times—I rehearsed the action in order to time the footage of the film. At last the director called, "Action!" and the cameras began to click off their sixteen exposures a second. I came strolling slowly across the clearing in front of the bamboo. Hearing the opening of the gate in the rear of the inclosure and the rustling of the tall grass as the puma sniffed his way forward, I swung round. As I beheld the great, crouching beast, I was supposed to turn toward the camera and register "horror." I did so, and the puma bounded toward me. When he was only ten feet away, at a signal from the keeper I turned in my tracks; and as he sprang high at my head I sidestepped and clinched from behind. Then for fully a minute there was real excitement. They tell me they could scarcely see us at times for the dust, and the sound of the spitting was like a ten-cylinder motor car with the muffler cut out.

I called out every few seconds that I was all right; and when I thought we had gone for about a thousand feet of film I rolled the cat outside the angle of the camera, where the keepers pounced on him, manacled all four feet and dragged him away. The camera man reported sixty feet. When it was seen that I was up and smiling the relief of the tense situation was sounded in rousing cheers. A slight scalp wound and one claw scratch deep in my foot were my wounds, the cauterization of the latter being the only pain I suffered.

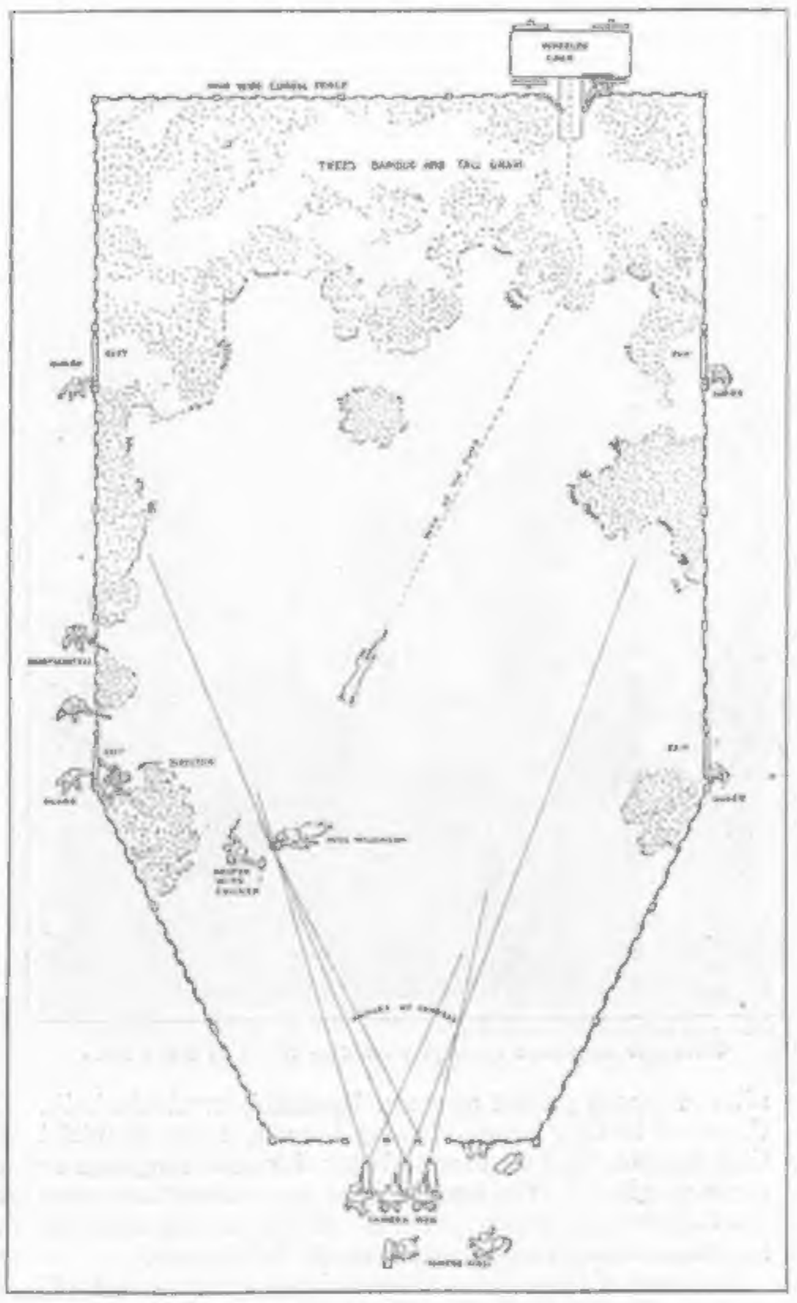
And now the question is, How did I do it? I will tell; for maybe there lives another fool who wishes to try his skill on a tiger. But never again for me! Not that I have elaborate respect for the strength of a puma, but the gods might not again be so kindly disposed. I had in my left hand a pigeon, still warm, though dead. As I held it aloft the beast plunged for it; and as he did so I fell forward with my one hundred and seventy pounds full on his back. Bearing him tightly to the ground, I succeeded in getting a full nelson on his head, which put that member out of danger to me, and I held his forepaws straight out at right angles; then I grapevined his loins with my legs, and in this position we began to roll. At no time after I closed on him was I in any great danger. The result of my success was that I went on the pay roll as a regular, for it was necessary I should act in all the scenes that were to come before and after this one.

Lovely Hair and Cow Eyes Begin to Score

I MADE only a few animal pictures after the puma story, for it was soon discovered that I had possibilities as a romantic hero. It turned out that I had a fine moving-picture face; my lovely hair and my cow eyes had at last come into their own. Neither would my voice now be a handicap. I heard endless tales of how some of the greatest actors in the world had failed in the pictures, and of how many who had utterly failed in the legitimate had become leaders in the silent drama. One noticeable fact of the moving pictures is that one must act, even though he acts badly. He cannot stand about in beautiful attitudes, uttering sonorous lines in an organ voice, and put over the scene. It must be done through the eye—hence the reversal of fortune of many an aspirant.

Such, indeed, was my own experience. Achieving nothing much higher than the rôle of a romantic Harold in musical comedy, here I find myself in a few years advertised as one of the highest-priced film favorites in America! I know I am not a good actor, and I know that the advertisement bears a fleeting sentiment; and in this knowledge I am almost unique among my brothers. Many of the successful ones believe they are great artists.

The picture business is so new and so big, however, that in the first hard boiling many bubbles have risen to the surface. I have no doubt that not a few favorites would weigh at least two pounds less than a Panama hat. For some of us, the most trying



Bird's-Eye View of a Jungle Picture

part of our daily routine is the compulsory association with one another. The *kultur* of some of my brothers finds expression in great red, white or blue ill-mannered motor cars, some of them as fearsome as battleships, the noise they make being a hope expressed that people will notice the occupants, most of whom have their initials, coats of arms, and a few the full name, emblazoned on the door. To certain-shaped heads it gives a glorious thrill to drive down Broadway in a great, powerful car, a sport shirt displaying one's beautiful throat, hair flying back in splendid abandon, while the girls on the sidewalk utter ecstatic, hopeless sighs.

Another trial that some of us pretend to dislike very much is the necessity of so often appearing in public simply to be looked at. If any charity wants tickets sold like hot cakes it prevails on the managers to send down a film favorite to help the sale. Benefits innumerable, fiestas, dedications and school commencements call us from our work or families. The managers acquiesce in these public affairs even to the great embarrassment of our work, because in that way they put the societies and institutions under obligations; and who knows but we may some day want them to appear in a picture!

There are times when extra people can substitute for us with wholly satisfactory results. A short time ago an official of a seaside resort came up to arrange for the participation of film favorites in the annual bathing-girl parade. This is a spectacular feature of the yearly carnival of this Pacific Coney Island. To advertise the moving-picture girls in the contest was to insure an immense crowd. It was decided that one headliner should go, and thirty or forty extra girls should be sent to fill up the ranks. These extras can be picked up any morning at the studio. So, for a few hundred dollars, an attraction was put on that meant a great boost for the trolley road as well as the place that staged the show.

This deliberate confusing of the public mind as to the personnel of the film favorites is one of the most exasperating angles of the profession. The newspapers are outrageous offenders. Any poor, defective little girl who gets into trouble is unloaded on us. "Movie Queen Stabs Sweetheart With Can Opener!" reads an exciting tale in this morning's paper. I have never heard of the young lady; but what of that? She was crowned by the city editor. If a girl appears once, with two thousand others, in some great mob scene, she tells the reporters she is a moving-picture actress.

All Want to be Movie Queens

NOW I do not wish to pay any excessive floral tributes to the virtues and intellectuals of the regular moving-picture actor—his intelligence is not always so profound as to excite comment, and directors are not all well-bred and cultured artists; but I object to having all the domestic muck in the village credited to my profession.

While I was reading this tragic crime of the can opener to Mrs. Grandon this morning, at breakfast, a happy thought came to me.

"What's the matter," I said, "with having somebody get out a Who's Who in Filmdom, giving a complete list of companies and plays, with half-tones of the regular players? Then, when the police round up a burglar, we could prove that he is not a Film Favorite."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grandon; "but it might be embarrassing to have the burglar prove, as no doubt he could, that he was at the head of your scenario department!"

Mrs. Grandon often says things like that.

Did you ever stop to wonder how many short brunettes there are in your town? Or tall blondes? Or red-headed girls with aquiline profiles? I have a plan by which one can determine just such delightful data without the trouble of plodding through voluminous census reports or insurance statistics. Take, for example, the red-headed girls with aquiline profiles. If I wish I can behold every woman in town thus endowed to-morrow morning at nine o'clock! The result can be accomplished simply by inserting in the want column a liner to the effect that red-headed girls with aquiline profiles are wanted at the studios. Every miss or missus who, by a stretching of the chin or oxidizing of the hair, can come within a mile of this description will be there on the dot. The accuracy of the count will be based on the statement that everybody wishes to act in the movies. The reason for it is puzzling—the fact is indisputable.

Los Angeles had, last week, a population of five hundred thousand souls—and many Mexicans; and I will say, for the benefit of the statistically curious, that out of this vast congregation there are engaged in the moving-picture business, in one form or another, five hundred thousand souls—and all the Mexicans. This may seem like an exaggeration. It is not. It is the gospel truth—that being a truer kind of truth than the ordinary kind. It is a rare citizen who at one time or another has not appeared in moving pictures. If there be those who are not past, present or future actors, one may rest assured they are writing scenarios. There are actually thousands of us who make acting our vocation, and of all the remaining inhabitants it is the avocation.

There is hardly a public gathering of any kind that is not

(Continued on Page 61)

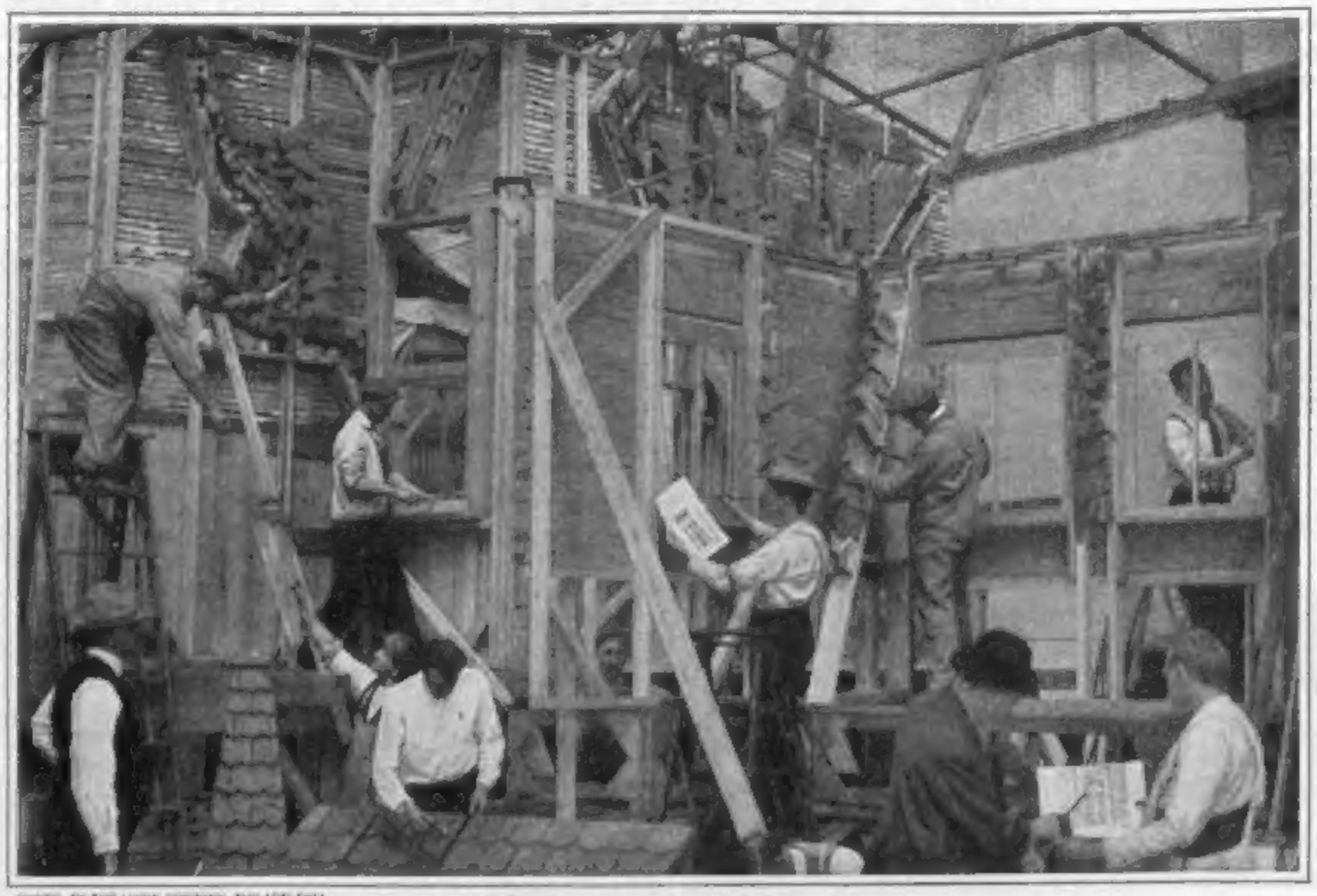


PHOTO. BY THE LUBIN COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

A Scene Which Has Taken Twenty Men a Month to Make Will be Destroyed in Two Seconds When the Camera is Turned On for an Earthquake Picture

THE LORD PROVIDES

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"You Was Polite to Me and Decent to Me. I Ain't Ever Goin' to Forgit It"

THIS story begins with Judge Priest sitting at his desk at his chambers at the old courthouse. I have a suspicion that it will end with him sitting there. As to that small detail I cannot at this time be quite positive. Man proposes, but facts will have their way.

If so be you have read divers earlier tales of our town you already know the setting for the opening scene here. If not, you are requested to picture first the big bare room, high-ceiled and square of shape, its plastering cracked and stained, its wall cases burdened with law books in splotched leather jerkins; and some of the books stand straight and upright, showing themselves to be confident of the rectitude of all statements made therein, and some slant over sideways against their fellows to the right or the left, as though craving confirmatory support for their contents.

Observe also the water bucket on the little shelf in the corner, with the gourd dipper hanging handily by; the art calendar, presented with the compliments of the Langstock Lumber Company, tacked against the door; the spittoon on the floor; the steel engraving of President Davis and his Cabinet facing you as you enter; the two wide windows opening upon the west side of the square; the woodwork, which is of white poplar, but grained by old Mr. Kane, our leading house, sign and portrait painter, into what he reckoned to be a plausible imitation of the fibrillar eccentricities of black walnut; and in the middle of all this, hunched down behind his desk like a rifleman in a pit, is Judge Priest, in a confusing muddle of broad, stooped shoulders, wrinkled garments and fat short legs.

Summertime would have revealed him clad in linen, or alpaca, or ample garments of homespun hemp, but this particular day, being a day in the latter part of October, Judge Priest's limbs and body were clothed in woolen coverings. The first grate fire of the season burned in his grate. There was a local superstition current to the effect that our courthouse was heated with steam. Years before, a bond issue to provide the requisite funds for this purpose had been voted after much public discussion pro and con. Thereafter, for a space, contractors and journeymen artisans made free of the building, to the great discomfort of certain families of resident rats, old settler rats really, that had come to look upon their cozy habitats behind the wainscoting as homes for life. Anon iron pipes emerged at unexpected and jutting angles from the baseboards here and there, to coil in the corners or else to climb the walls, joint upon joint, and festoon themselves kinkily against the ceilings.

Physically the result was satisfying to the eye of the taxpayer; but if the main function of a heating plant be to provide heat, then the innovation might hardly be termed an unqualified success. Official dwellers of the premises maintained that the pipes never got really hot to the touch before along toward the Fourth of July, remaining so until September, when they began perceptibly to cool off again. Down in the cellar the darky janitor might feed the fire box until his spine cracked and the boilers seethed and simmered, but the steam somehow seemed to get lost in transit, manifesting itself on the floors above only in a metallic clanking and clacking, which had been known seriously to annoy lawyers in the act of offering argument to judge and jurors. When warmth was needed to dispel the chill in his own quarters Judge Priest always had a fire kindled in the fireplace.

He had had one made and kindled that morning. All day the red coals had glowed between the chinks in the pot-bellied grate and the friendly flames had hummed up the flue, renewing neighborly acquaintance with last winter's soot that made fringes on the blackened fire brick, so that now the room was in a glow. Little tiaras of sweat beaded out on the Judge's bald forehead as he labored over the papers in a certain case, and frequently he laid down his pen that he might use both hands, instead of his left only, to reach and rub remote portions of his person. Doing this, he stretched his arms until red stripe showed below the ends of his wristbands. At a distance you would have said the Judge was wearing coral bracelets.

The sunlight that had streamed in all afternoon through the two windows began to fade, and little shadows that stayed hidden through the day crawled under the door from the hall beyond and crept like timorous mice across the planking, ready to dart back the moment the gas was lit. The Judge strained to reach an especially itchy spot between his shoulder blades and addressed words to Jeff Poindexter, colored, his body servant and house boy.

"They ain't so very purty to look at—red flannels ain't," said the Judge. "But, Jeff, I've noticed this—they certainly are mighty lively company till you git used to 'em. I never am the least bit lonely fur the first few days after I put on my heavy underwear."

There was no answer from Jeff except a deep, soft breath. He slept. At a customary hour he had come with Mittie May, the white mare, and the buggy to take Judge Priest home to supper, and had found the Judge engaged beyond his normal quitting time. That, however, had not discommoded Jeff. He always knew what to do with his spare moments. He leaned now against a bookrack, with his elbow on the top shelf, napping lightly. Jeff preferred to sleep lying down or sitting down, but he could sleep upon his feet too—and frequently did.

Having, by brisk scratching movements, assuaged the irritation between his shoulder blades, the Judge picked up his pen and shoved it across a sheet of legal cap that already was half covered with his fine, close writing. He never dictated his decisions, but always wrote them out by hand. The pen nib traveled along steadily for awhile. Eventually words in a typewritten petition that rested on the desk at his left caught the Judge's eye.

"Huh!" he grunted, and read the quoted phrase, "'True Believers' Afro-American Church of Zion, sometimes called ——'" Without turning his head he again hailed his slumbering servitor: "Jeff, why do you-all call that there little meetin' house down by the river Possum Trot?"

Jeff roused and grunted, shaking his head clear of the lingering dregs of drowsiness.

"Suh?" he inquired. "Wuz you speakin' to me, Jedge?"

"Yes, I was. What's the reason amongst your people fur callin' that little church down on the river front Possum Trot?"

Jeff chuckled an evasive chuckle before he made answer. For all the close relations that existed between him and his indulgent employer, Jeff had no intention of revealing any of the secrets of the highly secretive breed of humans to which he belonged. His is a race which, upon the surface of things, seems to invite the ridicule of an outer and a higher world, yet dreads that same ridicule above all things. Show me the white man who claims to know intimately the workings of his black servant's mind, who professes to be able to tell anything of any negro's lodge affiliations or social habits or private affairs, and I will show you a born liar.

Mightily well Jeff understood the how and the why and the wherefore of the derisive hate borne by the more orthodox creeds among his people for the strange new sect known as the True Believers. He could have traced out step by step, with circumstantial detail, the progress of the internal feud within the despised congregation that led to the upspringing of rival sets of claimants to the church property, and to the litigation that had thrown the whole tangled business into the courts for final adjudication. But except in company of his own choosing and his own color, wild horses could not have drawn that knowledge from Jeff, although it would have pained him to think any white person who had a claim upon his friendship suspected him of concealment of any detail whatsoever.

"He-he," chuckled Jeff. "I reckin that's jes' nigger foolishness. Me, I don' know no reason why they sh'd call a church by no sech a name as that. I ain't never had no truck wid 'em ole True Believers, myse'f. I knows some calls 'em the Do-Righters, and some calls 'em the Possum Trotters." His tone subtly altered to one of innocent bewilderment: "Whut you doin', Jedge, pesterin' yo'se'f wid sech low-down trash as them darkies is?"

Further discussion of the affairs of the strange faith that was divided against itself might have ensued but that an interruption came. Steps sounded in the long hallway that split the lower floor of the old courthouse lengthwise, and at a door—not Judge Priest's own door but the door of the closed circuit-court chamber adjoining—a knocking sounded, at first gently, then louder and more insistent.

"See who 'tis out yonder, Jeff," bade Judge Priest. "And if it's anybody wantin' to see me I ain't got time to see 'em unless it's somethin' important. I want to finish up this job before we go on home."

He bent to his task again. But a sudden draft of air whisked certain loose sheets off his desk, carrying them toward the fireplace, and he swung about to find a woman in his doorway.

She was a big, upstanding woman, overfleshed and overdressed, and upon her face she bore the sign of her profession as plainly and indubitably as though it had been branded there in scarlet letters.

The old man's eyes narrowed as he recognized her. But up he got on the instant and bowed before her. No being created in the image of a woman ever had reason to complain that in her presence Judge Priest forgot his manners.

"Howdy do, ma'am," he said ceremoniously. "Will you walk in? I'm sort of busy jest at present."

"That's what your nigger boy told me, outside," she said; "but I came right on in anyway."

"Ah-hah, so I observe," stated Judge Priest dryly, but none the less politely; "mout I enquire the purpose of this here call?"

"Yes, sir; I'm a-goin' to tell you what brought me here without wastin' any more words than I can help," said the woman. "No, thank you, Judge," she went on as he motioned her toward a seat; "I guess I can say what I've got to say, standin' up. But you set down, please, Judge."

She advanced to the side of his desk as he settled back in his chair, and rested one broad hand flat upon the desk top. Three or four heavy, bejeweled bracelets that were on her arm slipped down her gloved wrist with a clinking sound.

Her voice was coarsened and flat; it was more like a man's voice than a woman's, and she spoke with a masculine directness.

"There was a girl died at my house early this mornin'," she told him. "She died about a quarter past four o'clock. She had something like pneumonia. She hadn't been sick but two days; she wasn't very strong to start with anyhow. Viola St. Claire was the name she went by here. I don't know what her real name was—she never told anybody what it was. She wasn't much of a hand to talk about herself. She must have been nice people though, because she was always nice and ladylike, no matter what happened. From what I gathered off and on, she came

here from some little town down near Memphis. I certainly liked that girl. She's been with me nearly ten months. She wasn't more than nineteen years old.

"Well, all day yestiddy she was out of her head with a high fever. But just before she died she come to and her mind cleared up. The doctor was gone—old Doctor Lake. He'd done all he could for her and he left for his home about midnight, leavin' word that he was to be called if there was any change. Only there wasn't time to call him; it all came so sudden.

"I was settin' by her when she opened her eyes and whispered, sort of gaspin', and called me by my name. Well, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather. From the time she started sinkin' nobody thought she'd ever get her senses back. She called me, and I leaned over her and asked her what it was she wanted, and she told me. She knew she was dyin'. She told me she'd been raised right, which I knew already without her tellin' me, and she said she'd been a Christian girl before she made her big mistake. And she told me she wanted to be buried like a Christian, from a regular church, with a sermon and flowers and music and all that. She made me promise that I'd see it was done just that way. She made me put my hand in her hand and promise her. She shut her eyes then, like she was satisfied, and in a minute or two after that she died, still holdin' on tight to my hand. There wasn't nobody else there—just me and her—and it was about a quarter past four o'clock in the mornin'."

"Well, ma'am, I'm very sorry for that poor child. I am so," said Judge Priest, and his tone showed he meant it; "yit still I don't understand your purpose in comin' to me, without you need money to bury her." His hand went toward his flank, where he kept his wallet.

"Keep your hand out of your pocket, please, sir," said the woman. "I aint callin' on anybody for help in a money way. That's all been attended to. I telephoned the undertaker the first thing this mornin'.

"It's something else I wanted to speak with you about. Well, I didn't hardly wait to git my breakfast down before I started off to keep my word to Viola. And I've been on the constant go ever since. I've rid miles on the street cars, and I've walked afoot until the bottoms of my feet both feel like boils right this minute, tryin' to find somebody that was fitten to preach a sermon over that dead girl.

"First I made the rounds of the preachers of all the big churches. Doctor Cavendar was my first choice; from what I've heard said about him he's a mighty good man. But he ain't in town. His wife told me he'd gone off to district conference, whatever that is. So then I went to all the others, one by one. I even went 'way up on Alabama Street—to that there little mission church in the old Acme skatin' rink. The old man that runs the mission—I forget his name—he does a heap of work among poor people and down-and-out people, and I guess he might've said yes, only he's right bad off himself. He's sick in bed."

She laughed mirthlessly.

"Oh, I went to everywhere, went to all of 'em. There was one or two acted like they was afraid I might soil their clothes if I got too close to 'em. They kept me standin' in the doors of their studies so as they could talk back to me from a safe distance. Some of the others, though, asked me inside and treated me decent. But they every last one of 'em said no."

"Do you mean to tell me that not a single minister in this whole city is willing to hold a service over that dead girl?" Judge Priest shrilled at her with vehement astonishment—and something else—in his voice.

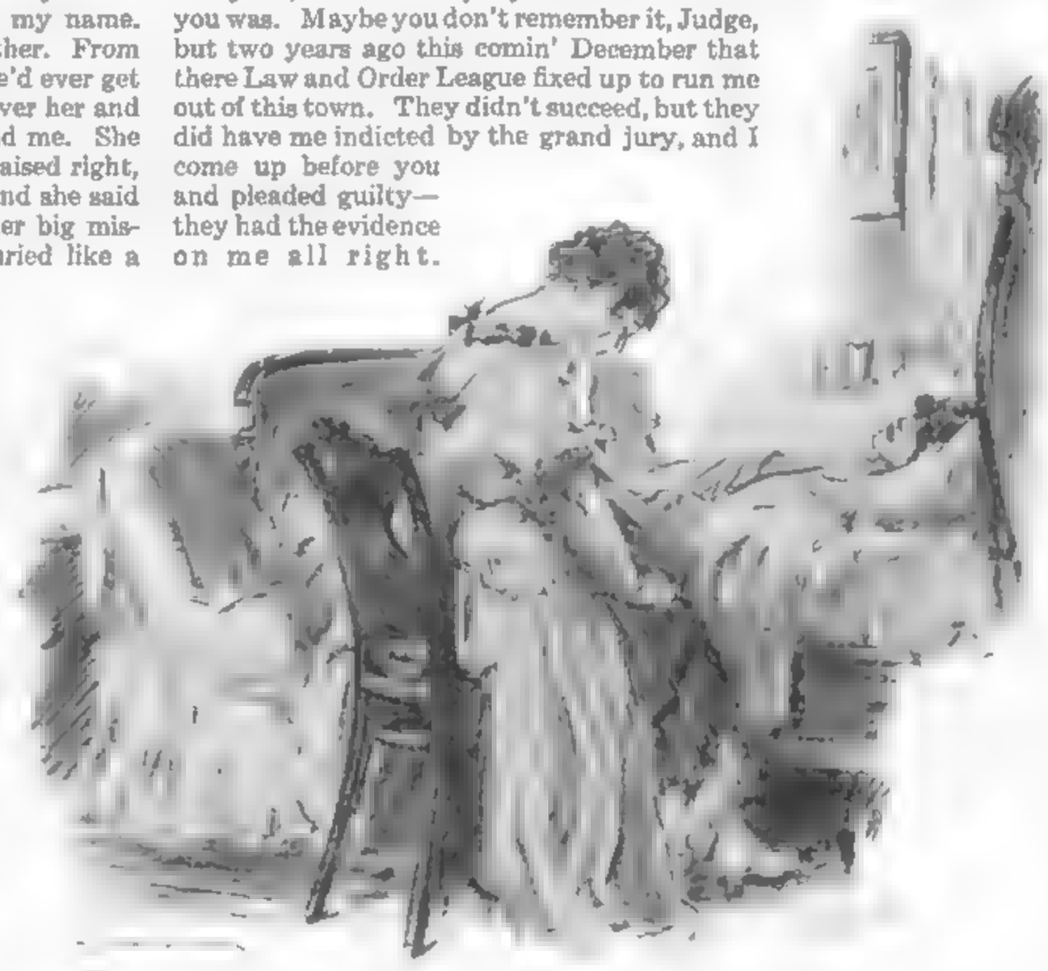
"No, no, not that," the woman made haste to explain. "There wasn't a single one of 'em but said he'd come to my house and conduct the exercises. They was all willin' enough to go to the grave too. But you see that wouldn't do. I explained to 'em, until I almost lost my voice, that it had to be a funeral in a regular church, with flowers and music and all. That poor girl got it into her mind somehow, I think, that she'd have a better chance in the next world if she went out of this one like a Christian should ought to go. I explained all that to 'em, and from explainin' I took to arguin' with 'em, and then to pleadin' and beggin'. I bemeaned myself before them preachers. I was actually ready to go down on my knees before 'em.

"Oh, I told 'em the full circumstances. I told 'em I just had to keep my promise. I'm afraid not to keep it. I've lived my own life in my own way and I guess I've got a lot of things to answer for. I ain't worryin' about that—now. But you don't dare to break a promise that's made to the dyin'. They come back and ha'nt you. I've always heard that and I know it's true.

"One after another I told those preachers just exactly how it was, but still they all said no. Every one of 'em said his board of deacons or elders or trustees, or somethin' like that, wouldn't stand for openin' up their church for Viola. I always thought a preacher could run his church to suit himself, but from what I've heard to-day I know now he takes his orders from somebody else. So finally, when I was about to give up, I thought about you and I come here as straight as I could walk."

"But, ma'am," he said, "I'm not a regular church member myself. I reckin I oughter be, but I ain't. And I still fail to understand why you should think I could serve you, though I don't mind tellin' you I'd be mighty glad to ef I could."

"I'll tell you why. I never spoke to you but once before in my life, but I made up my mind then what kind of a man you was. Maybe you don't remember it, Judge, but two years ago this comin' December that there Law and Order League fixed up to run me out of this town. They didn't succeed, but they did have me indicted by the grand jury, and I come up before you and pleaded guilty—they had the evidence on me all right.



"She Made Me Put My Hand in Her Hand and Promise Her"

You fined me, you fined me the limit, and I guess if I hadn't 'a' had the money to pay the fine I'd 'a' gone to jail. But the main point with me was that you treated me like a lady.

"I know what I am good and well, but I don't like to have somebody always throwin' it up to me. I've got feelin's the same as anybody else has. You made that little deputy sheriff quit shovin' me round and you called me Mizzis Glore to my face, right out in court. I've been Old Mallie Glore to everybody in this town so long I'd mighty near forgot I ever had a handle on my name, until you reminded me of it. You was polite to me and decent to me, and you acted like you was sorry to see a white woman fetched up in court, even if you didn't say it right out. I ain't forgot that. I ain't ever goin' to forgit it. And awhile ago, when I was all beat out and discouraged, I said to myself that if there was one man left in this town who could maybe help me to keep my promise to that dead girl, Judge William Pitman Priest was the man. That's why I'm here."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, sorry fur you and sorry fur that dead child," said Judge Priest slowly. "I wish I could help you. I wish I knew how to advise you. But I reckin those gentlemen were right in what they said to you to-day. I reckin probably their elders would object to them openin' up their churches, under the circumstances. And I'm mightily afraid I ain't got any influence I could bring to bear in any quarter. Did you go to Father Minor? He's a good friend of mine; we was soldiers together in the war—him and me. Mebbe ——"

"I thought of him," said the woman hopelessly; "but you see, Judge, Viola didn't belong to his church. She was raised a Protestant—she told me so. I guess he couldn't do nothin'."

"Ah-hah, I see," said the Judge, and in his perplexity he bent his head and rubbed his broad expanse of pink bald brow fretfully, as though to stimulate thought within by friction without. His left hand fell into the litter of documents upon his desk. Absently his fingers shuffled them back and forth under his eyes. He straightened himself alertly.

"Was it stated—was it specified that a preacher must hold the funeral service over that dead girl?" he inquired

The woman caught eagerly at the inflection that had come into his voice.

"No, sir," she answered; "all she said was that it must be in a church and with some flowers and some music. But I never heard of anybody preaching a regular sermon without it was a regular preacher. Did you ever, Judge?" Doubt and renewed disappointment battered at her just-born hopes.

"I reckin mebbe there have been extryordinary occasions where an amateur stepped in and done the best he could," said the Judge. "Mebbe some folks here on earth couldn't excuse such presumption as that, but I reckin they'd understand how it was up yonder above."

He stood up, facing her, and spoke as one making a solemn promise:

"Ma'am, you needn't worry yourself any longer. You kin go on back to your home. That dead child is goin' to have whut she asked for. I give you my word on it."

She strove to put a question, but he kept on:

"I ain't prepared to give you the full details yit. You see I don't know myself jest exactly what they'll be. But inside of an hour from now I'll be seein' Jansen and he'll notify you in regards to the hour and the place and the rest of it. Kin you rest satisfied with that?"

She nodded, trying to utter words and not succeeding. Emotion shook her gross shape until the big gold bracelets on her arms jangled together.

"So, ef you'll kindly excuse me, I've got quite a number of things to do betwixt now and suppertime. I kind of figger I'm goin' to be right busy.

"Jeff," bade his master, "I want you to show this lady the way out—it's black as pitch in that there hall. And, Jeff, listen here! When you've done that I want you to go and find the sheriff fur me. Ef he's left his office—and I s'pose he has by now—you go on out to his house, or wherever he is, and find him and tell him I want to see him here right away."

He swung his ponderous old body about and bowed with a homely courtesy:

"And now I bid you good night, ma'am."

At the cross sill of the door she halted:

"Judge—about gittin' somebody to carry the coffin in and out—did you think about that? She was such a little thing—she won't be very heavy—but still, at that, I don't know anybody—any men—that would be willin' ——"

"Ma'am," said Judge Priest gravely, "ef I was you I wouldn't worry about who the pallbearers will be. I reckin the Lord will provide. I've took notice that He always does provide ef you'll only meet Him halfway."

For a fact the Judge was a busy man during the hour which followed upon all this, the hour between twilight and night. Over the telephone he first called up Mr. M. Jansen, our leading undertaker; indeed at that time our only one, excusing the colored undertaker on Locust Street. He had converse at length with Mr. Jansen. Then he called up Doctor Lake, a most dependable person in sickness, and when you were in good health too. Then last of all he called up a certain widow who lived in those days, Mrs. Matilda Weeks by name; and this lady was what is commonly called a character. In her case the title was just and justified. Of character she had more than almost anybody I ever knew.

Mrs. Weeks didn't observe precedents. She made them. She cared so little for following after public opinion that public opinion usually followed after her—when it had recovered from the shock and reorganized itself. There were two sides to her tongue: for some a sharp and acid side, and then again for some a sweet and a gentle side—and mainly these last were the weak and the erring and the shiftless, those underfoot and trodden down. Moving through this life in a calm, deliberative, determined way, always along paths of her making and her choosing, obeying only the beck of her own mind, doing good where she might, with a perfect disregard for what the truly good might think about it, Mrs. Weeks was daily guilty of acts that scandalized all proper people. But the improper ones worshiped the ground her feet touched as she walked. She was much like that disciple of Joppa named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas, of whom it is written that she was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. Yes, you might safely call Mrs. Weeks a character.

With her, back and forth across the telephone wire, Judge Priest had extended speech. Then he hung up the receiver and went home alone to a late and badly burnt supper. Aunt Dilsey Turner, the titular goddess of his kitchen, was a queen cook among cooks, but she could keep victuals hot without scorching them for just so long and no longer. She took pains to say as much, standing in the dining-room door with her knuckles on her hips. But the Judge didn't pay much attention to Aunt Dilsey's vigorous remarks. He had other things on his mind.

Down our way this present generation has seen a good many conspicuous and prominent funerals. Until very recently we rather specialized in funerals. Before moving pictures sprang up so numerously funerals provided decorous and melancholy divertisement for many whose lives, otherwise, were rather aridly devoid of sources of inexpensive excitement. Among us were persons—old Mrs. Whitridge was a typical example—who hadn't missed a funeral of any consequence for years and years back. Let someone else provide the remains, and they would assemble

in such number as to furnish a gathering, satisfying in its size and solemn in its impressiveness. They took the run of funerals as they came. But there were some funerals which, having taken place, stood forth in the public estimation forever after as events to be remembered. They were mortuary milestones on the highway of community life.

For instance, those who were of suitable age to attend it are never going to forget the burial that the town gave lazy, loud-mouthed Lute Montjoy, he being the negro fireman on the ferryboat who jumped into the river that time, aiming to save the small child of a Hungarian immigrant family bound for somewhere up in the Cumberland on the steamer Goldenrod. The baby ran across the boiler deck and went overboard, and the mother screamed, and Lute saw what had happened and he jumped. He was a good swimmer all right, and in half a dozen strokes he reached the strangling mite in the water; but then the current caught him—the June rise was on—and sucked him downstream into the narrow, swirling place between the steamboat's hull and the outside of the upper wharf boat, and he went under and stayed under.

Next morning when the dragnets caught and brought him up, one of his stiffened black arms still encircled the body of the white child, in a grip that could hardly be loosened. White and black, everybody turned out to bury Lute Montjoy. In the services at the church two of the leading clergymen assisted, turn and turn about; and at the graveside Colonel Horatio Farrell, dean of the local bar and the champion orator of seven counties, delivered an hour-long oration, calling Lute by such names as Lute, lying there cased in mahogany with silver trimmings, had never heard applied to him while he lived. Popular subscription provided the fund that paid for the stone to mark his grave and to perpetuate the memory of his deed. You can see the shaft to this day. It rises white and high among the trees in Elm Grove Cemetery, and the word "Hero" is cut deep in its marble face.

Then there was the funeral of old Mr. Simon Leatheritt, mightiest among local financiers. That, indeed, was a funeral to be cherished in the cranial memory casket of any person so favored by fortune as to have been present; a funeral that was felt to be a credit alike to deceased and to bereaved; a funeral that by its grandeur would surely have impressed the late and, in a manner of speaking, lamented Leatheritt, even though its cost would have panged him; in short, an epoch-making and an era-breeding funeral.

In the course of a long married career this was the widow's first opportunity to cut loose and spend money without having to account for it by dollar, by dime and by cent to a higher authority, and she certainly did cut loose, sparing absolutely no pains in the effort to do her recent husband honor. At a cost calculated as running into three figures for that one item alone, she imported the prize male tenor of a St. Louis cathedral choir to enrich the proceedings with his glowing measures. This person, who was a person with eyes too large for a man and a mouth too small, rendered Abide With Me in a fashion so magnificent that the words were entirely indistinguishable and could not be followed on account of the genius' fashion of singing them.

By express, floral offerings came from as far away as Cleveland, Ohio, and Birmingham, Alabama. One creation, sent on from a far distance, which displayed a stuffed white dove hovering, with the aid of wires, in the arc of a green trellis above a bank of white tuberoses, attracted much favorable comment. A subdued murmur of admiration, traveling onward from pew to pew, followed after it as the design was borne up the center aisle to the chancel rail. As for broken columns, and flower pillows with appropriately regretful remarks let into them in purple immortelle letterings, and gates ajar—why, they were evident in a profusion almost past individual recording.

When the officiating minister, reading the burial service, got as far as "Dust to dust," Ashby Corwin, who sat at the back of the church, bent over and whispered in the ear of his nearest neighbor: "Talk about your ruling passions! If that's not old Uncle Sime all over—still grabbing for the dust!" As a rule, repetition of this sally about town was greeted with the deep hush of silent reproof. Our dead money-monarch's memory was draped with the sanctity of wealth. Besides, Ash Corwin, as many promptly took pains to point out, was a person of no consequence whatsoever, financial or otherwise. Mrs. Whitridge's viewpoint, as voiced by her in the months that followed, was the commoner one. This is Mrs. Whitridge speaking:

"I've been going to funerals steady ever since I was a child. I presume I've helped comfort more berefts by my presence and seen more dear departeds fittin'ly laid away than any person in this whole city. But if you're asking me, I must say Mr. Leatheritt's was the most fashionable funeral I ever saw, or ever hope to see. Everything that lavishness could do was done there, and all in such lovely taste too! Why, it had style written all over it, especially the internment."

Oh, we've had funerals and funerals down our way. But the funeral that took place on an October day that I have in mind will still be talked about long after Banker Leatheritt and the estate he reluctantly left behind him are but dim recollections. It came as a surprise to most people, for in the daily papers of that morning no customary black-bordered announcement had appeared. Others had heard of it by word of mouth. In dubious quarters, and in some quarters not quite so dubious, the news had traveled, although details in advance of the event were only to be guessed at. Anyhow, the reading and talking public knew this much: That a girl, calling herself Viola St. Claire and aged nineteen, had died. It was an accepted fact, naturally, that even the likes of her must be laid away after some fashion or other. If she were put under ground by stealth, clandestinely as it were, so much the better for the atmosphere of civic morality. That I am sure would have been disclosed as the opinion of a majority, had there been inquiry among those who were presumed to have and who admitted they had the best interests of the community at heart.

So you see a great many people were entirely unprepared against the coming of the pitiably short procession that at eleven o'clock, or thereabout, turned out of the little street running down back of the freight depot into Franklin Street, which was one of our main thoroughfares. First came the hearse, drawn by Mr. Jansen's pair of dappled white horses and driven by Mr. Jansen himself, he wearing his official high hat and the span having black plumes in their head stalls, thus betokening a burial ceremony of the top cost. Likewise the hearse was Mr. Jansen's best hearse—not his third best, nor yet his second best, but the splendid crystal-walled one that he ordered in the Eastern market after the relict of Banker Leatheritt settled the bill incurred on account of an outlay previously described.

The coffin, showing through the glass sides, was of white cloth and it looked very small, almost like a coffin for a child. However, it may have looked so because there was little of its shape to be seen. It was covered and piled and banked up with flowers, and these flowers, strange to say, were not done into shapes of gates aswing; nor into shafts with their tops gone; nor into flat, stiff pillows of waxy-white tuberoses, pale and cold as the faces of the dead. These were such flowers as, in our kindly climate, grew out of doors until well on into November: late roses and early chrysanthemums, marigolds and gladioluses, and such. They lay there loosely, with their stems upon them, just as Mrs. Weeks had sheared them, denuding every plant and shrub and bush that grew in her garden, so a girl whom Mrs. Weeks had never seen might go to her grave with an abundance of blossoms about her.

Behind the hearse came a closed coach. We used to call them coaches when they figured in funerals, carriages when used for lodge turnouts, and plain hacks when they met the trains and boats. In the coach rode four women. The world at large had a way of calling them painted women; but this day their faces were not painted nor were they garishly clad. For the time they were merely women—no painted women nor fallen women—but just women.

And that was nearly all, but not quite. At one side of the hearse, opposite the slowly turning front wheels, trudged Judge Priest, carrying in the crook of one bent arm a book. It wouldn't be a law book, for they commonly are large books, bound in buff leather, and this book was small and flat and black in color. On the other side of the hearse, with head very erect and eyes fixed straight ahead and Sunday's best coat buttoned tightly about his sparse frame, walked another old man, Doctor Lake.

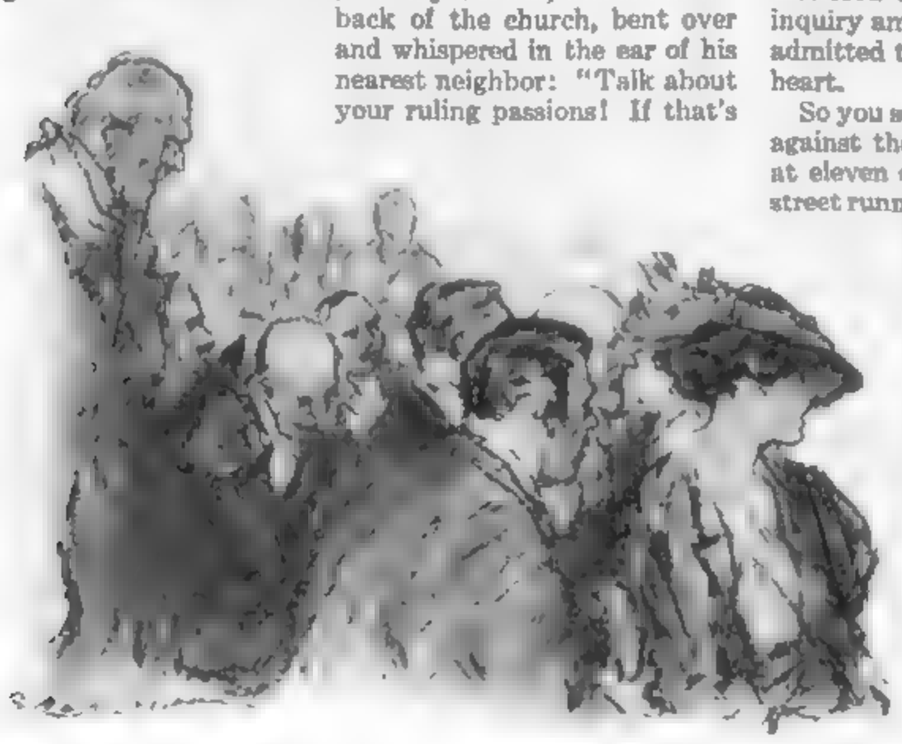
And that was all. At least that was all at first. But as the procession—if you could call it that—swung into Franklin Street it passed by The Blue Jug Saloon and Short Order Restaurant. In the doorway here lounged Perry Broadus, who drank. The night before had been a hard night upon Perry Broadus, whose nights always were hard, and it promised to be a hard day. He shivered at the touch of the clear, crisp air upon his flushed cheek and slanted for support against a handy doorpost of the Blue Jug. The hearse turned the corner, and he stared at it a moment and understood. He straightened his slouched shoulders, and the fog left his eyes and the fumes of stale alcohol quit his brain. He pulled off his hat, twisted his wreck of a necktie straight with a hand that shook and, cold sober, he ran out and caught step behind Judge Priest. Referring to pallbearers, Judge Priest had said the Lord would provide. But Perry Broadus provided himself.

I forget now who the next volunteer was, but I think possibly it was Sergeant Jimmy Bagby. Without waiting to analyze the emotions that possessed him in the first instant of realization, the sergeant went hurrying into the road to fall in, and never thereafter had cause to rue his impulse, his one regret being that he had no warning, else he would have slipped on his old, gray uniform coat that he reserved for high occasions. I know that Mr. Napoleon B. Crump, who was active in church and charities, broke away from two ladies who were discussing parish affairs with him upon the sidewalk in front of his wholesale grocery, and with never a word of apology to them slipped into line, with Doctor Lake for his file leader. A moment later, hearing footfalls at his back, Mr. Crump looked over his shoulder. Beck Giltner, a man whom Mr. Crump had twice tried to have driven out of town and whom he yet hoped to see driven out of town, was following, two paces behind him.

I know that Mr. Joe Plumm came, shirtsleeved, out of his cooper shop and sought a place with the others. I know that Major Fairleigh, who had been standing idly at the front window of his law office, emerged therefrom in such haste he forgot to bring his hat with him. Almost immediately

(Continued on Page 57)

Mrs. Matilda Weeks' Finger Ends Fell With Gentleness Upon the Warped Keys



The Old Judge Made No Explanation for His Presence Before Them

THE BRITISH LINES

The Traffic is Tremendous, and it is Almost All Mechanical Transport. You Cannot Go Far Without Encountering Not One or Two but Dozens and Scores of Motor Lorries

By ARNOLD BENNETT

YOU should imagine a large plain, but not an empty plain, nor a plain entirely without hills. There are a few hills, including at least one very fine eminence—an agreeable old town on the top—with excellent views of the expanse. The expanse is considerably diversified. In the first place, it is very well wooded; in the second place, it is very well cultivated; and in the third place, it is by no means uninhabited. Villages abound in it, and small market towns are not far off each other. These places are connected by plenty of roads, often paved, and canals, and by quite an average mileage of railways. See the plain from above, and the chief effect is one of trees. The rounded tops of trees everywhere obscure the view, and out of them church towers stick up; other architecture is only glimpsed. The general tints are green and gray, and the sky as a rule is gray to match. Finally the difference between Northern France and Southern Belgium is marked only by the language of shop and café signs; in most respects the two sections of the front resemble each other with extraordinary exactitude.

The British occupation, for it is an occupation, marked, of course, by high and impressive cordiality, is at once superficially striking and subtly profound.

"What do you call your dog?" I asked a ragamuffin who was playing with a nice little terrier in a village street where we all ate an *al fresco* meal of jam sandwiches with a motor car for a buffet.

He answered shyly, but with pride:

"Tommy."

The whole countryside is crisscrossed with field-telegraph and telephone wires. Still more spectacular, everywhere there are traffic directions in English. And these directions are very large and very curt. "Motor lorries dead slow!" you see in immense characters in the midst of the foreign scene. And at all the awkward street corners in the towns a British soldier directs the traffic, with a good imitation of a British policeman in the Strand.

Not merely in the towns but in many and many a rural road you come across a rival of the Strand. For the traffic is tremendous, and it is almost all mechanical transport. You cannot go far without encountering not one or two but dozens and scores of motor lorries, which after the leviathan manner of motor lorries occupy as much of the road as they can. When a string of these gets mixed up with motor cars, a few dispatch riders on motor cycles, a peasant's cart and a company on the march, the result easily surpasses Piccadilly Circus just before the curtains are rising in West-End theaters. Blocks may and do occur at any moment. Out of a peaceful rustic solitude you may run round a curve straight into a block. The motor lorries constitute the difficulty, not always because they are a size too large for the country, but sometimes because of the human nature of Tommies.

The Brains of the Army

THE rule is that on each motor lorry two Tommies shall ride in front and one behind. The solitary one behind is cut off from mankind, and accordingly his gregarious instinct not infrequently makes him nip on to the front seat in search of companionship. When he is established there impatient traffic in the rear may screech and roar in vain for a pathway; nothing is so deaf as a motor lorry. The situation has no disadvantage for the trio in front of the motor lorry until a staff officer's car happens to be inconvenienced. Then when the staff officer does get level there is a short, sharp scene, a dead silence, and the offender creeps back, a stricken sinner, to his proper post.

The encumbered and busy roads, and the towns crammed with vehicles and vibrating with military activity, produce upon you such an overwhelming impression of a vast and complex organization that your thought rushes instantly to the supreme controller of that organization, the man ultimately responsible for all of it. He does not make himself invisible. It becomes known that he will see you at a certain hour. You arrive a few minutes before that hour. The building is spacious, and its Gallic aspect is intensified by the pure Anglo-Saxonism of its terrific inhabitants. In a large outer office you are presented to the various brains of the Expeditionary Force, all members of the General Staff, famous names among them, celebrities, specialists, illustrious with long renown. They walk in and out, they sit smoking and chatting, as if none of them was anybody in particular. And as a fact, you find it a little difficult to appreciate them at their lawful worth, because you are aware that in the next room, behind those double doors, is he at whose nod the greatest among them tremble.

"The Commander-in-Chief will see you."

You go forward, and I defy you not to be daunted.

The inner chamber has been a drawing-room. It still is partially a drawing-room. The silk panels on the walls have remained, and in one corner a grand piano lingers. In the middle is a plain table bearing a map on a huge scale. There he is, the legendary figure. You at last have proof that he exists. He comes toward the door to meet you. A thickset man, not tall, with small hands and feet, and finger nails full of character. He has a short white mustache and very light-colored eyes set in a ruddy complexion. His chin is noticeable. He is not a bit dandiacal. He speaks quietly and grimly and reflectively. He is a preoccupied man. He walks a little to and fro, pausing between his short, sparse sentences. When he talks of the Germans he has a way of settling his head and neck, with a slight, defiant shake, well between his shoulders. I have seen the gesture in experienced boxers or men of business when openly or implicitly challenged. It is just as if he had said: "Wait a bit! I shall get even with that lot—and let no one imagine the contrary!" From the personality of the man there emanates all the time a pugnacious and fierce doggedness.

After he has formally welcomed you into the meshes of his intimidating organization and made a few general observations, he says in a new tone: "Well——" And you depart. And as you pass out of the building the thought in your mind is:

"I have seen him!"

After the Commander-in-Chief there are two other outstanding and separately existing notabilities in connection with the General Staff. One is the Quartermaster-General, who superintends the supply of all material, and the other is the Adjutant-General, who superintends the supply of men. With the latter is that formidable instrument of authority, the Grand Provost Marshal, who superintends behavior and has the power of life and death. Each of these has his staff, and each is housed similarly to the Commander-in-Chief. Then each army—for there is more than one army functioning as a distinct entity—each army has its commander with his staff. And each corps of each army has its commander with his staff. And each division of each corps of each army has its commander with his staff. Each brigade of each division of each corps of each army has its commander with his staff; but, though I met several brigadier-generals, I never saw one at his headquarters with his staff. I somehow could not penetrate lower than the entity of a division. I lunched, had tea and dined at the headquarters of various of these staffs, with a general as host. They were all admirably housed, and their outward circumstances showed a marked similarity. The most memorable thing about them was their unending industry.

"You have a beautiful garden," I said to one general.

"Yes," he said. "I have never been into it."

He told me that he rose at six and went to bed at midnight.

As soon as coffee is over after dinner, and before cigars are over, the general will say:

"I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but——"

And a few minutes later you may see a large lighted limousine moving off into the night, bearing staff officers to their offices for the evening séance of work, which ends at twelve o'clock or thereabout.

The complexity and volume of work which goes on at even a divisional headquarters having dominion over about twenty thousand full-grown males may be imagined. That the bulk of such work is of a business nature, including much tiresome routine, is certain. Of the strictly military labors of headquarters, that which most agreeably strikes the civilian is the photography and the map work. I saw thousands of maps. I gathered that a map existed showing every day's operations of each independent unit. I certainly inspected thick files of maps, all showing the same square of country under different military conditions at different dates. And I learned that special maps were regularly circulated among all field officers.

Hearty Food and Plenty of It

THE aëroplane photographs of German positions were innumerable and marvelous; really fine things. The chain of them appeared to be complete. These photographs show practically every hole made by a British shell. It is not possible that the German can equal the British or the French headquarters in the matter of photographs of the enemy's positions, because the German airman is too seldom in a situation to take photographs. Often in my excursions along the British and French fronts I saw the beautiful and thrilling spectacle of an Allied aëroplane over the German lines with German shrapnel flushing and puffing all round it—the cost of not hitting an aëroplane is no trifle; but I never even saw one German aëroplane during the time.

The fitting-out and repairing sheds of the Royal Flying Corps were superb and complete constructions, at once practical and very elegant. I visited them in the midst of a storm. The equipment was prodigious; the output was prodigious; the organization was scientific; and the staff was both congenial and impressive. When one sees these bird cages full of birds and comprehends the spirit of flight, one is less surprised at the unimaginable feats which are daily performed over there in the sky northward and eastward. I saw a man who flew over Ghent twice a week with the regularity of a train. He had never been seriously hit. These airmen have a curious physical advantage. The noise of their own engine, it is said, prevents them from hearing the explosions of the shrapnel aimed at them.

The British soldier in France and Flanders is not a self-supporting body. He needs support, and a deal of support. I once saw his day's rations set forth on a tray, and it seemed to me that I could not have consumed them in a week of good appetite. The round of meat approaches extravagance, and it is flanked by plenteous bacon, jam, cheese and bread. In addition there are vegetables, tea, sugar, salt and condiments, with occasional butter, and once a week come two ounces of tobacco and a box of matches for each ounce. But the formidable item is the meat, which would easily make the basis of a dinner for a family consisting of husband, wife and three children. And then the British soldier wants more than food: he wants, for instance, fuel, letters and cleanliness; he wants clothing and all the innumerable instruments and implements of war. He wants regularly and all the time.

Hence you have to imagine wide, steady streams of all manner of things converging upon Northern France, not

only from Britain but from round about the globe. The force of an imperative demand draws them powerfully in, night and day, as a magnet might. It is impossible to trace exactly either the direction or the separate constituents of these great streams of necessities. But it is possible to catch them, or at any rate one of them, at the most interesting point of its course, the point at which the stream, made up of many converging streams, divides suddenly and becomes many streams again.

That point is the rail-head.

Now a military rail-head is just an ordinary average little railway station with a spacious yard. There is nothing superficially romantic about it. It does not even mark the end of a line of railway. I have in mind one which served as the headquarters of a divisional supply column. The organism served just one division out of the very many divisions in France and Flanders. It was under the command of a major. This major, though of course in khaki and employing the same language and general code as a regimental major, was not a bit like a regimental major. He was no more like a regimental major than I am myself. He had a different mentality, outlook, preoccupation. He was a man in business. He received orders—I use the word in the business sense—from the brigades of the division, and those orders, ever varying, had to be executed and delivered within thirty-six hours. Quite probably he had never seen a trench; I should be neither surprised nor pained to learn that he could hit a haystack with a revolver only by throwing the revolver at the haystack.

Filling Orders for the Trenches

HIS subordinates resembled him. Strategy, artillery mathematics, the dash of infantry charges—these matters were not a bit in their line. Nevertheless, when you read in a dispatch that during a prolonged action supplies went regularly up to the front under heavy fire, you may guess that fortitude and courage are considerably in their line. These officers think about their arriving trains and about emptying them quickly; and they think about their motor lorries and the condition thereof; and they pass their lives in checking lists and in giving receipts for things and taking receipts for things. Their honor may be in a receipt. And all this is the very basis of war.

My major handled everything required for his division except water and ammunition. He would have a train full of multifarious provender and another train full of miscellanies—from field guns to field kitchens—with letters from wives and sweethearts in between. And all these things came to him up the line of railway out of the sea simply because he asked for them and was ready to give a receipt for them. He was not concerned with the magic underlying their appearance at his little rail-head; he cared only about the train's being on time and the lorries' being in first-class running order. He sprayed out in beneficent streams from his rail-head seventy-five tons of stuff every day, of which twenty-five tons were food. Every day he sent out two hundred and eighty bags of postal matter to the men beyond. He had fifty-nine motor lorries altogether, of which two were for the post, four for ordnance, two were workshops and two stores for workshops. The polish on the metallic portions of these lorries was uncanny. You might lift the bonnet and see the bright parts of the engine glittering like the brass of a yacht. Dandyism of the army service corps!

An important part of the organism of the rail-head is the railway construction section train. Lines may have to be doubled. The railway construction section train doubles them; it will make new railways at the rate of several miles a day. It is self-contained, being simultaneously a depot, a workshop and a barracks.

Driving along a road you are liable to see rough signs nailed to trees, with such words on them as "Forage,"

The Aeroplane Photographs of German Positions Show Practically Every Hole Made by a British Shell

"Groceries," "Meat," "Bread," etc. Wait a little, and you may watch the divisional supply at a further stage. A stream of motor lorries—one of the streams sprayed out from the rail-head—will halt at those trees and unload, and the stuff which they unload will disappear like a dream and an illusion. One moment the meat and the bread and all the succulences are there by the roadside, each by its proper tree, and the next they are gone, spirited away to camps and billets and trenches. Proceed farther, and you may have the luck to see the mutton which was frozen in New Zealand sizzling in an earth oven in a field christened by the soldiers with some such name as Hampstead Heath. The roasted mutton is a very fine and a very appetizing sight. But what quantities of it! And what an antique, extravagant way of cooking!

As regards the nonedible supplies, the engineer's park adjoining the rail-head will stir your imagination. The park is a series of huge sheds. You can see a million sandbags in stock—enough for a few days! Every device in connection with mining—to describe them might be indiscreet; it would assuredly be too lengthy. Artesian-well perforators. Acetylene-gas installations. Telephones such as certainly you have never seen. And helmets such as certainly you have never seen. The latest thing in barbed wire. Indeed everything that a soldier in full work can require, except ammunition.

The ammunition train in process of being unloaded is a fearsome affair. You may see all conceivable ammunition, from rifle cartridges to a shell whose weight is liable to break through the floors of lorries, all on one train; and not merely ammunition but a thousand pyrotechnical and other devices and varied bombs. An officer unscrews a cap on a metal contraption and throws it down, and it begins to fizz away in the most disconcerting manner. And you feel that all these shells, all these other devices, are simply straining to go off. They are like things secretly and terribly alive, waiting the tiny gesture that will set them free. Officers, handling destruction with the nonchalance of a woman handling a hat, may say what they like—the ammunition train is to my mind an unsafe neighbor. And the thought of all the sheer brain-power that has gone to the invention and perfecting of those impulsive and explosive machines causes you to wonder whether you yourself possess a brain at all.

You can find everything in the British lines except the army. The same is to be said of the French lines; but the indiscoverability of the British Army is relatively much more striking by reason of the greater richness and complexity of the British auxiliary services, which appear to dominate the whole land. You see soldiers—you see soldiers everywhere; but the immense majority of them are obviously engaged in attending to the material needs of other soldiers, which other soldiers, the fighters, you do not see, or see only in tiny detachments or in single units.

Thus I went a very long walk, up such hills and down such dales as the country can show, tramping with a general through exhausting communication trenches, in order to discover two soldiers, an officer and his man; and even they were not actual fighters. The officer lived in a dugout with a very fine telescope for sole companion. I was told that none but the general commanding had the right to take me to that dugout. It contained the officer's bed, the day's newspapers, the telescope, a few oddments hung on pegs pushed into the earthen walls, and, of equal importance with the telescope, a telephone. Occasionally the telephone faintly buzzed and a very faint, indistinguishable murmur came out of it. But the orderly ignored this symptom, explaining that it meant only that somebody else was talking to somebody else. I had the impression of a mysterious underground life going on all round me.

At the School for Bomb-Throwers

THE officer's telescopic business was to keep an eye on a particular section of the German front, and report everything. The section of front comprised sundry features extremely well known by reputation to British newspaper readers. I must say that the reality of them was disappointing. The inevitable thought was: "Is it possible that so much killing has been done for such trifling specks of earth?" The officer made clear all details to us; he described minutely the habits of the Germans as he knew them. But about his own habits not a word was said. He was not a human being, he was an observer, eternally spying through a small slit in the wall of the dugout. What he thought about when he was not observing, whether his bed was hard, how he got his meals, whether he was bored, whether his letters came regularly, what his moods were, what was his real opinion of that dugout as a regular home—these very interesting matters were not even approached by us. He was a short, mild officer with a quiet voice. Still, after we had shaken hands on parting, the general, who had gone first, turned his bent head under the concealing leafage and nodded and smiled with a quite particular cordial friendliness. "Good afternoon," said the general to the officer, and the warm tone of his voice said: "You know, don't you, how much I appreciate you?" It was a transient revelation. As, swallowed up in trenches, we trudged away from the lonely officer, the general, resuming his ordinary worldly tone, began to talk about London music halls, and Wish Wynne and other artistes.

Then on another occasion I actually saw at least twenty fighting men! They were not fighting, but they were pretending, under dangerous conditions, to fight. They had to practice the bombing of a German trench—with real bombs. The young officer in charge explained to us the different kinds of bombs. "It's all quite safe," he said casually, "until I take this pin out." And he took the pin out! We saw the little procession of men that were to do the bombing. There were two throwers, one server and two men behind carrying the box of bombs. We saw the trench with its traverses, and we were shown just how it would be bombed, traverse by traverse. We saw also a crater which was to be bombed and stormed. And that was about all we did see. The rest was chiefly hearing, because we had to take shelter behind such slight eminences as a piece of ordinary waste ground can offer. Common wayfarers were kept out of harm by sentries. We were instructed

(Concluded on Page 38)

An Army Postoffice

Supplies for the Cavalry

LEARNING TO STAND ON OUR OWN LEGS

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

HE IS a mighty wise prophet who can guess how the great war will react on the domestic commerce of the world nations. Our trade has increased so that the balance in favor of the United States will be a full billion dollars for 1915. Yes—but that is foreign trade! What about the reaction of the war on manufactures and farming and mining and banking? Foreign trade reacts chiefly on the big fellows—on the big banks and the big textile people and the big smelters and the big steel plants and the big motor concerns and the big powder people.

Though the benefits ripple all down the line, like Carlyle's pebble, which sent a wave clear round the world, and though it has been proved that labor reaps two-thirds of all manufacturing returns, most of the big billion-dollar balance consists of payment direct for purveying to war. When the war ceases, how about it? Will there be a back-kick or a slump? Will there be any permanent reaction touching everybody, little fellows and big fellows—a village knitting mill as well as Pittsburgh's big steel plant?

When Alva swept his Spanish cohorts over the revolting and uncrushable Netherlands he could never guess that he was laying the foundations for England's future greatness as a manufacturing country. Yet he was. The dispersed weavers, driven from home, found refuge in England; and skilled craftsmen set going what grew into England's great textile industries in wool and cotton and hatting—made from beaver—and fur dyeing and leather work and tanneries.

Unless I misread history, it was the same dispersion that sent watch and clock makers and metal workers to Switzerland. The countries that offered a home to the homeless reaped a harvest of yearly wealth from the industries those skilled workers built up.

You will note that one of the first things Germany did on conquering Belgium was to issue an edict forbidding skilled workmen to leave the country.

Things We Used to Buy From Germany

IS ANY similar reaction from the great war coming to American commerce and industry?

Run your eye over the field: The United States has been dependent on Germany for dyes.

We have sent our cotton to France and Belgium to have it manufactured into finest lace and lingerie.

American raw furs have been sent to Germany and London for treatment, whether plucking or dyeing. You will notice that the great fur sales this year—in London, in Leipsic, in Nijni-Novgorod—auction sales in England, fur fairs in Germany and Russia—have either been postponed or ended in total failure.

Of late years the world has become dependent on Germany for a certain part of the great supplies of farm fertilizer.

Germany's excellence in laboratory work easily placed her at the forefront of the world in the manufacture of chemicals used in industry and in medical supplies. The United States was largely dependent on Germany for these.

In the supply of armaments, machinery, tools and implements, Germany has been the greatest competitor in the world markets that the United States has had. Certain types of engines for marine work used to be imported from Germany.

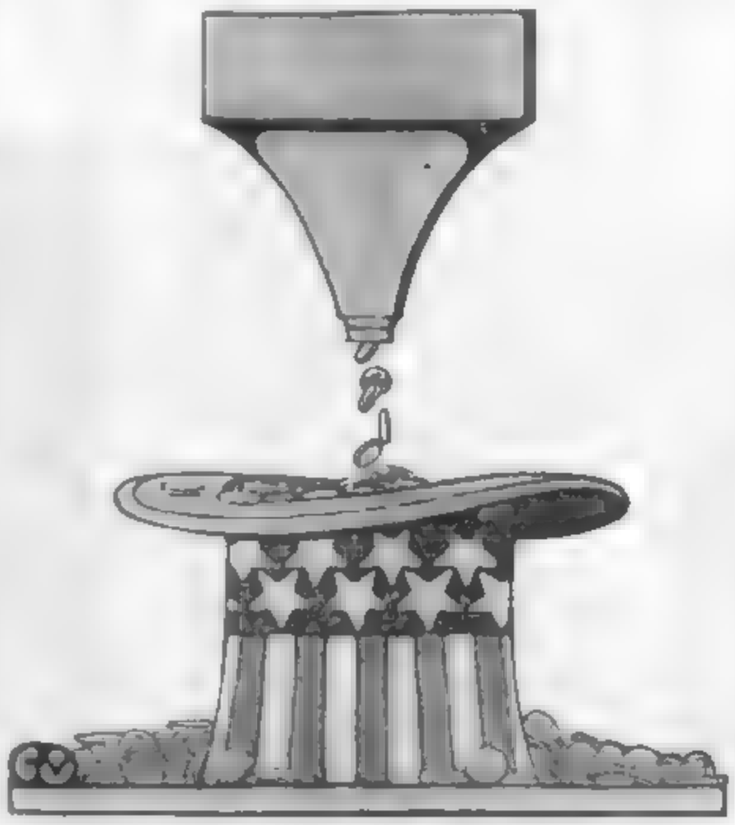
As to cotton and metal products, England and Germany have bought over seventy-five per cent of America's raw output; and in the case of cotton they have shipped back that output in manufactured form. That is where the profits of re-exports come. London's re-exports for a year exceed all the value of Uncle Sam's wheat exports for a year. Liverpool's re-exports exceed all Canada's wheat exports.

Only a year ago American wool growers and dairymen were trembling in their boots over tariff reductions that would result in a flood of Australian competition.

As to ships and shipping, while England carried from fifty-four to sixty per cent of Uncle Sam's commerce, Germany carried easily from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. Between them, England and Germany had the seas of the world mapped out in zones and pools, from which American competition was rigidly excluded.

Above all, the United States was dependent on London and Paris and Berlin for international exchange. This meant more than the small percentage charged for bankers' exchange. Where the money markets of the world center, there trade centers, to flow out again to all parts of the globe. There the world's middleman takes toll of world commerce before reselling to the markets of all lands. Liverpool dominated cotton and wheat; the Netherlands, tobacco; Germany, dyes and metal work and toys and scientific machinery; and Liverpool, London and Hamburg exercised away more despotic than a buccaneer over the shipping of the world. If an American ship intruded on the pools it had its throat neatly and promptly cut by the competition of "the fighting fleet," kept to cut rates against competitors.

Uncle Sam's emblem has been the eagle. It is notorious that a bird can use his wings a great deal better than his legs. The eagle had been flying so high and screaming about independence so long that it had pretty nearly lost the use of its legs. Uncle Sam was utterly dependent—hopelessly dependent—on Europe for the manufacture of three-quarters of his own products into high-priced finished form.



How is the war going to leave all this? Is it going to teach the country to use its own legs? The Netherlands never regained their ascendancy in textile industries after Alva drove the workers to England. England gained the ascendancy and kept it. How about Uncle Sam? Is he going to do these things he has been allowing other nations to do for him—and is he going to keep on doing them after the war is over, and his old rivals come back into the arena with the most frightful competition trade has ever known?

The answer to the question touches pretty nearly every side of daily life. It touches dyes and photo films, and watch crystals and pottery, and silk and linen and lace, and underwear, and fine metal work and heavy machinery, and cotton and cambric, and print paper, and ships and motors, and leather and chemicals, and drugs and shoes, and sugars and rubber and fertilizer, and—stretch out your hand—pretty nearly everything you wear and a good proportion of everything you have in your house.

In other words, is Uncle Sam going to learn to use his own legs—industrially?

Dyes are, perhaps, one of the best examples of Uncle Sam's dependence on outsiders. Soon after the war began it was noticed that a great many ladies suddenly developed white hair, and a great many gentlemen with bare shiny polls as suddenly developed an iron-gray tinge to their close-cropped mustaches.

The King-Pin of Textile Manufacture

NOW Miss Innocence may have regarded this as symbolic of some mysterious sorrow; but the wags and the wits grinned and whispered: "Never say dye!" But the dyes affected more than the old beaus and the old-young belles. They touched all the manufactures of cotton, silk, wool, linen, jute, paints, varnishes, ink, leather, paper, feathers, artificial flowers, hats, felt, soaps, printed matter, motors, carriages and dress goods.

The Department of Commerce says dyes cost only one per cent of the value of a manufactured article; but the point is—that one per cent is a king-pin.

Our grandmothers used vegetable dyes; but vegetable dyes are not always fast colors. They fade in sunshine and run streaks in rain; and they are confined to not more than a dozen shades. Since the use of coal-tar colors became general more than a thousand distinct tints have been used in manufactures, and these can be combined in almost countless shades of a beauty to rival Nature. It is as though the sunlight that was absorbed into the vegetation of the coal beds a billion years or so ago escaped through distillation of coal-tar products in the colors of the rainbow or the sunset.

At all events, mineral dyes have almost universally taken the place of vegetable dyes; and the dyes of the world come from Germany. Coke represents seventy-two per cent of coal; gas, twenty-two per cent; tar, six per cent; tar for dyes, three per cent.

In the United States less than one thousand people are employed in dye works; and these works get their three hundred intermediates or dye products from Germany. These intermediates are from the crude coal-tar products—benzol, carbolic acid, naphthalene, and some one hundred and fifty compounds. America buys her intermediates from Germany. A ton of intermediate, costing one thousand dollars, treated by five dollars' worth of chemicals, becomes a dye. Holding the intermediates, Germany holds the key to the dye situation. Switzerland sells dyes; but Switzerland, too, depends on Germany for the coal-tar intermediates.

Germany's dye works are the closest kind of a combine. The same scientific staffs, the same technical craftsmen and the same financial directors hold Germany's dye industry in an inner ring which controls the dye works of the world. How is Uncle Sam going to learn to stand on his own legs as to dyes?

First of all, there is a return to vegetable dyes. The Department of Agriculture and such specialists as the directors of the Botanical Gardens are studying out the culture of the dye plants and the use of dyes from black oak and osage orange. Manufacturers of benzol and coal-tar crude products are adding to their plants ovens or retorts for tar distillation in the intermediates needed for dyes. Big coke works all over the country, from Pittsburgh and Alabama out to the Rockies, have specialists busy studying the possibilities of dyes as a by-product. By-products that were burned as waste a year ago are being tested out for dye intermediates. Of coke by-products, one hundred million dollars' worth a year has been allowed to go to waste in the United States. This is enough to dye the whole world. This waste will now stop. Only one fear restrains enterprise. Germany must be glutted with unsold dyes. What if, when the big American plants get under way, the war stops and these German dyes are dumped on the American market to break prices? These are among the fortunes of war in industry and the risk must be taken.

Meantime the trade is paying two dollars and twenty-five cents for blacks that ordinarily cost twenty-two cents a pound. A Carolina hosiery mill has just paid eight hundred and seventy-five dollars for five hundred pounds of dye that usually costs eighty-five dollars. One big dye plant in Buffalo is spending more than three hundred thousand dollars in adding to its works; and one of the big coke plants in Pittsburgh is secretly trying out coal-tar dye products. It is an expensive time to try them out, for these coal-tar products are also used in explosives, and they have gone up five hundred per cent in value—which is the price Uncle Sam pays for becoming too dependent on other people. An attempt has been made to bring in crude-tar intermediates from Switzerland; but Germany is no fool in trade. So long as England prohibits neutral countries reexporting cotton to Germany, Germany prohibits neutral countries reëxporting intermediates for dyes. In the Orient little Japan is working out the same problem—how to become independent of Germany's monopoly of dyes.

No country spends more on furs and gets poorer value than the United States. Yet, with the exception of Russia, America produces the finest furs in the world. America gets poor value in furs because she sends them abroad to be treated. There again Germany's technical knowledge of dye brings her enormous trade. The auctions of furs in London and the fur fairs or bazaars held in Leipsic and Nijni-Novgorod bring buyers from every quarter of the globe. The dressed furs are sent back to America and command fabulous prices.

Markets We Should Never Lose

IF THE Trade Commission wants to help Uncle Sam stand on his own feet as to furs it could do nothing better than study out and inaugurate such auctions and bazaars as have made Hudson's Bay House and Leipsic famous. Canada has begun Persian lamb fur farms from stock imported from the high plateaus of Persia. Miles of high, dry pasture land in the upper meadows of the southwestern Rockies—in Arizona and New Mexico and Colorado and Utah and California—would afford an ideal stamping ground for such fur farms for Uncle Sam; but that sort of work for a commission is not so spectacular as "trust busting"; so we may, perhaps, still go on buying dyed Persian lamb from London and Leipsic.

It has been told how this country imports millions of dollars' worth of fine laces manufactured from American cotton in France and Belgium. The war has destroyed almost totally the lace industry in both countries; and early in the winter New York cotton operators sent abroad for the lace machinery and skilled hands and set up the plants on this side. American lace from American cotton is past the experimental stage. These laces will be on the market this fall, though not pushed too aggressively as "American" until the market has acquired the habit of using American-made laces. This industry is bound to grow; for there is no glut of lace in Europe. The lace country has been almost entirely destroyed.

One of the biggest surprises Uncle Sam has had has been in chemicals and medical supplies. Since the war broke out Uncle Sam has paid through his nose for the privilege of growing a crop of hair or wearing a peg leg. The basic drugs for hair tonics have gone up from one hundred to five hundred per cent. What with lack of dyes and lack of hair tonics, poor old Uncle Sam's shiny pate will be covered with sackcloth and ashes; and if you add to that fact the sorrowful condition that he has not learned to stand on his own legs as to drugs, and that he cannot buy any peg legs, he is surely in a bad way; but time will dissolve these sorrows all right. Burbank and other scientists are at work on drug plants. The Department of Agriculture is pushing out its bulletins; and altogether Uncle Sam's drug business and medical shipments have pretty nearly kept the battlefields of Europe in stock.

Chemical shipments from the United States to the end of May had increased twenty million dollars. Prices for medical acids have increased three hundred per cent since Christmas, and some are off the market entirely. Russian cantharides brought one dollar and ninety cents a pound in 1914. It commands four dollars and fifty cents to-day. Carbolic acid, the standard disinfectant of every stable and hospital, has jumped from twelve cents a pound to one dollar and fifty cents; and so one could go down the scale of the old, standard, homely drugs, and the price is still going up. The same fear restrains capital here as in the case of dyes—fear of a glutted, "dumped" market when war stops. This is another ready-made constructive job for the Trade Commission.

The fact that Germany controlled the world's potash cost the American farmer this year from two to six dollars a ton advance in prices. On fertilizer Uncle Sam is very quietly doing two or three things: The Chilian nitrate business, which was paralyzed when the war broke out, is beginning to move in American ships to American ports instead of in German ships to German ports. It is brought up in the American-Hawaiian ships to Hampton Roads in less than two weeks. Experiments have been going on for a series of years to develop fertilizer from the kelp beds of the Pacific. The dried kelp contains potash and nitrogen. In the past the United States has depended on Germany for potash; but the kelp beds are a cheap source of fertilizer; and they are now being used to manufacture fertilizer—the value being given at from $3 to $5 a ton.

It is estimated that they could yield enough to supply all the fertilizer needed annually for the farms of the United States; but man is a stagnant animal in the adoption of anything new. If the Government threatened to give a monopoly of the kelp beds to Standard Oil or the Steel Trust the whole world would rush in with a howl of protest—and a shovel. If the war lasts this fertilizer will doubtless come into use.

When one comes to supplies of harness, wagons, machines, tools, locomotives, cars and motors—the possibilities are bewildering. So late as 1900 Uncle Sam had to import his best motors from Europe. Since 1914 he has sent more than sixty-seven million dollars' worth of motors to Europe; and it is inconceivable that such a great advantage in trade could ever be lost. Europe has learned the superiority of "American make." We not only cater to all the luxurious tastes that the French car supplies, but when it comes to everyday utility, and low cost for the average man of moderate means, the American car is without a rival. Hitherto the big motor, sewing-machine, implement and tool companies of America have had to fight for a place in European markets. Hand labor was cheaper in Russia and the Balkans—say, in the wheat fields, where men worked for forty or sixty cents a day and women for twenty or thirty cents—than machine labor; but the American-made machine has demonstrated its usefulness and cheapness in the war; and the place won is not likely to be lost.

Take the matter of steel products—bridge structures, rails, cars, locomotives. For war purposes up to August, 1915, more than five hundred million dollars' worth of steel products went to Europe from the United States. These consisted of everything, from barbed wire and monkey wrenches and wagon bolts to locomotives, and girders for bridges, and thousands of miles of rails. The orders to one locomotive company totaled one hundred million dollars for purely railroad purposes. Other orders for railroad purposes total thirty-three million dollars. Electrical supplies to the value of not less than one hundred million dollars went from American works.

When the war stops, will not these orders suddenly stop? Orders for munitions will—yes; but did it ever strike you that when you used a certain car, if you broke a piece of the machinery you sent to its agents for the repairs? The same of tools, agricultural implements, wagons, tractor engines, locomotives, bridge girders.

When the war is over it is hardly conceivable that the place won in the European market will be lost by American exporters. In the sixteen years preceding the war England's steel exports increased sixty-six per cent; Germany's, six hundred; the United States', five hundred. Since the war began Uncle Sam's steel has pretty nearly preëmpted the foreign market. After the war whole territories will have to rebuild railroads, bridges, cities, factories. Will Uncle Sam lose the position he has won? If he does he will do what he has never done before. If he loses he will deserve to lose.

Foreign Demand for Aluminum, Oil and Coal

ONE of the interesting things concerning metal products is aluminum. Did you ever think how much of a marching army's kit consists of aluminum, the most usable and the lightest of all metals? Frying pans, kettles, pots, drinking cups, in some cases water bottles, are of aluminum. Aluminum used to be twelve dollars a pound. Before the war it was between twenty-two and thirty-two cents a pound. The cheapening of the metal and its universal use arise from an invention by a young American scientist who devised a form of electric decomposition. Enormous aluminum plants produce the metal at Niagara, at Massena, and at Shawenegan Falls, in Canada.

It is a good thing Secretary Daniels has secured Edison for the American Navy Board, for some of the most valuable inventions in explosives and aniline dyes have been perfected in the Edison laboratories during the war; and foreign governments have besieged Edison for the use of those inventions.

When you come to the products of the soil—cotton, metals, grain, coal, livestock—Uncle Sam has good steady legs indeed. He literally fed half of Europe last year, his food shipments totaling seven hundred and fifty million dollars to buyers of 1915; and if European miners strike the chances are he will stoke the ships of the world in coal and petroleum. Three barrels of oil worth seventy-five cents do the work of a ton of coal worth six dollars. His petroleum products are supplying the submarines of the warring nations and many of the battleships; and, of late, his coal has begun to supplant British coal in Italy and South America. Flour mills in the United States have almost doubled their output since the opening of the war. The packers are so hard pressed with orders for the armies that they have put special steamship lines in commission to buy up Argentina beef and hides.

When the tariff was lowered on butter from six to two and a half cents a great outcry was raised about Australian products flooding the American market. Instead of Australian products flooding America, Uncle Sam is now shipping butter to Australia. From July, 1914, to the end of June, 1915, California alone shipped more than one million dollars' worth of butter to Australia. Belgium formerly was one of the countries whose competition in dairy products was feared. Belgium has lost one million five hundred thousand dairy cows in the war. One does not need to guess that dairy exports from the United States will jump.

Granted that wheat and metal and dairy products and stock are showing increasing momentum of exports, is not cotton the great exception? Has not the war dealt cotton a knock-out blow in price? It was eleven cents plus before war was declared and it dropped back to six cents by October—a loss of five cents a pound, or twenty-five dollars a bale, or four hundred million dollars on the crop of 1914. And now, with a twelve-million-bale crop coming on the market—just when England's blockade shuts off the hungry markets of Germany and Austria—will the cotton growers not continue to suffer detriment from the war? Cotton commands thirty cents in Germany and Austria. Why not strike at England by declaring that if England cuts off the Austrian and German markets for American cotton the United States will cut off American cotton to England?

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The Real Peruvian Doughnuts

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THE affairs of Arrowhead Ranch are administered by its owner, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, through a score or so of hired experts. As a trout-fishing guest of the castle I found the retainers of this excellent feudalism interesting enough and generally explicable. But standing out among them, both as a spectacle and by reason of his peculiar activities, is a shrunken little man whom I would hear addressed as Jimmie Time. He alone piqued as well as interested. There was a tang to all the surmises he prompted in me.

I have said he is a man; but wait! The years have had him, have scoured and rasped and withered him; yet his face is curiously but the face of a boy, his eyes but the fresh, inquiring, hurt eyes of a boy who has been misused by years threescore. Time has basely done all but age him. So much for the wastrel as Nature has left him. But Art has furthered the piquant values of him as a spectacle.

In dress, speech and demeanor Jimmie seems to be of the West, Western—of the old, bad West of informal vendetta, when a man's increase of years might lie squarely on his quickness in the "draw"; when he went abundantly armed by day and slept lightly at night—trigger fingers instinctively crooked. Of course such days have very definitely passed; wherefore the engaging puzzle of certain survivals in Jimmie Time—for I found him still a two-gun man. He wore them rather consciously sagging from his lean hips—almost pompously, it seemed. Nor did he appear properly unconscious of his remaining attire—of the broad-brimmed hat, its band of rattlesnake skin; of the fringed buckskin shirt, opening gallantly across his pinched throat; of his corduroy trousers, fittingly bedraggled; of his beautiful beaded moccasins.

He was perfect in detail—and yet he at once struck me as being too acutely aware of himself. Could this suspicion ensue, I wondered, from the circumstance that the light duties he discharged in and about the Arrowhead Ranch house were of a semi-domestic character; from a marked incongruity in the sight of him, full panoplied for homicide, bearing armfuls of wood to the house; or, with his wicked hat pulled desperately over a scowling brow, and still with his flaunt of weapons, engaging a sinkful of soiled dishes in the kitchen under the eyes of a mere unarmed Chinaman who sat by and smoked an easy cigarette at him, scornful of firearms?

There were times, to be sure, when Jimmie's behavior was in nice accord with his dreadful appearance—as when I chanced to observe him late the second afternoon of my arrival. Solitary in front of the bunkhouse, he rapidly drew and snapped his side arms at an imaginary foe some paces in front of him. They would be simultaneously withdrawn from their holsters, fired from the hip and replaced, the performer snarling viciously the while. The weapons were unloaded, but I inferred that the foe crumpled each time.

Then the old man varied the drama, vastly increasing the advantage of the foe and the peril of his own emergency by turning a careless back on the scene. The carelessness was only seeming. Swiftly he wheeled, and even as he did so twin volleys came from the hip. It was spirited—the weapons seemed to smoke; the smile of the marksman was evil and masterly. Beyond all question the foe had crumpled again, despite his tremendous advantage of approach.

I drew gently near before the arms were again holstered and permitted the full exposure of my admiration for this readiness of retort under difficulties. The puissant one looked up at me with suspicion, hostile yet embarrassed. I stood admiring ingenuously, stubborn in my fascination. Slowly I won him. The coldness in his bright little eyes warmed to awkward but friendly apology.

"A gun fighter lets hisself git stiff," he winningly began; "then, first thing he knows, some fine day—crack! Like that! All his own fault, too, 'cause he ain't kep' in trim." He jauntily twirled one of the heavy revolvers on a forefinger. "Not me, though, pard! Keep m'self up and comin', you bet! Ketch me not ready to fan the old forty-four! I guess not! Some has thought they could. Oh, yes; plenty has thought they could. Crack! Like that!" He wheeled, this time fatally intercepting the foe as he treacherously crept round a corner of the bunkhouse. "Buryin' ground for you, mister! That's all—buryin' ground!"

The desperado replaced one of the weapons and patted the other with a grisly affection. In the excess of my admiration I made bold to reach for it. He relinquished it to me with a mother's yearning. And all too legible in the polished butt of the thing were notches! Nine sinister notches I counted—not fresh notches, but emphatic, eloquent, chilling. I thrust the bloody record back on its gladdened owner.

"Never think it to look at me?" said he as our eyes hung above that grim bit of bookkeeping.

"Never!" I warmly admitted.

"Me—I always been one of them quiet, mild-mannered ones that you wouldn't think butter would melt in their mouth—jest up to a certain point. Lots of 'em fooled that way about me—jest up to a certain point, mind you—then, crack! Buryin' ground—that's all! Never go huntin' trouble—understand? But when it's put on me—say!"

He lovingly replaced the weapon—with its mortuary statistics—doffed the broad-brimmed hat with its snake-skin garniture, and placed a forefinger athwart an area of his shining scalp which is said by a certain pseudo-science to shield several of man's more spiritual attributes. The finger traced an ancient but still evil-looking scar.

"One creased me there," he confessed—"a depity marshal—that time they had a reward out for me, dead or alive."

I was for details.

"What did you do?"

Jimmie Time stayed laconic.

"Left him there—that's all!"

It was arid, yet somehow informing. It conveyed to me that a marshal had been cleverly put to needing a new deputy.

"Burying ground?" I guessed.

"That's all!" He laughed venomously—a short, dry, restrained laugh. "They give me a nickname," said he. "They called me Little Sure Shot. No wonder they did! Ho! I should think they would of called me something like that." He lifted his voice. "Hey! Boogles!"

I had been conscious of a stooping figure in the adjacent vegetable garden. It now became erect, a figure of no distinction—short, rounded, decked in carelessly worn garments of no elegance. It slouched inquiringly toward us between rows of sprouted corn. Then I saw that the head surmounting it was a noble head. It was uncovered, burnished to a half circle of grayish fringe; but it was shaped in the grand manner and well borne, and the full face of it was beautified by features of a very Roman perfection. It was the face of a judge of the Supreme Court or the face of an ideal senator. His large grave eyes bathed us in a friendly regard; his full lips of an orator parted with leisurely and promising unction. I awaited courtly phrases, richly rounded periods.

"A regular hell-cat—what he is!"

Thus vocalized the able lips. Jimmie Time glowed modestly.

"Show him how I can shoot," said he.

The amazing Boogles waddled—yet with dignity—to a point ten paces distant, drew a coin from the pocket of his dingy overalls, and spun it to the blue of heaven. Ere it fell the deadly weapon bore swiftly on it and snapped.

"Crack!" said the marksman grimly.

His assistant recovered the coin, scrutinized it closely, rubbed a fat thumb over its supposedly dented surface and again spun it. The desperado had turned his back. He drew as he wheeled and again I was given to understand that his aim had been faultless.

"Good Little Sure Shot!" declaimed Boogles fulsomely.

"Hold it in your hand oncet," directed Little Sure Shot. The intrepid assistant gallantly extended the half dollar at arm's length between thumb and finger and averted his statesman's face with practiced apprehension. "Crack!" said Little Sure Shot, and the coin seemed to be struck from the unscathed hand. "Only nicked the aidge of it," said he, genially deprecating. "I don't like to take no chancet with the lad's mitt."

It had indeed been a pretty display of sharpshooting—and noiseless.

"Had me nervous, you bet, first time he tried that," called Boogles. "Didn't know his work then. Thought sure he'd wing me."

Jimmie Time loftily ejected imaginary shells from his trusty firearm and seemed to expel smoke from its delicate interior. Boogles waddled his approach.

"Any time they back Little Sure Shot up against the wall they want to duck," said he warmly. "He has 'em hard to find in about a minute. Tell him about that fresh depity marshal, Jimmie."

"I already did," said Jimmie.

"Ain't he the hell-cat?" demanded Boogles, mopping a brow that Daniel Webster would have observed with instant and perhaps envious respect.

"I been a holy terror in my time, all right, all right!" admitted the hero. "Never think it to look at me though. One o' the deceivin' kind till I'm put upon; then—good night!"

"Jest like that!" murmured Boogles.

"Buryin' ground—that's all." The lips of the bad man shut grimly on this.

"Say," demanded Boogles, "on the level, ain't he the real Peruvian doughnuts? Don't he jest make 'em all hunt their ——" The tribute was unfinished.

"You ol' Jim! You ol' Jim Time!" Shrilly this came from Lew Wee, Chinese cook of the Arrowhead, framed in the kitchen doorway of the ranch house. He brandished a scornful and commanding dish towel at the bad man, who instantly and almost cravenly cowered under the distant assault. The garment of his old bad past fell from him, leaving him as one exposed in the market place to the scornful towels of Chinamen. "You run, ol' Jim Time! How you think catch 'um din' not have wood?"

"Now I was jest goin' to," mumbled Jimmie Time; and he amazingly slunk from the scene of his late triumphs toward the open front of a woodhouse.

His insulter turned back to the kitchen with a final affronting flourish of the towel. The whisper of Boogles came hoarsely to me: "Some of these days Little Sure Shot'll put a dose o' cold lead through that Chink's heart."

"Is he really dangerous?" I demanded.

The Captor Looked Aleft and Remained Vocal, Waving the Gun, Waving Jimmie Time

"Dangerous!" Boogles choked warmly on this. "Let me tell you, that old boy is the real Peruvian doughnuts, and no mistake! Some day there won't be so many Chinks round this dump. No, sir-ee! That little cutthroat'll have another notch in his gun."

The situation did indeed seem to brim with the cheerfullest promise; yet something told me that Little Sure Shot was too good, too perfect. Something warned me that he suffered delusions of grandeur—that he fell, in fact, somewhat short of being the real doughnuts, either of a Peruvian or any other valued sort.

Nor had many hours passed ere it befell emphatically even so. There had been the evening meal, followed by an hour or so of the always pleasing and often instructive talk of my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, who has largely known life for sixty years and found it entertaining and good. And we had parted at an early nine, both tired from the work and the play that had respectively engaged us the day long.

My candle had just been extinguished when three closely fired shots cracked the vast stillness of the night. Ensued vocal explosions of a curdling shrillness from the back of the house. One instantly knew them to be indignant and Chinese. Caucasian ears gathered this much. I looked from an open window as the impassioned cries came nearer. The lucent moon of the mountains flooded that side of the house, and starkly into its light from round the nearest corner struggled Lew Wee, the Chinaman. He shone refulgent, being yet in the white or full-dress uniform of his calling.

In one hand he held the best gun of Jimmie Time; in the other—there seemed to be a well-gripped connection with the slack of a buckskin shirt—writhed the alleged real doughnuts of a possibly Peruvian character. The captor looked aloft and remained vocal, waving the gun, waving Jimmie Time, playing them together as cymbals, never loosening them. It was fine. It filled the eye and appeased the deepest longings of the ear.

Then from a neighboring window projected the heroic head and shoulders of my hostess, and there boomed into the already vivacious libretto a passionate barytone, or thereabout, of sterling timbre.

"What in the name of —"

I leave it there. To do so is not only kind but necessary. The most indulgent censor that ever guarded the columns of a print intended for young and old about the evening lamp would swiftly delete from this invocation, if not the name of Deity itself, at least the greater number of the attributes with which she endowed it. A few were conventional enough, but they served only to accentuate others that were too hastily selected in the heat of this crisis. Enough to say that the lady overbore by sheer mass of tone production the strident soprano of Lew Wee, controlling it at length to a lucid disclosure of his grievance.

From the doorway of his kitchen, inoffensively proffering a final cigarette to the radiant night, he had been the target of three shots with intent to kill. He submitted the weapon. He submitted the writhing assassin.

"I catch 'um!" he said effectively, and rested his case.

"Now—I aimed over his head." It was Jimmie Time, alias Little Sure Shot, and he whimpered the words. "I jest went to play a sell on him."

The voice of the judge boomed wrathfully on this:

"You darned pestering mischief, you! Ain't I forbid you time and again ever to load them guns? Where'd you get the ca'tridges?"

"Now—I found 'em," pleaded the bad man. "I did so; I found 'em."

"Cooned 'em, you mean!" thundered the judge. "You cooned 'em from Buck or Sandy. Don't tell me, you young reprobate!"

"He all like bad man," submitted the prosecution. "I tell 'um catch stlovewood; he tell 'um me: 'You go to haitch!' I tell 'um: 'You ownself go to haitch!' He say: 'I flan you my gun plitty soon!' He do."

"I aimed over the coward's head," protested the defendant.

"Can happen!" sanely objected the prosecution.

"Ain't I told you what I'd do if you loaded them guns?" roared the judge. "Gentle, limping, bald-headed ——" [Deleted by censor.] "How many more times I got to tell you? Now you know what you'll get. You'll get your needings—that's what you'll get! All day to-morrow! You hear me? You'll wear 'em all day to-morrow! Put 'em on first thing in the morning and wear 'em till sundown. No hiding out neither! Wear 'em where folks can see what a bad boy you are. And swearing too! I got to be 'shamed of you! Yes, sir! Everybody'll know how 'shamed I am to have a tough kid like you on the place. I won't be able to hold my head up. You wear 'em!"

"I—I—I aimed above ——" Jimmie Time broke down. He was weeping bitterly. His captor released him with a final shake, and he brought a forearm to his streaming eyes.

"You'll wear 'em all day to-morrow!" again thundered the judge as the culprit sobbed a stumbling way into obscurity.

"You'self go to haitch!" the unrelenting complainant called after him.

The judge effected a rumbling withdrawal. The night was again calm. Then I slept on the problem of the Arrowhead's two-gun bad man. It seemed now pretty certain that the fatuous Boogles had grossly overpraised him. I must question his being the real doughnuts of any sort—even the mildest—much less the real Peruvian. But what was "'em" that in degrading punishment and to the public shame of the Arrowhead he must wear on the morrow? What, indeed, could "'em" be?

I woke, still pondering the mystery. Nor could I be enlightened during my breakfast, for this was solitary, my hostess being long abroad to far places of the Arrowhead, and the stolid mask of Lew Wee inviting no questions.

Breakfast over, I stationed myself in the bracing sunlight that warmed the east porch and aimlessly overhauled a book of flies. To three that had proved most popular in the neighboring stream I did small bits of mending, ever with a questing eye on adjacent outbuildings, where Little Sure Shot—*né* Time—might be expected to show himself, wearing "'em."

A blank hour elapsed. I no longer affected occupation with the flies. Jimmie Time was irritating me. Had he not been specifically warned to "wear 'em" full shamefully in the public eye? Was not the public eye present, avid? Boogles I saw intermittently among beanpoles in the garden. He appeared to putter, to have no care or system in his labor. And at moments I noticed he was dropping all pretense of this to stand motionless, staring intently at the shut door of the stable.

Could his fallen idol be there, I wondered? Purposefully I also watched the door of the stable. Presently it opened slightly; then, with evident infinite caution, it was pushed outward until it hung half yawning. A palpitant moment we gazed, Boogles and I. Then shot from the stable gloom an astounding figure in headlong flight. Its goal appeared to be the bunkhouse fifty yards distant; but its course was devious, laid clearly with a view to securing such incidental brief shelter as would be afforded by the corral wall, by a meager clump of buck-brush, by a wagon, by a stack of hay. Good time was made, however. The fugitive vanished into the bunkhouse and the door of that structure was slammed to. But now the small puzzle I had thought to solve had grown to be, in that brief space—easily under eight seconds—a mystery of enormous, of sheerly inhuman dimensions. For the swift and winged one had been all too plainly a correctly uniformed messenger boy of the Western Union Telegraph Company—that blue uniform with metal buttons, with the corded red at the trouser sides, the flat cap fronted by a badge of nickel—unthinkable, yet there. And the speedy bearer of this scenic investiture had been the desperate, blood-letting, two-gun bad man of the Arrowhead.

"And in a Minute I Was Up Close and Seen 'Em—There in the Dripping Rain"

It was a complication not to be borne with any restraint. I hastened to stand before the shut door of the sanctuary. It slept in an unpromising stillness. Invincibly reticent it seemed, even when the anguished face of Jimmie Time, under that incredible cap with its nickeled badge, wavered an instant back of the grimy window—wavered and vanished with an effect of very stubborn finality. I would risk no defeat there. I passed resolutely on to Boogles, who now most diligently trained up tender young bean vines in the way they should go.

"Why does he hide in there?" I demanded in a loud, indignant voice. I was to have no nonsense about it.

Boogles turned on me the slow, lofty, considering regard of a United States senator submitting to photography for publication in a press that has no respect for private rights. He lacked but a few clothes and the portico of a capitol. Speech became immanent in him. One should not have been surprised to hear him utter decorative words meant for the rejoicing and incitement of voters. Yet he only said—or started to say:

"Little Sure Shot'll get that Chink yet! I tell you, now, that old boy is sure the real Peruvian ——"

This was absurdly too much. I then and there opened on Boogles, opened flooding gates of wrath and scorn on him—for him and for his idol of clay who, I flatly told him, could not be the real doughnuts of any sort. As for his being the real Peruvian —— Faugh!

Often I had wished to test in speech the widely alleged merits of this vocable. I found it do all that has been claimed for it. Its effect on Boogles was so withering that I used it repeatedly in the next three minutes. I even faughed him twice in succession, which is very insulting and beneficial indeed, and has a pleasant feel on the lips.

"And now then," I said, "if you don't give me the truth of this matter here and now, one of us two is going to be mighty sorry for it."

In the early moments of my violence Boogles had protested weakly; then he began to quiver perilously. On this I soothed him, and at the precisely right moment I cajoled. I lured him to the bench by the corral gate, and there I conferred costly cigarettes on him as man to man. Discreetly then I sounded for the origins of a certain bad man who had a way—even though they might crease him—of leaving deputy marshals where he found them. Boogles smoked one of the cigarettes before he succumbed; but first:

"Let me git my work," said he, and was off to the bunkhouse.

I observed his part in an extended parley before the door was opened to him. He came to me on the bench a moment later, bearing a ball of scarlet yarn, a large crochet hook of bone, and something begun in the zephyr but as yet without form.

"I'm making the madam a red one for her birthday," he confided.

He bent his statesman's head above the task and wrought with nimble fingers the while he talked. It was difficult, this talk of his, scattered, fragmentary; and his mind would go from it, his voice expire untimely. He must be prompted, recalled, questioned. His hands worked with a very certain skill, but in his narrative he dropped stitches. Made to pick these up, the result was still a droning monotony burdened with many irrelevancies. I am loath to transcribe his speech. It were better reported with an eye strictly to salience.

You may see, then—and I hope with less difficulty than I had in seeing—Jimmie Time and Boogles on night duty at the front of the little Western Union Office off Park Row in the far city of New York. The law of that city is tender to the human young. Night messenger boys must be adults. It is one of the preliminary shocks to the visitor—to ring for the messenger boy of tradition and behold in his uniform a venerable gentleman with perhaps a flowing white beard. I still think Jimmie Time and Boogles were beating the law—on a technicality. Of course Jimmie was far descended into the vale of years, and even Boogles was forty—but adults!

It is three o'clock of a warm spring morning. The two legal adults converse in whispers, like bad boys kept after school. They whisper so as not to waken the manager, a blasé, mature youth of twenty who sleeps expertly in the big chair back of the railing. They whisper of the terrific hazards and the precarious rewards of their adventurous calling. The hazards are nearly all provided by the youngsters who come on the day watch—hardy ruffians of sixteen or so who not only "pick on" these two but, with sportive affectations, often rob them, when they change from uniform to civilian attire, of any spoil the night may have brought them. They are powerless against these aggressions. They can but whisper their indignation.

Boogles eyed the sleeping manager.

"I struck it fine to-night, Jimmie!" he whispered. Jimmie mutely questioned. "Got a whole case note. You know that guy over to the newspaper office—the one that's such a tank drama—he had to send a note up to a girl in a show that he couldn't be there."

"That tank drama? Sure, I know him. He kids me every time he's stewed."

"He kids me, too, something fierce; and he give me the case note."

"Them strong-arms'll cop it on you when they get here," warned Jimmie.

"Took my collar off and hid her on the inside of it. Oh, I know tricks!"

"Chee! You're all to the Wall Street!"

"I got to look out for my stepmother too. She'd crown me with a chair if she thought I held out on her Beans me about every day just for nothing anyway."

"Don't you stand for it!"

"Yah! All right for you to talk. You're the lucky guy. You're an orphan. S'pose you had a stepmother! I wish I was an orphan."

Jimmie swelled with the pride of orphanship.

"Yes; I'd hate to have any parents knocking me round," he said. "But if it ain't a stepmother then it's somebody else that beans you. A guy in this burg is always getting knocked round by somebody."

"Read some more of the novel," pleaded Boogles, to change the distressing topic.

Jimmie drew a tattered paper romance from the pocket of his faded coat and pushed the cap back from his seamed old forehead. It went back easily, having been built for a larger head than his. He found the place he had marked at the end of his previous half-hour with literature. Boogles leaned eagerly toward him. He loved being read to. Doing it himself was too slow and painful:

"'No,' said our hero in a clear, ringing voice; 'all your tainted gold would not keep me here in the foul, crowded city. I must have the free, wild life of the plains, the canter after the Texas steers, and the fierce battles with my peers. For me the boundless, the glorious West!'"

"Chee! It must be something grand—that wild life!" interrupted Boogles. "That's the real stuff—the cowboy and trapper on them peraries, hunting bufflers and Injuns. I seen a film ——"

Jimmie Time frowned at this. He did not like interruptions. He firmly resumed the tale:

"With a gesture of disdain our hero waved aside the proffered gold of the scoundrelly millionaire and dashed down the stairway of the proud mansion to where his gallant steed, Midnight, was champing at the hitching post. At that moment ——"

Romance was snatched from the hands of Jimmie Time. The manager towered above him.

"Ain't I told you guys not to be taking up the company's time with them novels?" he demanded. He sternly returned to his big chair behind the railing, where he no less sternly took up his own perusal of the confiscated tale.

"The big stiff!" muttered Jimmie. "That's the third one he's copped on me this week. A kid in this choint ain't got no rights! I got a good notion to throw 'em down cold and go with the Postal people."

"Never mind! I'll blow you to an ice cream after work," consoled Boogles.

"Ice cream!" Jimmie Time was contemptuous. "I want the free, wild life of the boundless peraries. I want b'ar steaks br'iled on the glowing coals of the camp fire. I want to be Little Sure Shot, trapper, scout and guide ——"

"Next out!" yelled the manager. "Hustle now!"

Jimmie Time was next out. He hustled sullenly.

Boogles, alone, slept fitfully on his bench until the young thugs of the day watch straggled in. Then he achieved the change of his uniform to civilian garments, with only the accustomed minor maltreatment at the hands of these tormentors. True, with sportive affectations—yet with deadly intentness—they searched him for possible loot; but only his pockets. His dollar bill, folded inside his collar, went unfound. With assumed jauntiness he strolled from the outlaws' den and safely reached the street.

The gilding on the castellated towers of the tallest building in the world dazzled his blinking, foolish eyes. That was a glorious summit which sang to the new sun, but no higher than his own elation at the moment. Had he not come off with his dollar? He found balm and a tender stimulus in the morning air—an air for dreams and revolt. Boogles felt this as thousands of others must have felt it who were yet tamely issuing from Subway caverns and the Brooklyn Bridge to be wage slaves.

A block away from the office he encountered Jimmie Time, who seemed to await him importantly. He seethed with excitement.

"I got one too!" he called. "That tank drama he sent another note uptown to a restaurant where a party was, and he give me a case note too."

He revealed it; and when Boogles withdrew his own treasure the two were lovingly compared and admired. Nothing in all the world can be so foul to the touch as the dollar bill that circulates in New York, but these two were intrepidly fondled.

"I ain't going back to change," said Jimmie Time. "Them other kids would cop it on me."

"Have some cigarettes," urged Boogles, and royally bought them—with gilded tips, in a beautiful casket.

"I had about enough of their helling," declared Jimmie, still glowing with a fine desperation.

They sought the William Street Tunnel under the Brooklyn Bridge. It was cool and dark there. One might smoke and take his ease. And plan! They sprawled on the stone pavement and smoked largely.

"Chee! If we could get out West and do all them fine things!" mused Boogles.

"Let's!" said Jimmie Time.

"Huh!" Boogles gasped blankly at this.

"Let's beat it!"

"Chee!" said Boogles. He stared at this bolder spirit with startled admiration.

"Me—I'm going," declared Jimmie Time stoutly, and waited.

Boogles wavered a tremulous moment.

"I'm going with you," he managed at last.

He blurted the words. They had to rush out to beat down his native caution with quick blows.

"Listen!" said Jimmie Time impressively. "We got money enough to start. Then we just strike out for the peraries."

"Like the guy in the story!" Boogles glowed at the adept who before his very eyes was turning a beautiful dream into stark reality. He was praying that his own courage to face it would endure.

"You hurry home," commanded Jimmie, "and cop an ax and all the grub you can lay your hands on."

Boogles fell from the heights as he had feared he would.

"Aw, chee!" he said sanely. "And s'pose me stepmother gets her lamps on me! Wouldn't she bean me? Sure she would!"

"Bind her and gag her," said Jimmie promptly. "What's one weak woman?"

"Yah! She's a hellion and you know it."

"Listen!" said Jimmie sternly. "If you're going into the wild and lawless life of the peraries with me you got to learn to get things. Jesse James or Morgan's Men could get me that ax and that grub, and not make one-two-three of it."

"Them guys had practice—and likely they never had to go against their stepmothers."

"Do I go alone, then?"

"Well, now ——"

"Will you or won't you?"

Boogles drew a fateful breath.

"I'll take a chance. You wait here. If I ain't back in one hour you'll know I been murdered."

"Good, my man!" said Jimmie Time with the air of an outlaw chief. "Be off at once."

Boogles was off. And Boogles was back in less than the hour with a delectable bulging meal sack. He was trembling but radiant.

"She seen me gitting away and she yelled her head off," he gasped; "but you bet, I never stopped. I just thought of Jesse James and General Grant, and run like hell!"

"Good, my man!" said Jimmie Time; and then, with a sudden gleam of the practical, he inventoried the commissary and quartermaster supplies in the sack. He found them to be: One hatchet; one well-used boiled hambone; six greasy sugared crullers; four dill pickles; a bottle of catchup; two tomatoes, all but obliterated in transit; two loaves of bread; a flatiron.

Jimmie cast the last item from him.

"Wh'd you bring that for?" he demanded.

"I don't know," confessed Boogles. "I just put it in. Mebbe I was afraid she'd throw it at me when I was making my get-away. It'll be good for cracking nuts if we find any on the peraries. I bet they have nuts!"

"All right, then. You can carry it if you want to, pard."

Jimmie thrust the bundle into Boogles' arms and valiantly led a desperate way to the North River. Boogles panted under his burden as they dodged impatient taxicabs. So they came into the maze of dock traffic by way

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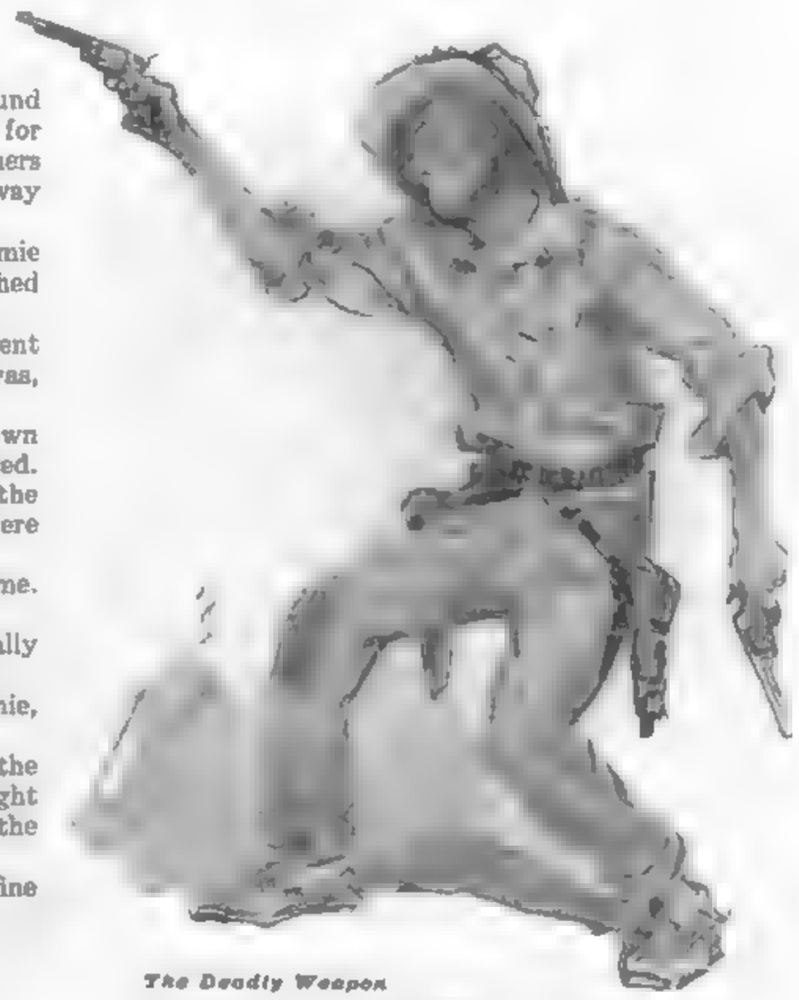
Boogles Drew a Coin and Spun it to the Blue of Heaven



The Deadly Weapon of Jimmie Time Bore Swiftly on it and Snapped

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA

The Central Hotel, Karungi

Karungi Looks Like a Little Cow Town at the End of a Spur of Railroad Across Our Western Prairies

The Railroad Station at Karungi

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE train stopped at a small station when we had been about an hour, or thereabouts, out of Petrograd, and a large Russian person wearing a uniform, a fierce mustache and a look of intense ennui came through the car. He stuck his head in at the door of my coupé and spoke after the manner of a Subway guard in New York.

Although I had made a conscientious study of the Russian language, I was at a loss to understand what he was talking about. So I smiled genially at him and asked him if he didn't think the Chicago clubs were playing great ball. He glared at me and repeated his former remark. I then changed from sport to finance and inquired whether, in his opinion, it was not ridiculous that rubles were so low.

I could see by the working of his features that he was considering whether to arrest me as a maniac or to kill me as a spy. He put a hand on each side of the doorway, leaned forward, made a great effort and said: "Passeportay."

It was perfectly simple. He wanted my passport. I should have known that. Everybody in Russia wants your passport. The safe thing to do, when a man in uniform approaches you, is to dig out your passport, smile, give him five rubles, and continue on your way. I met but one man in Russia, an official or a clerk or anything like that, who wouldn't take a bribe or a tip. This man did a service for me. I offered him a tip. He drew himself up haughtily and refused. I bowed and begged his pardon. But, as I was leaving, he came after me and said that if I really wanted to do something I might contribute five rubles to the hospital his organization was supporting. I had intended to give him two rubles, but I handed him the five. He gave me a receipt. Later I discovered that his organization supports no hospital. However ——

The officer, it was apparent, wanted my passport. I handed it to him. He took a look at the newest blob of red and black ink that had been put on it, stuffed it into his belt, and said something else to me as he left. I thanked him and looked out of the window. The place, I discovered, was Bjelo-Ostrow, and the passengers were hurrying out of the cars and into the station building. "Ha," I said, "they are getting breakfast," for it was early morning, and I smoked my cigar and watched them, and thought how clever I was. I had had my coffee at the hotel.

Inspected, Searched and Docketed

PRESENTLY my official friend came bellowing down the corridor. He jammed his huge bulk into my coupé and roared at me. He waved his arms and grew very red in the face. He was urging me to do something.

"What is it, friend?" I asked. "Do your boots hurt you, or are you opposed to abandoning Lemburg?"

He roared again and I offered him a cigar. He made one more attempt. I grinned happily at him. He was most entertaining. Then a look of great pity came into his eyes. "This is clearly a lunatic," I could see he was saying to himself. So he leaned over and took me by the lapel of my coat and said very gently: "Edee'te so mno'i."

I remembered that phrase. It was in the second lesson of Russian at a Glance and it meant "Come along."

"Da," I replied. "Da-da-da-da," which is the way the Russian says "Yes."

We proceeded to the station. He took me to a room with a big table in it, round which sat many passengers writing on long strips of green paper and long strips of white paper. A man handed me a slip of green paper. I saw it was another question blank, and I began to write down my answers. These questions inquired into many particulars of my life, habits, occupation, wealth, health and morals, into my ancestry and into my intentions. Where had I been? Where was I going? Why was I doing all this, and should I return to Russia again, and when? Lastly, would I be so kind as to state how much money I had on my person?

My friend had disappeared. I watched what was going on. A big soldier came from another room and called out a name. The person of that name was pushed into this inner room. Presently he came out, usually very red and somewhat disheveled, and another name was called and another person went in. Now and again, after a woman had been called, she was shoved out again by an officer and pushed, rather roughly, through another door on the other side. When she came out she, too, was very much disheveled.

Finally, my name was called. I went in. My friend stood at a small table. He had my blank in his hand. I saluted him ceremoniously. He looked at the blank, ordered me to sign it a couple of times more and then handed me a slip of paper on which was written in English: "Will you kindly turn out your pockets?"

I turned mine out—cardcase, wallets, key rings, letters, papers of various sorts, and all the junk one accumulates. The bunch was quite large. My friend shoved the things along to a table where another officer sat. He looked at my blank, compared the signatures with the signatures on my passport, which he had, and then turned to my wallets, cardcase and letters. He looked at every scrap of paper, on each side of every card, read my letters with apparent interest, figured out how much I had drawn on my letter of credit—indeed, he seemed quite keen about my little personal affairs.

Presently he handed me back my stuff and my passport and bade me good-day. I went out. A woman followed me. Almost immediately she was hustled off to the other room. "They'll strip her," said an Englishman who stood by. I saw her when she came out. She looked as if she had been stripped!

I walked down the platform and talked with other passengers on the train, who were all going out of Russia. This was the Finnish frontier, where the first examination was made. They had various stories to tell. Some had gone through easily. Some had been roughly examined. Some had been stripped. Many had had letters taken. Others told how the trunk examination in Petrograd, before we left, had been very severe, and how books and papers had been confiscated.

"What did they do to your hand luggage here?" a man asked me after the train had started.

"Nothing," I said. "I left it here in my coupé."

"They must be saving you for Tornea," he commented. "All the rest of us had our hand baggage examined here."

He was right. They were saving me for Tornea.

It is no fool of a job to get into Russia from the west in these war days, but that enterprise is a stroll down a shady street on a pleasant May afternoon, with the birds singing and the lilacs blooming, when compared to the project of getting out by the same route. It is only when one essays a departure from Russia that the full beauties of supervision, suspicion, inspection and examination are realized. Then you come to learn something of the insolence and ignorance and brutalities of the subordinate Russian official, of the stupidity of the system, and of the incredible panic there is against spies.

Out of Russia Through a Needle's Eye

THE only way in and out of Russia now is through Finland to Tornea, which is at the tip of the Gulf of Bothnia, thence to Karungi, and thence to Stockholm direct, or to Christiania and on to Bergen in Norway, where a steamer is taken to Newcastle in England. The trip, done as quickly as possible, requires eight days from Petrograd to England, and although it is now somewhat better arranged it is still difficult and tedious enough. In the early days when people first began to go round this way the hardships of it were very great. Now that it has prevailed a year or so much has been smoothed out, and the only thing that has been made more difficult is the inspection at the various points along the route.

It is an interesting trip, for at Karungi one gets within a few miles of the Arctic Circle; and much of Finland, Sweden and Norway are to be seen on the way. It is an exasperating trip because of the many restrictions, and the many inspections, and the constant suspicions. And it is a hard trip because there are mediocre trains, boats, eighteen miles of driving over a frightful road, and continuous trouble over baggage. The Russians have two or three general concerns about travelers. They are not much interested in dutiable goods and make only superficial examinations for that sort of thing. They are extremely keen on written matter of all kinds that has not been passed by the censor, on attempts to get letters out that have not been posted and censored in Russia, on notes, maps, cable codes or combinations of figures of any kind, and on all sorts of manuscript, pictures, and so on, which they fear may have information for the enemy, or aid and comfort, or which may not be so flattering for the Russians as is desired. Also, they allow no gold to be taken out and not more than five hundred rubles by any one person, or on any passport, to be exact, for a man and wife traveling with one passport may take out only five hundred rubles between them.

Written things are what they are after principally. They are suspicious of every letter and every note or memorandum. So far as notes for newspaper or magazine articles are concerned, they will not allow those to go out unless they have been censored, if they find them—and the officials are rather clever at making discoveries, although there isn't a day when they are not eluded. Still, it is troublesome to get uncensored stuff past them, although it can be done, and much depends on how they view you as an individual. If you have a long, low, rakish look, or any of the attributes of a spy; if you look like a German or have a German name; if they do not like the color of your eyes or your hair, or the shape of your nose, or the size of your feet, you may be searched to the skin. It all depends upon the whim of the searchers—the petty Russian officials.

On the other hand you may slip through with no trouble at all. I did. They took a few photographs from me at Tornea which had not been censored, and told me I could get them after the war. I did not try to take out any notes or manuscript, and I had no trouble. A young Englishman who was on the same train with me and who was taking out some machine tools was stripped and badgered. His clothes were ripped apart in some places and the day was made very miserable for him. Another man was so thoroughly gone over that his cigarettes were cut open. They cut the soles off one man's shoes. Several women were searched and stripped by men. They seemed to pick out the women at random. One was an elderly English woman. Another was a young Russian woman. They played no favorites, those officials. They had women searchers at Bjelo-Ostrow, which was the first examination point, but there were no women searchers at Tornea, where the Russians had their last crack at us; and those officials, perhaps with reason, were very severe on several of the women on our train, although mostly we got past with little actual trouble, but with great delay.

We rattled along after we left Bjelo-Ostrow, which was about ten o'clock in the morning, up through Finland, until ten o'clock the next morning, when we arrived at Uleaborg, where Russian officers came aboard and took our passports again. An hour or so later we reached Tornea. This is the last stop in Finland, and the last examination place for the Russians. Once by Tornea and you are out of Finland. Tornea is a little place on an arm of the bay, and on a river that divides it from Haparanda, which is the Swedish frontier town. The train stopped and more Russian officers got aboard.

There Were Tons and Tons of Freight Piled Up in Karungi—Everything That an Army Needs or a Country at War

How Gold is Kept at Home

THE passengers are taken, a few at a time, with their hand luggage, into a room in the station. The hand luggage is examined again, and the papers turned out, although there is no general emptying of pockets in the first room. After these examiners are appeased, you move on with your baggage to a smaller room, where a man sits at a table and asks you how much money you have.

You tell him.

"Show it to me," he says, and woe be unto you if you show more than you said you had. If the sum is in excess of five hundred rubles the man at the table takes the excess and hands you an I. O. U. for it. The Russian Government, through this petty officer, promises to refund this excess at some indefinite future time, or will hand it to you when you return—provided you ever do. They seize checks on Russian banks and drafts and other instruments which, when cashed, will take money out of Russia, and they grab all the gold. A man who went through a day or two before I did had a check for fifty thousand rubles taken from him, a check on a Russian bank. It was money for goods sold to the Russian army, but these frontier officers couldn't think of letting the money go out of the country. The only way to handle such a transaction is to put the check in an envelope and mail it. Then it will go to the censors, and the censors probably will pass it out.

This man who checks up the money is very patient and very obliging and speaks English, but he is adamant when it comes to allowing more than the allotted five hundred rubles to go out of Russia. It cannot be done. If he thinks you are lying about the amount you have he calls a searcher and you are searched down to the skin. One man was searched while I stood there. He had forty sovereigns in a belt. They took those, and gave him an I. O. U. for them, as well as a lecture on the error of his ways.

After the money man has been passed, passengers are admitted, one by one, to another room, with their hand baggage. This is another place of examination and inquisition. These examinations are made by army officers. There is a long table in the center of the room, and your hand baggage is placed on this. Now, mark you, this hand baggage has been examined in Bjelo-Ostrow and in the room outside, but the military men go through it again if the fancy seizes them. They passed me by without a look. The next man they stripped to his underclothes, and the next one after him had his shoes cut apart and the seams of his coat ripped. Then five were passed through with a pleasant "Good trip to you," and then came an Englishman who was kept there for half an hour and gone over with a microscope. Two women were undressed by the men. One was a Russian, and the other a German, I think. So it went until all were through.

As we came out, we were put in a large room, which evidently was the waiting room of the station. We might go out one door to a little enclosed space by the track, but nowhere else. We stayed in that place until after one o'clock. Then we were marched down to the water's edge, where we formed in line, and we received our passports at the window of a little wooden house. Meantime our baggage was put on a tender, and presently we sailed. We ran across to Haparanda, which is in Sweden, and only two or three miles away.

Here the Russians delivered us to the mercies of the Swedes, and we soon discovered that the Swedes do not like Russia, or the Russians, or anything connected with Russia, or anything that comes out of Russia, or any person. The Swedes are Russophobes. They hate Russia, and they hate the Russians. Hence, they are not inclined either to haste or to civility at Haparanda, where they examine the baggage and go through other rigmarole.

They piled our baggage out on the dock, and the Swedes went through it in a leisurely fashion. Swarms of carriage and automobile and baggage men were there, fighting for passengers to Karungi, where we were to take the train. Karungi, we discovered, is eighteen miles from Haparanda, and one can go there by automobile, by carriage, or walk, for there is eight hours' time between the arrival at Haparanda and the departure of the train at Karungi. There are plenty of one-horse carts to take over the trunks. Also, there is a good hotel. After the customs examination they marched us up a long street and down another posted with Swedish soldiers, dressed in gray, with leggings, and saucy hats turned up at one side—good-looking, white-haired chaps, and lusty. We came to a shed, whitewashed, and went in, one by one, to have our passports viséed, and thence to pass the doctor.

The doctor was a tall, smiling person, dressed in white, and he had a red-cheeked, yellow-haired nurse, also in white, taking down names and other information.

"Good morning," said the doctor, "have you seen any disease?"

Of course if one had seen all the disease there was, one wouldn't tell the doctor, so we all lied bravely.

"Have you any small pockets?" he continued.

Small pockets? Small pockets? A light dawned. Small pox!

"Certainly not, sir; certainly not!"

"Well, how is your stomach?"

"Fine."

"Good morning. I wish you a pleasant journey."

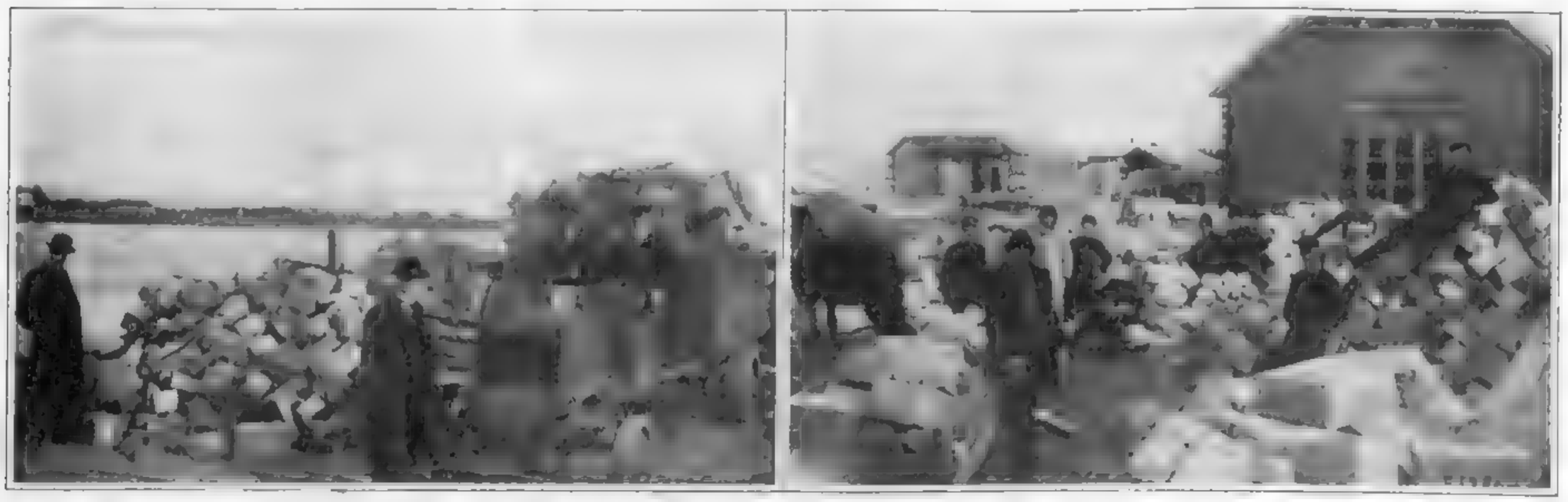
And there was one more formality. We were obliged to show our passports to the soldier at the gate. Then we were in Sweden and ready for further adventure.

The New Route Into Russia

BEFORE this war began, and when the regular lines of communications to Petrograd and to Russia were open, Haparanda did not see fifty tourists a year. It is a neat little Swedish village, with a hotel for those who came that way to observe the midnight sun, and a few shops and houses. Karungi was not even a village. It was then the end of a railroad that ran up from lower Sweden, and it had a shed for a railroad station and only two houses. Between Karungi and Haparanda there was a sort of country road—a sort of one. There was little traffic. It is likely that not ten strangers a year visited Karungi.

Then war stopped the trains through Germany, and the routes across the Baltic were closed. There was no way to get to Russia that was not entirely dangerous, and not many of those. So they extemporized this route: Boats ran regularly from Newcastle to Bergen and from Newcastle to Christiania. These boats kept on, and persons desiring to get to Russia came to Bergen, then went by train to a junction north of Christiania, and thence up to Karungi or to Christiania and to Stockholm and thence north. It was hard going in the early days. From Karungi they transferred as best they could to Haparanda, and from Haparanda took sledges or boats to Tornea, which is in Finland. There was a kind of train service through Finland, and in eight or nine or ten days from England it was

(Continued on Page 65)



The Enormous Number of Parcel-Post Packages That Were Arriving for Russia Were Being Sent Forward from Haparanda in a Most Casual and Indifferent Manner

THE GRAY DAWN

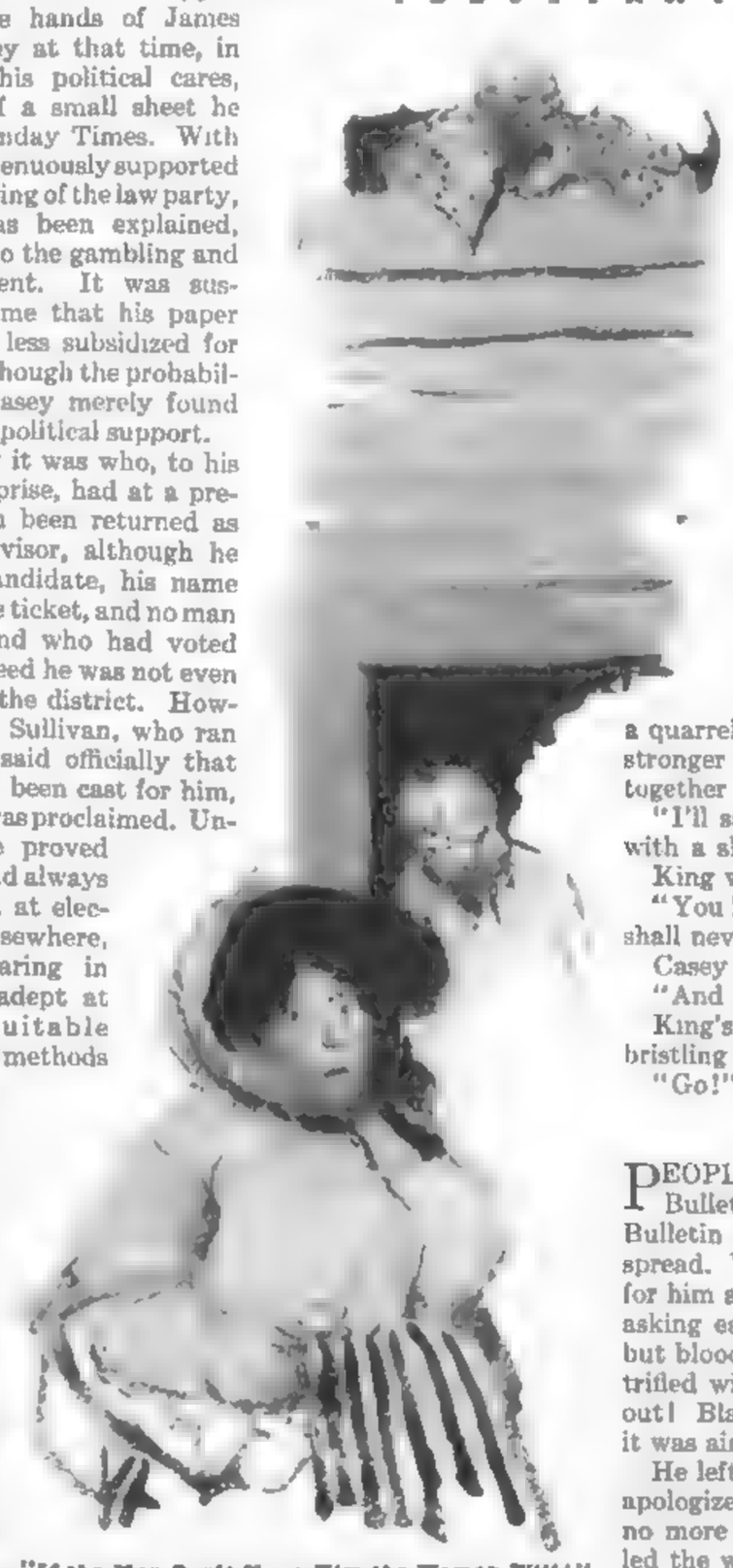
By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

L

AT THREE o'clock in the afternoon of May 14, 1856, the current issue of the Bulletin was placed on sale. A very few minutes later a copy found its way into the hands of James Casey. Casey at that time, in addition to his political cares, was editor of a small sheet he called the Sunday Times. With this he had strenuously supported the extreme wing of the law party, which, as has been explained, comprised also the gambling and lawless element. It was suspected by some that his paper was more or less subsidized for the purpose, though the probability is that Casey merely found his reward in political support.

This Casey it was who, to his own vast surprise, had at a previous election been returned as elected supervisor, although he was not a candidate, his name was not on the ticket, and no man could be found who had voted for him. Indeed he was not even a resident of the district. However, Yankee Sullivan, who ran the election, said officially that the votes had been cast for him, so elected he was proclaimed. Undoubtedly he proved useful. He had always proved useful at elections and elsewhere, seldom appearing in person, but adept at selecting suitable agents. His methods weredevious, dishonest and rough. He was head of the Crescent Fire Engine Company and was personally popular. In appearance he was ashort,slight man with a bright, keen face, a good forehead, a thin, florid countenance, dark curly hair and light blue eyes, a type of unscrupulous Irish adventurer with a dash of romantic ideals. Like all the gentlemen-rovers of his time he was exceedingly touchy on the subject of honor.



"If the Men Don't Hang Him the Women Will!"

In the Bulletin of the date mentioned James Casey read these words, apropos of the threat of one Bagby to shoot Casey on sight:

It does not matter how bad a man Casey has been, or how much benefit it might be to the public to have him out of the way, we cannot accord to any one citizen the right to kill him, or even beat him without justifiable provocation. The fact that Casey has been an inmate of Sing Sing prison in New York is no offense against the law of this state; nor is the fact of his having stuffed himself through the ballot box as elected to the Board of Supervisors from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate, any justification for Mr. Bagby to shoot Casey, however richly the latter may deserve to have his neck stretched for such a fraud on the public.

Casey read this in the full knowledge that thousands of his fellow citizens would also read it. His thin face turned white with anger. He crumpled the paper into a ball and hurled it violently into the gutter, settled his hat more firmly on his head, and proceeded at once to the Bulletin office with the full intention of shooting King on sight. Probably he would have done so, save for the accidental circumstance that King happened to be busy at a table, his back squarely to the door. Casey could not shoot a man in the back without a word. He was breathless and stuttering with excitement. King was alone, but an open door into an adjoining office permitted two witnesses to see and hear.

"What do you mean by that article?" cried Casey in a strangled voice.

King turned slowly and examined his visitor for a moment.

"What article?" he inquired at last.

"That which says I was formerly an inmate of Sing Sing!"

King gazed at him with a depth of detached, patient sadness in his dark eyes.

"Is it not true?" he asked finally.

"That is not the question," retorted Casey, trying again to work himself up to the rage in which he had entered. "I do not wish my past acts raked up. On that point I am sensitive."

A faint smile came and went on King's lips.

"Are you done?" he asked still quietly; then, receiving no reply, he turned in his chair and leaned forward with a sudden intensity. His next words hit with the impact of bullets. "There's the door! Go! Never show your face here again!" he demanded.

Casey found himself moving toward the open door. He did not want to do this; he wanted to shoot King, or at least to provoke a quarrel; but he was for the moment overcome by a stronger personality. At the door he gathered himself together a little.

"I'll say in my paper what I please!" he asserted with a show of bravado.

King was leaning back, watching him steadily.

"You have a perfect right to do so," he rejoined. "I shall never notice your paper."

Casey struck himself on the breast.

"And if necessary I shall defend myself!" he cried.

King's passivity broke. He bounded from his seat, bristling with anger.

"Go!" he commanded sharply; and Casey went.

LI

PEOPLE had already read King's article in the Bulletin; people had seen Casey heading for the Bulletin office with blood in his eye. The news had spread. When the Irishman emerged he found waiting for him a curious throng. His friends crowded round, asking eager questions. Casey answered with vague but bloodthirsty generalities: He wasn't a man to be trifled with, and, egad, some people had to find that out! Blackmailing was not a healthy occupation when it was aimed at a gentleman!

He left the impression that King had recanted, had apologized, had even begged, and that there would be no more trouble. Uttering brags of this sort, Casey led the way to the Bank Exchange, a fashionable bar near at hand. Here he set up the drinks and was treated in turn. His bragging became more boastful. He made a fine impression, but within the taste of his interview with King curdled into dangerous bitterness. Casey could never stand much alcohol. The well-meant admiration and sympathy of his friends served only to increase his hidden, smoldering rage. His eyes became bloodshot and he talked even more at random.

In the group that surrounded him was our old acquaintance, Judge Edward McGowan—Ned McGowan—jolly, hard drinking, oily, but not so noisy as ever. He was watching Casey closely. The Honorable Ned was himself a fugitive from Pennsylvania justice. By dint of a gay life, a happy combination of bullying and intrigue he had made himself a place in the new city, and at last had risen to the bench. He was apparently all on the surface, but his schemes ran deep. Some historians claim that he had furnished King the documents proving Casey an ex-convict! Now when he considered the moment opportune he drew Casey aside from the noisy group at the bar.

"All this talk is very well," he said contemptuously to the Irishman, "but I see through it. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll get even with the ——, don't you worry about that!" promised Casey, still blustering.

This McGowan brushed aside as irrelevant. "Are you armed?" he asked. "No, that little weapon is too uncertain; take this." He glanced about him, and hastily passed to Casey a big navy revolver. "You can hide it under your cloak—so!" He fixed Casey's eyes with his own, and brought to bear on the little man all the force of his very vital personality. "Listen. King comes by here every evening. Everybody knows that; and everybody knows what has happened." He stared at Casey significantly for a moment, then turned abruptly away.

Casey, who had become suddenly quiet, his blustering mood fallen from him, his face thoughtful and white, his eyes dilated, said nothing. He walked to the bar, took a solitary drink, and walked out the door, his right hand concealed beneath his long cloak. McGowan watched him intently, following him to the door and looking after the other's retreating form. Casey walked across the street, but stopped behind a wagon, where he stood apparently waiting.

McGowan with a grunt of satisfaction sauntered deliberately to the corner of the Bankers' Exchange. There he, also waiting, leaned against the wall.

For nearly an hour the two thus remained—Casey shrouded in his cloak, apparently oblivious to everything except the corner of Merchant and Montgomery Streets, on which he kept his eyes fixed; McGowan lounging easily, occasionally speaking a low word to a passer-by. Invariably the person so addressed came to a stop. Soon a little group had formed, idling with Judge McGowan. A small boy happening by was commandeered with a message for Pete Wrightman, the deputy sheriff, and shortly Pete arrived out of breath to join the group.

At just five o'clock the idlers stiffened to attention. King's figure was seen to turn the corner of Merchant Street into Montgomery. Head bent, he walked toward the corner of the Bankers' Exchange, the men on the corner watching him. When nearly at the point he turned to cross the street diagonally. At the same instant Casey stepped forward from behind the wagon, throwing back his cloak.

LII

THE same afternoon Johnny Fairfax and Keith were sitting together in the Monumentals' reading room. They happened to be the only members in the building, with the exception of Bert Taylor, who was never anywhere else. Of late Keith had acquired the habit of visiting the reading room at this empty hour. He was beginning to shrink from meeting his fellow men. Johnny Fairfax was a great comfort to him, for he was never out of spirits, had a sane outlook, and entertained a genuine friendship for the young lawyer. Although yet under thirty years of age, he was already an old-timer, for he had come out in forty-nine and knew the city's early history at first hand.

"This old bell of yours is historical," he told Keith. "Its tolling called together the Vigilantes of fifty-one."

They sat gossiping for an hour, half-sleepy with reaction from the fatigues of the day, smoking slowly, enjoying themselves. Everything was very peaceful—the long slant of a sunbeam through dust motes, the buzz of an early bluebottle, the half-heard activities of some of the servants in the pantry beyond, preparing for the rush of the cocktail hour. Suddenly Johnny pricked up his ears.

"We Will Cleanse This City of Her Corruption or Perish With Her!"

"What the deuce is that?" he exclaimed.

They listened, then descended to the big, open engine-room doors and listened again. From the direction of Market Street came the dull sounds of turmoil, shouting, the growl and roar of many people excited by something. Across the Plaza a man appeared, running. As he came nearer both could see that his face had a very grim expression.

"Here!" called Johnny as the man neared them. "Stop a minute! Tell us what's the matter!"

The man ceased running, but did not stop. He was panting, but evidently very angry. His words came from between gritted teeth.

"Fight," he said briefly; "Casey and James King of William. King's shot."

At the words something seemed to be stilled in Keith's mind. Johnny seized the man by the sleeve.

"Hold on," he begged. "I know that kind of a fight. Tell us."

"Casey went up close to King, said 'Come on!' and instantly shot him before King knew what he was saying."

"Killed?"

"Fatally wounded."

"Where's Casey?"

"In jail—of course—where he's safe—with his friends."

"Where you headed for?"

"I'm going to get my gun!" said the man grimly and began again to run.

They watched his receding figure until it swung round the corner and disappeared.

Without warning a white wave of heat anger swept over Keith. All the little baffling, annoying delays, enmities, technicalities, chicanery, personal antagonisms and evasions that had made up the Cora trial were in it. He seemed to see clearly the inevitable outcome of this trial also. It would be another Cora-Richardson case over again. A brave spirit had been brutally blotted out by an outlaw who counted confidently on the usual exoneration. With an exclamation Keith darted into the engine house to where hung the rope ready for an alarm. An instant later the heavy booming of the Monumentals' bell smote the air.

LIII

HAVING given this alarm with the Monumental bell, Keith, Johnny at his elbow, started toward the center of disturbance. From it arose a dull, menacing roar, like breakers on a rocky coast. Many people with much excitement, shouting and vituperation were converging toward the common center. As this was approached it became more difficult, at last impossible, to proceed. The streets were packed, jammed.

All sorts of rumors were abroad—King was dead; King was only slightly hurt; Casey was not in jail at all; Casey had escaped down the Peninsula; the United States warships had anchored off the foot of Market Street and were preparing to bombard the city.

There was much rushing to and fro without cause. And over all the roar could be distinguished occasionally single cries, as one occasionally may catch fragments of conversation in a crowded room, and all of these were sinister: "Hang him!" "Where is he?" "Run him up on a lamp-post!" "Bring him out!" "He'll get away if left to the officers!" And over the cries, the shouts, the curses, the noise of shuffling feet, the very sound of heavy breathing that the numbers of the mob magnified to a muffled, formidable undernote, pealed louder and louder the Monumental bell, which now Bert Taylor, or someone else, was ringing like mad.

Keith's eyes had become grim and inscrutable and his mouth had settled into a hard, straight line. Johnny's interest had at first centered in the mob; but after a few curious glances at his companion he transferred it entirely to him. Johnny Fairfax was a judge of men and of crises; and now he was invaded with a great curiosity to see how the one and the other were here to work out. With a determination that would not be gainsaid Keith thrust himself through the crowd until he had gained an elevated coping. Here he stood watching. Johnny, with a curious glance at his face, joined him.

Suddenly in the entrance of Dunbar Alley, next the city jail, a compact group of men with drawn pistols appeared. They made their way rapidly to a carriage standing near, jumped in, and the driver whipped up his horses. With a yell of rage the crowd charged down, but recoiled instinctively before the presented pistols. The horses reared and plunged, and before anybody had gathered his wits sufficiently to seize the bridles the whole equipage had disappeared round the corner of Kearney Street.

"I must say that was well done," said Johnny.

"North and Charles Duane, with Casey inside," commented Keith as dispassionately as though reading from a catalogue. "Billy Mulligan and his deputies outside. That is to be remembered."

A great mob had surged after the disappearing vehicle, but at least fifty yards in the rear. The remainder were following at a more leisurely pace. Almost immediately the street was empty. Keith climbed slowly down from his coping.

"What do you intend doing?" asked Johnny curiously.

"Nothing yet."

"But they're getting him away!"

"No," said Keith, out of his local knowledge; "they're merely taking him to the county jail. It's stronger."

They followed the crowd to the wide open space below the county jail. The latter was at that period a solidly built, one-story building situated atop a low bluff. Below it the marshal had drawn up his officers. They stood coolly at ease. The mob, very excited, vociferated, surged back and forth. North and his men, busily and coolly but emphatically, were warning them over and over again not to approach nearer. A single concerted rush would have overwhelmed

"Good Night. Try to Get Some Sleep—Nan"

the few defenders, but the rush was not made. Nevertheless, it could not be doubted that this time the temper of the people was very determined. The excitement was growing rapidly. Cries again took coherence: "Hang him!" "Arrest the officers!" "Good, that's it!" "Let's take the jail!"

A man burst through the front ranks, clambered up the low bluff on which stood the jail, turned and attempted to harangue the crowd. He was instantly torn down by the officers. He fought like a wild cat, and the crowd, on the hair trigger as it was, howled and broke forward. But Marshal North, who really handled the situation intelligently, sharply commanded his men to desist and instantly to release the orator. He knew better than to allow the matter to come to an issue of strength. Intensely excited, the man shouldered his way through the crowd, and assisted by many hands mounted the balcony of a two-story house. Thence he began to harangue, but so great was the confusion that he could not be heard.

"Who is he?" "Who is that man?" voices cried from a dozen points.

George Frink, a hotel keeper possessed of a great voice, shouted back:

"That is Thomas King ——"

An officer seized Frink hastily by the collar. "Stop or I'll arrest you!" he threatened.

"——brother of James King of William!" bellowed Frink, undaunted.

"Bully for you!" muttered Johnny Fairfax, whose eyes were shining.

Keith was watching the whole scene from beneath the brim of his hat, his eyes somber and expressionless. Johnny glanced at him from time to time, but said nothing.

From the balcony Thomas King continued to harangue the crowd. Little of what he said could be heard, but he was at a white heat of excitement, and those nearest him were greatly aroused. An officer made a movement to arrest him, but a hasty message from North prevented.

At the moment a great cheer burst out from the lower end of the street. Over the heads of the crowd could be distinguished the glint of file after file of bayonets.

"That's the ticket!" cried an enthusiast near Keith and Johnny. "Here come the militia boys! Now we'll soon have the jail!"

The bayonets bobbed steadily through the crowd, deployed in front of the jail and turned to face the mob. A great groan went up.

"Sold!" cried the enthusiast.

These were volunteers from the Law-and-Order party, hastily armed from the militia armories and thrown in front of the jail for its protection.

Immediately they had taken position the jail door opened, and there appeared a rather short, carefully dressed man with side whiskers, carrying his hat in his hand. He stood for a moment appealing for attention, one arm upraised. Little by little the noise died down.

"Who is that?" inquired Johnny.

He received no reply from Keith, but the enthusiast informed him.

"That's our beloved mayor, Van Ness," said he.

When quiet had at length been restored Van Ness addressed them.

"You are here creating an excitement," he said, "which may lead to occurrences this night which will require years to wipe out. You are now laboring under great excitement, and I advise you quietly to disperse. I assure you the prisoner is safe. Let the law have its course and justice will be done."

Up to this point Van Ness had been listened to with respect; but at the last words he received such a chorus of jeers and catcalls that he retired hastily.

"How about Richardson?" they demanded of him.

"Where's the law in Cora's case?" "To hell with such justice!"

"Not the popular orator," observed Johnny Fairfax.

More soldiers came, and then more at short intervals, until the square was filled with shining bayonets. Johnny was frankly disgusted. As a man of action he too well understood that this particular crisis was practically over. From this mob the jail was safe.

"They lost their chance, talking," he said. "They ought to have rushed the jail first-pop. Now the whole thing will fizzle out slowly. Let's go get supper."

Without reply Keith descended from his perch. They hunted some time for a restaurant. All were closed, for the sufficient reason that their staffs were on the streets. Finally they discovered a Chinese chophouse prepared to serve them, and here they ate. Johnny was voluble in his scorn for the manner in which a golden opportunity had been allowed to slip by. Keith was very taciturn.

"Let's get out of here," he said abruptly at last. "Let's get some news."

They learned that King was still alive, though badly wounded in the left breast; that he could not be moved; that he was attended by Dr. Beverly Cole and half a score of the best surgeons of the city; that a mass meeting had been called at the Plaza. Indeed, there could be no doubt that the center of excitement had been shifted to the Plaza. Men by thousands, all armed, were marching in that direction. Johnny and Keith found the square jammed; but the latter led the way by devious alleys to the rear of the Monumental headquarters, and so out to a little second-story balcony.

Below them the faces of the packed mass of humanity showed white in the dim light from the street lamps and the buildings. Arms gleamed. Every roof top, every window, every balcony was crowded. From the latter vehement orators held forth. All wanted to talk at once. Some of these people were, as one chronicler of the time quaintly expresses it, "considerably tight." Keith looked them all over with an appraising eye, listening to incendiary speeches advising the battering down of the jail and the hanging of all its inmates. Occasionally one of those more cool headed would get in a few words, but invariably he was interrupted by some well-meaning hot-head. There seemed to be a great diversity of opinion both among the people on the balconies and among those below. Keith listened attentively for a time, then, with the abruptness that had characterized his movements and decisions since the moment he had heard the news of King's assassination, he turned away.

"Let's go," he said briefly.

"Oh, hold on!" cried Johnny, aghast. "It's just the shank of the evening! We'll miss all the fun."

"There'll be nothing done," said Keith with decision.

"I'm more in hopes," persisted Johnny. "I'll bet there are ten thousand men here, armed and angry, and getting angrier every minute. They could fairly eat up that lot at the jail."

"They won't," said Keith.

"I'll bet one good man could turn them loose in a minute."

Suddenly Keith's dour taciturnity broke.

"You're perfectly right," he conceded; "but the point is that good men won't lead a rabble. If we're to have good leaders we must have something for them to lead. If we're to cure these conditions we must do things in due order. This cannot be remedied by mere excitement or by deeds done under excitement. I have not yet seen anything that promises either satisfaction or reform."

"What do you propose doing then?" asked Johnny, his intuitions again satisfying him that here was the man to tie to.

"Walk about," replied Keith.

They walked about. In the course of the evening they looked in on a dozen meetings of which they had news—in the Pioneer Club, in rooms over the old Bella Union, in

a saloon off Montgomery Street, at the offices of various merchants. Keith looked carefully over the personnel of each of these various meetings, listened a minute or so, and went out. By some of the men so gathered Johnny was quite impressed, but Keith shook his head.

"These meetings are being held by clubs or cliques," he said, explaining his disbelief in them. "They influence a certain following, but not a general following. This must be a general movement or none at all. The right people haven't taken hold."

About midnight he unexpectedly announced that he was going home and to bed. Johnny was frankly scandalized.

"I think nothing will happen in this matter," said Keith. "The time for mob violence has passed. If an attack were now to be made I should consider it unfortunate, and should not want to be mixed up in it anyway. A mob attack is nothing but a manifestation of sheer lawlessness."

"And you're keen for the dear law, of course " said Johnny with sarcasm.

"There is a difference between mere laws and the law. There is a time—either here or coming soon—when laws may be broken that justice may be done. But no popular movement will succeed unless it has behind it the solemn, essential human law. Good night."

LIV

ON THIS same afternoon of King's assassination Nan Keith was expecting Sansome in for tea. Afternoon tea was then an exotic institution, practically unknown in California society. Ben Sansome was about the only man of Nan's acquaintance who took it as a matter of course, without either awkwardness, embarrassment or ill-timed jest. The day had been fine, and several times she had regretted her promise as she cast an eye at the glow over the gilt-edged tops of the western hills. The sunset through the Golden Gate must to-day be very fine.

And Ben Sansome had failed her! She had made certain little special preparations—picked flowers, herself cut the sandwiches thin, put on her most becoming tea gown. As time passed she became more and more annoyed. She was disappointed, not so much at the absence of Ben Sansome as a person as at the waste of her efforts.

But at six o'clock, when she had given him up and was about to change from her tea gown, he came in, full of apologies, very flustered and bursting with news.

"King was shot on the street by Casey," he told her, trying not unsuccessfully for his habitual detached manner. "I stopped to get the news for you. King is not dead, but probably fatally wounded. Casey is in jail There is a great public excitement—a mob is forming. I've been expecting something of the sort. King has been pretty free with his comments."

At seven o'clock Nan jumped to her feet in a sudden panic.

"Why, I wonder where Milton is!" she cried. "He's never been as late as this before!"

"He's probably stayed downtown to follow the course of the excitement. Naturally he would. He may not get home to supper at all."

Wing Sam announced supper. He was unheeded. Even Gringo, his ears cocked, watched the door, getting up uneasily, whining, sniffing inquiringly and lying down again. At half past seven Sansome firmly intervened.

"You're going to make yourself ill," he insisted, "if you don't eat something. I am hungry, anyway; and I'm not going to leave you until he comes back."

"Oh, you must be starved! How thoughtless I am!" she cried.

Sansome, who, it must be confessed, had been somewhat chagrined at the apparent intensity of her anxiety, was within the next two hours considerably reassured. Nan never did things halfway. For the moment she had forgotten her guest. He was certainly very kind, very thoughtful as always—to stay here with her. She must not oppress his spirits. But the inner tension was something terrible. She felt that shortly something must snap. And after supper, when they had returned to the drawing-room, a queer, low, growling distant roar, borne on a chance shift of wind, broke one of her sentences in the middle.

"What's that?" she cried; but before Sansome had replied she knew what it was the roar of the mob. And Milton was somewhere there.

Suddenly a wave of reaction swept her—of anger. Why was he there? Why wasn't he at home? Why had he made no attempt to relieve her cruel anxiety? A messenger—it would have been very simple! And Ben Sansome was so kind—as always. She turned to him with a new decision.

"I know you are dying to go see what is going on," she said. "You simply must not stay here any longer on my account. I insist! Indeed, I think I'll go to bed."

But Ben Sansome, his manner becoming almost caressingly protective, would not listen

"It isn't safe to leave you alone," he told her. "All the worst elements of the city will be out. No woman should be left alone in times of such danger. I should feel most uneasy at leaving you before your husband comes in."

His words were correct enough, but he managed to convey his opinion that he was only fulfilling what should have been Keith's first and manifest duty. She made no reply. The conversation languished and died. They sat in the lamplight opposite each other, occasionally exchanging a word or so. Sansome was content and enjoying himself. He conceived that the stars were fighting for him, and he was enjoying the hour. Nan, a prey to alternate, almost uncontrollable fits of anxiety and flaming resentment, could hardly sit still.

About midnight Gringo pricked up his ears and barked sharply. A moment later Keith came in.

He was evidently dead tired and wholly preoccupied. He hung up his hat absently. Nan had sprung to her feet.

"Oh, how could you!" she cried, the pent exasperation in her voice. "I've been so anxious! I didn't know what might have happened!"

"I'm all right," replied Keith briefly. "Sorry you were worried. No chance to send you word."

His apparent indifference added fuel to Nan's irritation.

"If it hadn't been for Ben I should have been stark, staring crazy here all alone!"

Keith for the first time appeared to notice Sansome's presence. He nodded at him wearily.

"Mighty good of you," said he. "I appreciate it."

"I thought some man ought to be in the house at a time of such public excitement," rejoined Sansome significantly.

Keith failed to catch or elected not to notice the implication. Nan's cheeks turned red.

Without further remark Keith walked across to lock the window. Returning, he extinguished a small lamp on the side table. He was tired out, knew he must be up early and wanted above everything to get to bed. The hint was sufficiently obvious. Sansome rose. Nan's flush deepened with mortification.

"Well, I'll just run along," said Sansome cheerfully. He did not ask for news of the evening. Keith nodded at him briefly and indifferently. He did not mean to be rude, but his wearied mind was filled, to the exclusion of everything else, with the significance of this day.

Nan, feeling that she must make amends, followed Sansome into the hall. Her anxiety for Keith's safety relieved, her whole reaction was indignantly toward Sansome.

"I'm sorry to have you go," she said with a feeling that other circumstances could not have called out. "I don't know what I'd have done without you!"

Sansome's sensitive intuitions thrilled to the feeling.

"Your husband is here to take care of you—now," he murmured. "I must be off." He took her hand and bent over her, gazing into her eyes with the concentration of a professional hypnotist. "Good night," he said with a world of unexpressed meaning. "Try to get some sleep—Nan." He said her name in a lower tone, almost lingeringly, then turned abruptly and went out.

Nan stood looking for a moment at the closed door. The effect of his personality was on her spirit; the mantle of his care for her, his consideration for her every mood, wrapped her about gratefully.

She found the lights all out and Keith already half undressed.

"I must say, Milton," she said, "you might have been a little less rude to Mr. Sansome. It would have been only decent after he had sat up here until all hours."

Keith, whose wide eyes would have showed him to be wholly preoccupied with some inner vision or problem, answered impatiently from the surface of his mind:

"What in the world did I do to Sansome?"

"You didn't do anything—that's the trouble. Do you realize he waited here over six hours for you to come in?"

"Oh, I guess he'll pull through," said Keith a little contemptuously.

Nan became indignant.

"At least," she retorted, "you ought to be grateful that he stayed to protect the place!"

"The place was in no danger," said Keith, yawning.

She checked herself and made a fresh start.

"What's it all about? What's happened? Where have you been?" she asked.

Keith roused himself with an effort.

"I've been a little of everywhere. Lord, I'm tired! There's a mob about trying to get up nerve to hang Casey. I suppose you've heard that Casey shot King this afternoon?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"Well, when I saw nothing was going to happen I came home. But I'm not sure the trouble is over."

Having said this, Keith fell gratefully to his pillow. Nan was nervous, wide-awake, curious. She asked a number of questions. Keith answered with extreme brevity. He was temporarily exhausted. Shortly he fell asleep between two sentences.

LV

THE following morning Keith woke early, slipped to the kitchen,

(Continued on Page 42)

From the Balcony Thomas King Continued to Harangue the Crowd

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Votes for Women

WITH his usual lucidity and good nature, Mr. Taft recently explained in this weekly why he opposes equal suffrage at present. He admits the hoary argument that women do not bear arms has no validity, for male suffrage is by no means restricted to those capable of bearing arms. He has been in states where women vote and has not found the female population there less womanly than elsewhere. He points out that women who are not burdened, as their husbands are, with earning a livelihood, and are past the time of life when family cares absorb them, may valuably increase the number of citizens who give attention to politics with altruistic disinterestedness. He says many women are much better qualified to vote than many men, and "the number of women whose enfranchisement would improve the electorate is legion."

Yet his final counsel is that as woman suffrage, where it has been tried, accomplishes nothing in particular, as a majority of women do not want it, and as women, as a whole, are not fitted for it, the longer we delay equal suffrage the better.

Mr. Taft is much fairer and more open-minded than many opponents of equal suffrage; yet he draws on experience when an argument against suffrage may be deduced from it, but denies the validity of experience when an argument for suffrage is deducible from it. True, in those states that have equal suffrage nothing of a revolutionary sort has happened. They have about the same laws, the same sort of public officials, and the same government that other states have. Therefore, it is urged, experience shows woman suffrage to be a futility.

"Then," says the advocate of equal suffrage, "it is quite harmless; at most, it is a mere cipher." But the opponent answers: "Oh, by no means! It is a mere futility in the states where it has been tried; but in the states where it has not been tried it would be positively dangerous!"

In the main, women will vote for the same laws, the same candidates and the same sort of government that men vote for, because their general civic interests are identical with men's; but they may have some special interests as women. The question is: Shall we let them be the judges as to whether they have such special interests or shall we judge for them?

Take the question of prohibition, which Mr. Taft brings up. States in which women vote are wet and states in which women do not vote are dry; yet women may have a special interest in that question, for the abuses of the liquor traffic fall on them with special force. They get none of the hilarity, but only the "morning after." If the family income is squandered over a bar it is the women and children who are pinched; so they might vote for prohibition in greater proportion than men do.

Mr. Taft evidently does not believe in state-wide prohibition—at least in states containing large cities; so if women would vote for it he would consider that an argument against woman suffrage. In other words, he would judge for them as to whether they have a special interest in that subject and what that special interest requires.

He early refers to Mill's Subjection of Women. The premise of that celebrated essay, as set forth in the opening paragraph, is that legal subordination of one sex to the other is wrong and "ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no privilege on the one side or disability on the other."

That states the whole case for female suffrage—perfect legal equality, with no privilege on one side or disability on the other.

Many legal inequalities of which Mill complained have since been removed; but in his day those inequalities were defended by arguments very much like those now employed against female suffrage. It was held that women were unfitted by nature and training for equality with men—not merely in the matter of education but in such matters as control over their own property and earnings and custody of their own children.

Woman's sphere was the home. If she happened to get her eyes blacked and her wages confiscated there, that was her God-given destiny. One by one these legal inequalities have been removed without subverting the foundations of the Christian state. The one big inequality of the suffrage remains.

Nobody knows whether a majority of women want to vote or not; and the point is immaterial, for everybody knows that an immense number of women do want to vote. Less than fifteen million men voted at the last presidential election, when there were more than twenty-five million white males above twenty-one years of age in the country. Deducting unnaturalized immigrants, it is still probable that about one out of three men who were qualified to vote did not exercise the privilege. That is not taken as an argument for restricting male suffrage.

It is said that women may safely depend on men to represent their political interests. From 1890 to 1900 the number of females above ten years of age gainfully employed increased thirty-six per cent, against an increase of twenty-six per cent for males. From 1900 to 1910 the number of such females increased fifty per cent, while the number of males increased only twenty-seven per cent. At the latter date one female was gainfully employed for every two and two-thirds males—while, as we have seen, for years the proportion of females to males has been steadily increasing.

These women workers may depend on men workers to represent them politically. So might any given group of men workers depend on some other group of men workers; but what big group of men would submit to the imputation that they are incapable of representing themselves? If the number of women is legion who are superior in political intelligence to the average male—so that their admission to the electorate would elevate it, as Mr. Taft says it would—who can expect them to rest under the imputation that they are incapable of representing themselves? Certainly, where equal suffrage has been tried no harm has resulted to society or to women. Why assume harm will result elsewhere?

The case is still where it was when Mill stated it. We cling to the notion of inherent masculine superiority. We may, out of our wisdom and benevolence, vouchsafe this or that legal privilege to woman; but to come right out flat-footed and admit to full legal equality—well, that rather runs against the male grain.

One-Tenth Done

THERE were just above twenty million families in the United States at the last census. To be sure, a census family is a rather scandalous statistical invention, for it includes all those who share a common abode. Thus, a railroad construction gang sleeping in a box car is a statistical family; but, by and large, the number of families thus enumerated differs only slightly from natural families, and we may take twenty millions as the measure of families in the ordinary sense in 1910.

In the fiscal year that ended with June, six hundred and sixty thousand passenger automobiles were sold in the United States for considerably more than half a billion dollars; and this brings the total registration of automobiles in the country—according to the latest compilation we have seen—to just above two millions.

Six hundred and sixty thousand cars in a year that included eleven months of world's war and was characterized by abnormal business throughout, looks, at first glance, like a good many; and amateur economists who think cars are very good for them, but very bad for farmers, are welcome to such strictures as may occur to them.

The main point is that, with twenty million families and only two million automobiles, we have got our national job one-tenth done. When every family has an automobile we can take some credit to ourselves.

Ring Around the Rosy

CHICAGO has a duly elected city government substantially like all other noncommission city governments. It also has—and long has had—a profound suspicion that this government cannot be trusted; that, if given the opportunity, it will graft on the public treasury by loading up the pay roll with heelers and handing out public jobs in return for political services. So it has an elaborate civil-service law, designed to prevent the government from filling offices with unfit men, and to insure appointments and promotions on merit.

Having this law, it will by no means trust its duly elected government to observe the law; so it sets up a civil-service commission as a sort of policeman or custodian to administer the law in such a manner that the government cannot violate it.

In due time it conceives suspicions of its civil-service commission; so it organizes a nonofficial civil-service reform association to watch the civil-service commission that watches the government. This nonofficial association has been complaining bitterly that the commission disregards the civil-service law and, in fact, accomplishes the very evils it was supposed to prevent.

Having—*a*—a duly elected, duly representative government; and—*b*—a law forbidding that government to betray its trust; and *c*—an official commission to enforce the law *b*; and—*d*—a nonofficial association to see that the commission does not violate the law *b*; the next step should be—*e*—a law forbidding the commission to violate the law *b*, and *f*—an official commission to see that the nonofficial association does its duty; and—*g*—a law requiring the commission *f* to obey the law *e*—and so on down to *z*, where a new start may be made with a law—*aa*—requiring that all previous laws be obeyed, and a commission—*bb*—to enforce law *aa*.

The possibilities are limitless—that is, the possibilities of laws and commissions. The possibilities of efficient government, on the other hand, are strictly limited.

A Widow's Money

WITH slight intelligence and small industry, three or four swindlers in Chicago—ably assisted by the police—cleaned up fifty thousand dollars a year fleecing widows by the threadbare clairvoyant and spiritualistic game. Newspaper advertisements—which should have made the newspaper proprietors liable to indictment—brought in the victims. In the anteroom the widow found a couple of other women who were also waiting to see the "professor."

Sympathetic conversation ensued, during which the victim told all about herself, not dreaming that these waiting widows were merely stool pigeons of the professor and would at once report the conversation to him.

Admitted to the professor's presence, the victim was amazed to hear the main facts of her case recited before she had opened her mouth. Thus convinced of the professor's occult powers, she docilely followed his revelations as to how she should invest her money—namely, in some utterly worthless mining stock, of which the professor kept a bale on hand. If the victim did not disclose herself satisfactorily to the waiting stool pigeons, her address was learned and a spy sent out to question servants or neighbors; or she was induced to write out some questions from which the professor could get sufficient knowledge of her situation to mystify her.

Widows with life-insurance money are the special prey, also, of blue-sky swindlers. A great many women receive money at the demise of their husbands without much more capacity to take care of it than might be expected of a ten-year-old child. Women who are to receive money should be taught what to do with it; otherwise it is merely a matter of luck whether a man's life insurance—or fortune—is a provision for his dependents or only a prize for the first swindler who comes along.

Men who leave a considerable estate often put it in the hands of a responsible trust company for their dependents' benefit—a good example for anybody whose wife is innocent of business experience and business sense.

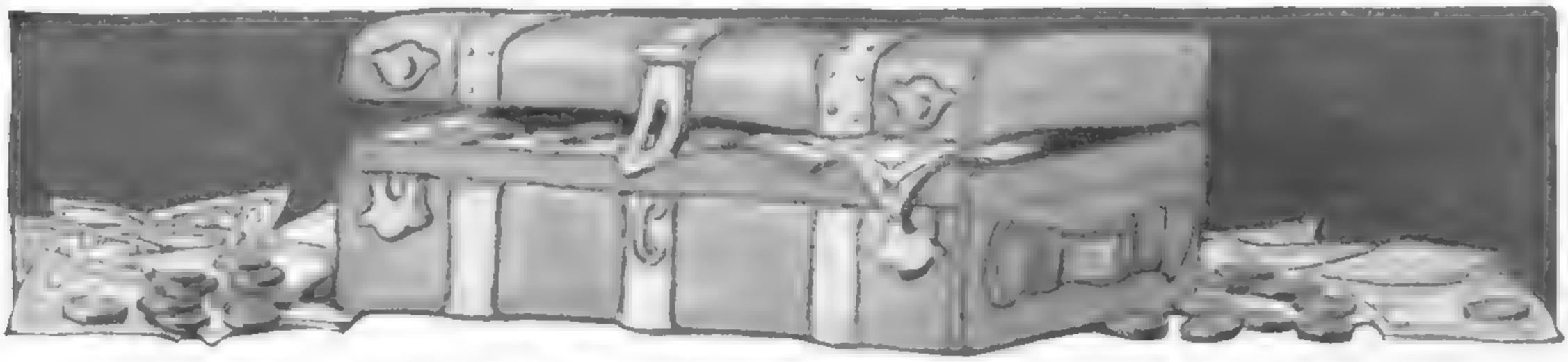
The Occult Science of Law

LAW—more especially criminal law—has usually been an occult science. It is still the practice in Burma, we believe, to give two disputants candles of the same size, to be lighted at the same time. The one whose candle burns longest gets judgment against the other.

Less than a hundred years ago a defendant in an English criminal trial appealed to the ordeal of battle, and the court was more or less surprised to find that the ancient law on which he relied had never been repealed. Determining a man's guilt or innocence by his ability to walk on hot plowshares, or carry a hot iron, or drink a poisonous decoction, or by throwing him bound into water, has been practiced for ages among many peoples. The medieval method of letting accused and accuser fight it out with weapons was common over Europe.

Our modest ancestors confessed their inability to find the merits of the cause, and so relegated the whole affair to the intervention of supernatural agencies. The main difference is that we are less modest. Instead of the ordeal of battle or the old key-and-Bible test or the "sieve-witch," we have the defendant play a game of trip-the-court. If he can catch the judge putting an *i*-dot over an *e* he wins, and is pronounced innocent.

Investing Money During Wartime



By Roger W. Babson

THINK a moment of some man in your town who is struggling with a business all alone and is greatly in need of capital. There are many such in every community; you must have one in mind. There will be many more when the war is over. Now, there are two ways by which you could help such a man—you could put a thousand dollars into a partnership with him, sharing both profits and losses; or you could loan him a thousand dollars, taking his note, with interest therefor. Roughly speaking, you would be buying ten shares of stock in the first case; or you would be buying a thousand-dollar bond in the second instance.

Modern business demands large enterprises calling for combinations of capital exceeding the limits of individuals. The modern corporation has been devised with the idea of limiting the responsibilities of the stockholder and yet permitting him to enjoy the benefits derived from successful management. When the privately owned business gave way to the corporation, stocks and bonds were devised to give each individual an opportunity to participate financially in big business in proportion to the amount invested therein; and also to permit the ready transfer of that interest to another. The stock certificate affords an opportunity to those of limited means to participate in the profits of large enterprises. The stock certificate is a very refined instrument for getting between people and their money. It also offers an astute management an opportunity to control a very large enterprise with a very small equity. The bond affords an opportunity to those of limited means to loan money to large corporations.

Bear in mind that the person whose name appears on the stock ledger "as of record" is only the apparent owner—or the machine that votes the stock. Perhaps the stock certificate is actually owned by the stockholder of record; but often it is in possession of another, either as collateral securing a loan or as a way of hiding the real owner. So long as no attempt is made to prove ownership of certificates the present conditions will continue, with all their possibilities for evil. The great majority of stockholders, like yourself, can be relied on to send their proxies to the management, and a very small personal ownership by the management is sufficient to retain control. The annual meetings of the very large corporations are generally held in a little office, and if an ordinary stockholder shows up the event is a chronological landmark.

When Stockholders Speak Out in Meeting

ONCE in a while some stockholder may kick over the traces and block the well-arranged plans of the directorate. For instance, a special meeting of the stockholders of a big New England corporation was once called to vote on consolidating the holding companies. The proxies were duly solicited and sent in, and everything appeared to be proceeding very smoothly. About twenty minutes before the time for calling the meeting to order, however, an injunction was served by a holder of one share each of the common and preferred stock, who claimed the proposed action would jeopardize the value of his holdings. So the officers, with the proxies, returned to Massachusetts from New Jersey after accomplishing absolutely nothing. The practice allows and encourages daring men to control and dictate the policies of huge combinations of capital, and also shows how an apparently trivial circumstance may sometimes overthrow a seemingly impregnable and solvent corporation.

In addition to the very remunerative salaries received the managements of many large corporations have, taken collectively, perhaps made more out of the financial end than out of the operating. When a farmer owns a cow giving a large quantity of milk he generally keeps that cow and values her according to the quantity of milk given. When a corporation shows a good earning capacity the management capitalizes it, issues and sells stock, but still keeps on milking. The public may be surprised at the increase of milk or may be surprised when the cow goes dry; but the management never is. The annual report is often three months old when introduced to the public. In other words, the management is able to profit by first-hand information of the several factors that affect the value of the corporation securities, and may be relied on to look out for itself. Moreover, from a study of recently advertised reorganization plans, it appears that, whatever securities they hold, the management is taken care of while the dear public pays the bills.

Stocks, therefore, represent ownership in the issuing corporations; whereas bonds are evidence of money loaned at a stipulated rate of interest for a definite period of time. A stockholder in a corporation is one of its owners; a bondholder is one of its creditors. The stockholders, as owners of the corporation, borrow from the bondholders money with which to build their plant, to make additions or improvements, to prosecute the business, and so on. In case of liquidation the bondholders must be paid first, while the stockholders receive only the equity—if any—that is left. At least this is the theory. The latest practice seems to be that the securities which the insiders hold are paid off first, whether they be bonds, notes or stocks.

Stockholders are usually exempt from individual liability for the debts of the corporation. Except in the case of mining stocks, stockholders are usually exempt from enforced assessments to make good any deficit or to raise money to carry on the business properly. Too much weight, however, should not be given to the fact that certain stocks are called nonassessable. Any stock can be directly assessed—that is to say, it is necessary only to reorganize the company and issue new stock under a plan which will make the old stock practically worthless if the old stockholder does not pay a certain assessment. Many times it is not called an assessment but it amounts to the same thing no matter how it is disguised.

Of course, if a corporation is entirely solvent it makes little difference whether the stock is assessable or not; but if the credit of the corporation and conditions are such that it cannot borrow money from a bank, or cannot sell bonds or notes, the stockholders must supply the money. If the stockholders in such a case refuse to supply the money, then the bondholders can foreclose the mortgage, take over the property and entirely wipe out the stock. This, again, is not often done in practice, as the bondholders' committee is often controlled by friends of the stockholders and justice comes with difficulty.

There are different kinds of stocks and different kinds of bonds. Bonds may be divided into many groups: First-mortgage bonds; equipment bonds; general, refunding, consolidated—and so on—mortgage bonds; debenture bonds; collateral trust bonds; and income bonds. Preferred stocks, as their name indicates, have preference over common stocks, either as to assets, in case of liquidation, or as to dividends, or both. The dividend may or may not be cumulative. If it is cumulative all dividends must be paid eventually, if not when due, before the common stock receives any distribution of earnings. Preferred stocks, of course, come after all bond or note issues and also after any floating debt of the company. The purpose of a preferred stock is to provide a security that will be more attractive than a common stock, and one that will not fluctuate in price to the same extent as a common stock.

Common stocks are entitled to receive all the profits of the corporation that the directors may see fit to distribute after the expenses, bond interest and preferred dividends are paid. There is no limit to the rate of dividends that may be paid on common stock. Of course in prosperous times common stocks receive the greatest benefit, but they also suffer greatest harm in times of depression. Moreover, in case of liquidation, the common stockholders receive only what is left after all debts and the preferred stockholders—if any exist—have been satisfied. Therefore, though common stocks are the most profitable form of security if purchased at proper times, there is also the greatest risk attached to them.

To define or even enumerate the many varieties of bonds now being manufactured is too long a job; but let me summarize the six different groups of bonds: First-mortgage bonds are the original, simplest and best kind of bonds. They are a first lien on all or part of the property of the company and come ahead of all other obligations. Equipment bonds are first mortgages on equipment in cases where the first-mortgage bonds cover only the track and certain other property. They are a very popular form of bond, for it is argued that a railroad cannot operate without its equipment and that, therefore, equipment bonds are secured by the most important part of the company's property. General, refunding, consolidated—and so on—mortgage bonds are usually nothing but second, third or fourth mortgages on at least a part and often on a large proportion of the property. Debenture bonds are not secured by a mortgage and in many cases do not differ greatly from preferred stocks. Collateral trust bonds are secured by stocks or bonds of other companies and are an uncertain class of bonds. Income bonds are those on which interest is paid only when earned. Sometimes these bonds are mortgage bonds and sometimes they are not.

Why Bonds Fluctuate Less Than Stocks

THERE is a widespread notion among investors that bonds are higher-grade securities and sounder investments than stocks; but this is not always true. Many stocks are safer investments than a large number of the bonds on the market. When buying either class of securities great care is necessary. Moreover, the investor should consider which class is best under the conditions that prevail at the time of purchase. It is a mistaken policy for investors to cling to one class of securities year in and year out. There are times when it is better to buy bonds and times when it is better to buy stocks. The fundamental difference between stocks and bonds should always be taken into consideration. With this difference in mind let us now discuss when to buy stocks and when to buy bonds.

Let me repeat that the real difference between stocks and bonds is that stocks—and when using the term stocks I refer to common stocks—have no fixed rate of return. The greater the earnings of the corporation the greater can be the dividends paid on the stock, and vice versa. Moreover, during the life of the corporation there is no obligation to pay the principal of the stock. Bonds, on the other hand, bear a fixed rate of interest and the principal matures at a certain specified date. Due to this difference, therefore, and to the change in financial conditions, the price trend is often entirely different in the case of bonds from that in the case of stocks. Stock prices naturally fluctuate widely with general business and financial conditions which affect the profits of the corporations issuing the stocks.

Bonds also fluctuate with general business and financial conditions; but, as they always receive the same amount of interest, regardless of conditions, their fluctuations in price are very small compared with the fluctuations in the price of stocks. But, though both stocks and bonds fluctuate with the ups and downs of business, and bonds fluctuate very much less than stocks, these fluctuations are not in unison. I mean by this that bond prices, as a rule, do not reach their maximum or their minimum at the same time as do stock prices.

If you will study the general prices of stocks and bonds in the past you will find that bonds reach their high point

(Continued on Page 36)

HIS DAY OF DAYS

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY BALFOUR KER

THROUGH the frosty chill of the February morning young Adam Ober came swinging up the pike from Manheim Borough. There were others abroad on the main-traveled, hard white road that curved in and out among the low hills of Rapho Township.

A cattleman, driving steers to the borough, passed; a Dutch boy, wrapped in layer on layer of clothing, like an onion, lolled along on his wagon, bound for the creamery; old Doctor Brecht, returning from a Rapho patient, his little brown horse trotting briskly, his beard, white as a dove's breast, blowing in the keen air—all these had exchanged the usual greeting with Adam.

"*Morgen!*" they said politely, pronouncing it "*Morrya*" in the Pennsylvania Dutch fashion.

And Adam had dutifully responded; but he did it in a half-hearted fashion. There is no keener observer—of matters in his ken—than your Dutchman, for all his apparent phlegm and stoic heaviness. A sheriff trailing a horse thief who might have passed Adam at a thirty-mile clip—on one of Adam's normal days—would have gathered a hailstorm of details from him as to shape, size and type of horse, its gait and weight, to say nothing of the coloring, weight and contour of its rider; but to-day Adam's physical eyes saw *not*. His mind was engrossed with inner visions. Rufe Moyer might have worn a ballet dancer's costume to the creamery, or old Doctor Brecht have driven a sky-blue stallion, and Adam would never have heeded.

It was only when he reached the first tollgate that he came to himself. He put on steam and walked faster than ever. He averted his head and looked across the fields in the opposite direction.

Old Kauffman, who sat in the gatehouse window, hailed him in vain. Adam heard him, but he only walked the faster, whistling with a pretense of unconsciousness. In the gatehouse Old Kauffman said:

"There did go Adam Ober. It wonders me whatfer thing took him to Mannum this early!"

And at his words the thing Adam had wanted to avoid seeing materialized. Old Kauffman's granddaughter Susie came and looked out of the window after him. Even in the gray morning one might well have wondered why Adam should have foolishly wished to avert such a contact; for "Sussy" Greiner was as pretty a little girl as ever pinned on the pointed cape of her sect or set its thin white muslin cap on her curly hair.

"Sussy" had "turned plain" at fifteen—a statement that, used in connection with Susie, is grotesque. Nothing could make Susie plain. The little dove-gray or black dresses only brought out the compact curves of her shapely figure; the soft puritanic caps and little scuttle bonnets only sweetened her dimpled face and big blue eyes. There was that in Susie's face that made one think of pink and white clover.

And if you had pressed all these facts on Adam he would have agreed—or, at least, until a week ago. Up to that time he had never passed the gatehouse without a thrill—a hungry watching for the clover that bloomed the year round. And now he turned his head away! And, what is more, he would have died before confessing "whatfer thing had taken him to Mannum this early."

Susie, watching, answered her grandfather.

"Yes; it wonders me too!" she said slowly.

Something else "wondered" her much more. Adam's avoidance did not escape her. . . . She could not understand. She had not tried to avoid him!

Adam himself could hardly have explained. He had gone—it seemed incredible even to himself—in the early morning, an hour before work, to stand for a moment and look at the front of a house in Manheim Borough—and it was the second time he had done it; and he knew he would do it again.

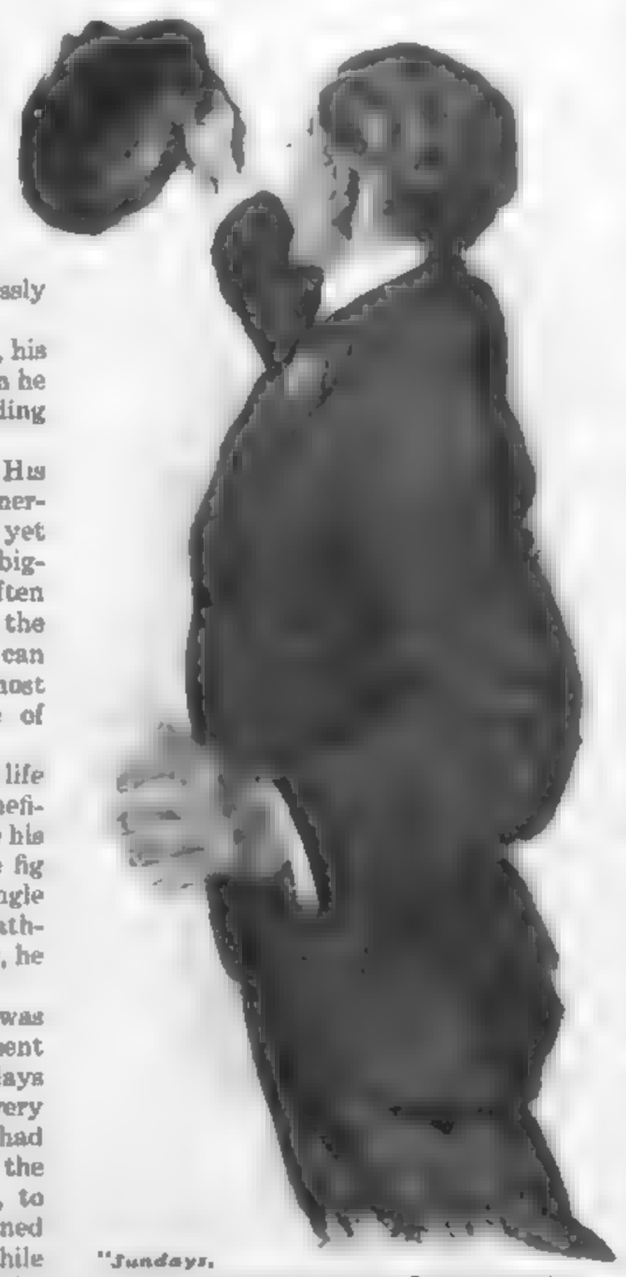
The truth is, Adam was suffering from a fever—a species of delicious dementia that had held him enslaved for ten days. Before that, a prospering young country carpenter of twenty-one, he had fancied he had known what love was; but it was nothing—that knowledge—to the exquisite pangs he endured now. For he was in love with the utterly unattainable—or, so said reason, with the hopelessly unsuitable.

Adam pondered this, swinging along, his tool box in hand, bound for the new barn he and his father and brothers were building for the Ulrich farm.

He was a personable-looking youth. His face, rosy, good-natured, of almost dinner-plate dimension, topped a figure huge, yet magnificently proportioned. There is a bigness of detail, a benignness of aspect, often found among the Dutch men. Among the elderly men assembled at meeting one can usually pick out a dozen who wear an almost Biblical beauty—like an assemblage of elderly prophets.

Adam showed this quality. In after life he too would grow silver-bearded, beneficent, genial of countenance. Clad, like his protean namesake ancestor, in a mere fig leaf, he would have made a painter tingle with longing; dressed as to-day, in weather-worn, nondescript too-small clothing, he was only absurd.

In Adam's pocket lay the thing that was in large measure responsible for his present aberration. He had picked it up some days since from the turf that bordered this very Pike—a lady's glove of white kid. He had known, with the instant appraisal of the countryman awake to local matters, to whom it belonged and why it had happened to lie there. Its owner had dropped it while walking on the Pike; and its owner was the present countryside sensation—the young girl who lived in Lancaster and was boarding in Manheim for her health; who walked, presumably in quest of the latter, every afternoon a matter of some miles up the Rapho Pike.



"Sundays, Then!" He Called Back Patronizingly

She was not like any other girl in Manheim. Adam had met her once or twice on her early excursions; and—to tell the truth—he thought her a pretty poor specimen. But that was before he found her glove!

The country folk considered Miss Lucia Barnett an interesting topic. For one thing, her father "was hired at the Collitch" in Lancaster to teach modern languages; then they had only lately come from that purlieu of mystery and dark deeds, New York City—and, more awesome, almost Martian in significance, Miss Lucia had lived in Italy; her baptismal name was Italian.

Adam had heard the girls giggling, trying to pronounce it, before meeting. They said it "made like a kind of cheese when she spoke it." For the rest, Lucia Barnett was dark, with a different, an odd new "darkness" to Adam.

Brunettes are not uncommon among the Dutch, but they run to the hirsute variety—velvety, downy, sloe-eyed girls—in old age like Old Liz Sneider, who sported a full-sized black mustache. Lucia was not like these. She was white—cream-white—without a touch of color; her eyes—Adam had verified this—were a queer green-gold color that made him think of growing ferns; her hair was as silky and dark as a crow's wing.

She was thin—a crime second only in enormity to pale cheeks in a Dutchman's eye. Her wrists were so small he could have snapped them in two fingers. Beside his Brobdingnagian sisters, Lizzie and Anny, with their strapping shoulders and arms—beside even "Sussy" Greiner's capable figure—it was true what the people said: the Barnett girl was a peaked, sickly, "peensich"-looking creature. Oh, Adam would have agreed—before he found the glove!

Strange that a bit of white scented kid should work such havoc! At first, Adam, wondering that a human hand could be so small, had dropped it heedlessly into his pocket. Later examination afforded pleasant speculations. . . . The perfume tantalized him. Then he decided to go down to church in Manheim and satisfy some of these speculations. From afar he watched Lucia Barnett—her

hands clothed, from an apparently inexhaustible stock, in a pair of gloves like the one he had.

He noted the slimness of her little body; the little muscle that fluttered in her long slim throat; the enormous length of her eyelashes.

That visit began Adam's undoing. Twice, shortly after, he met her on the Pike. The second time, at his greeting, she had stopped, with some casual question. Adam fell in beside her and shyly walked with her a short distance. She had been pleasantly impersonal; but when their ways parted Adam was treading on air, full of odd light-headed sensations. The charm, which in Lucia Barnett had captured many a more sophisticated man, sent the blood pounding to Adam's head.

By the second Sunday, when he had stolen to church in Manheim, his malady was in the progressive stage. That was the night he had followed her boldly a good two blocks. Indeed, he had almost summoned nerve enough to speak to her. And since then he had gone down twice of an early morning only to pass her boarding house and stare.

He knew it was absurd. A potential farmer falling in love with a creature so frail! She could never handle the milk and butter from even half a dozen cows, or help with the hams at butchering time! No; Adam's love was a cul-de-sac. It led nowhere, but tortured and delighted him notwithstanding; and, from pitying Miss Lucia Barnett's fragility, he had begun to feel toward her as he would to some small helpless animal. So small, so gentle, so delicately made! So mysteriously different—and so unwooed! For in all these weeks of her stay no "fella" had beaued her to church—had even walked home with her. None had taken her sleighing or buggy riding.

Young, sweet, piteous, she had moved neglected; perhaps wistful—Adam had sisters and knew the ways of girls. Adam thrilled a little with indignation at himself and his brethren, even while his pulses tingled; for a delicious scheme had fomented itself in his bosom.

On Sunday evening at six, boldly and like a man, he would go and call on her at her boarding place. If she had not already guessed his feelings he would leave no doubts. He would choose her boldly and in public, let opinion be what it may. This plan being happily concluded, Adam dismissed the thing from his mind, having reached the Ulrich barn.

But on Sunday, dressing very carefully, he put it into effect. As he approached the boarding house a slight vertigo seized him. A city girl, Miss Barnett might expect a different ritual; then love and self-respect conquered. He stepped manfully to the door. Mrs. Reinike opened it. She listened to Adam's request, with a cool, impersonal eye. When he finished she might as well have felled him.

"You can't see her. She ain't here now. She went back home to Lancaster yesterdays—and took her trunk. She ain't coming back!"

At this blow Adam's face turned white. Mrs. Reinike added a few particulars, but he scarcely heeded. Gone! Not coming back! He turned blankly away and stumbled homeward, an odd hollow feeling in his breast.

Gone! Gone, with her long silky eyelashes, her pretty smile, her slim little wrists, and her helpless little white kid-gloved hands!

Something like a big bitter sob gathered in Adam's young throat. Never to see that little figure picking its way up the Pike so daintily—never to touch her small incompetent arm, getting in and out of a buggy—never to sit beside her in church! For a moment pain clouded his eyes. . . . Then a queer impulse seized him. It was his Dutch tenacity astir in him, that dauntless "dogged does it" that lifts many a Dutch boy by his own bootstraps out of a tight place.

If Lucia Barnett had gone, why not follow her? It was Satan perhaps who whispered it in his ear. And Adam, half-recognizing, shrank, even while welcoming the thought. A farmer boy of the Rapho hills, how could he pursue a girl into the city? But pain and passion conquered. Another thought helped.

When Mose Kover had stopped keeping company with his sister Anny, had she not gone over to Lebanon County and stayed a whole month? "It ain't no right kind of fellas round here!" she had pronounced.

Might not such an impulse have moved Lucia Barnett? Perhaps if somebody had kept company with her—had encouraged her! Adam clenched his hands, thinking of lost opportunity. Then he embraced temptation. Lancaster was not far—an hour's ride by trolley. He had some money by him and no job on for Wednesday. Why not go in and call on Wednesday—Wednesday afternoon? Perhaps they might walk out somewhere, might have ice-cream soda. When summer came he would manage to buy a horse and drive over. Heaven! The moonlight nights on the Lancaster pikes!

Having no one to contradict him, Adam unleashed a riotous set of imaginings. His resolve was made. He was so lost in laying his course that he passed the tollhouse, this time sincerely unconscious that it existed. And a little figure, coming up from the henhouse, watched him bitterly.

"*Gell, so geht es nun!* Indeed, so goes it now!"—she whispered, with a half sob.

The Valentine, Still Wrapped, Still Unoffered, Lay on the Table

Adam could scarcely await Wednesday. Tuesday night his dreams were a feverish mêlée. Dawn was yet unfledged when he rose.

With razor, comb, hard pink toilet soap, basin of water, and phial of cheap cologne, he made of his dressing a sort of consecrated rite.

His ruddy countenance shone like cerise satin as he stepped, a finished product, into the gray-black morning. Beneath it a new celluloid collar struggled for precedence with a ready-made tie of purple silk. On his left lapel a small red paper carnation—filched from Lizzie's bunch in the parlor—bloomed sweetly. His hat was brushed; his Sunday suit, unrolled from the little drawer where it lay on week days, was innocent of lint—if not of wrinkle; his boots sparkled.

On one of his fingers gleamed a large ruby ring, purchased at Mount Gretna Fair for a quarter, and on his nose perched a pair of thick-glassed, steel-framed spectacles, worn for comfort's sake only on gala occasions, and bought during his schooldays when a peddler, going through the country, had helped him and various others to discover serious eye faults.

As the cock grouse about to woo apparently puts on an extra heavy plumage and fluffs out his ruff to its fullest extent, or a Hottentot chief hangs on a few extra bone necklaces, nose rings and war belts, so Adam, with naïve savagery, had beautified himself for his lady.

He went down the road very happily, diffusing perfume at every step, and singing in a woolly, tonsilly voice—turning all his s's into z's—a favorite refrain:

Barbelei, Barbelei,
Leich dei foos;
Wann ich wider
Danze, moos.
Liebs du net
Und danze net,
Dann geh net
Mit du haim.

Barbara, Barbara,
Lightly trip;
When I wish it
Dance you must.
Dance you not
Or love you not,
I'll not go
With you home.

He was too early by half an hour even for the first car. Daylight was not yet come when the trolley car from Manheim bore him thence; the sun was only rising, warm and genial, when he dismounted at the Square, in Lancaster.

The sun, though, never has anything on this brisk early-bird city. It was market day and the Square teemed with people. City and farm folk were buying and selling the spoils of farm and garden. Booths and stands stood about, and a steady stream poured in and out of the market-house doors.

Amishmen—real and "hickory" Mennonites, New and Old—River Brethren and Dunkers filled the place; Greek, negro and Italian venders of fruits clamored; Hibernian and Russian Jew newsboys shouted the Philadelphia papers. It was really quite a polyglot spectacle; but Adam ignored it.

He stopped at a peanut stand and filled his pockets with the goober that cheers and with a favored local comestible—soft pretzels—the satiny, salt-spattered, lacquered coils of which ever allure the true Dutchman. From this he dallied up North Queen Street. A dry-goods window in which ladies—wax—audaciously displayed their lingerie held him spellbound a good twenty minutes. Adam sipped of his day's pleasures slowly. No need of haste. But the next shop window sent his mercury climbing quickly.

It was filled with all kinds of valentines!

He had forgotten the date. Today was the fourteenth of February. Without realizing it he had chosen—happy omen!—love's own day for his great adventure. Adam was not unlearned of valentines. In his schooldays he had made them, with teacher's crayon colors, and he had frequently bought penny dreadfuls in Manheim, wherein gayly-hued hydrocephalic-looking people capped verses beginning in this vein: "You're not as smart as you think you are!" and so on.

But he had never before seen valentines de luxe. The window blazed. One in the center thrilled him. There were puffings of pink silk, there was gold cord, and a profusion of violets for a frame; and the motif was an automobile, in which an apple-cheeked youth in motor clothes ogled an apple-cheeked girl similarly garbed.

I'd like to ride with you,
Honk, honk!
Forever and a day.
Life's hills I'll take high gear.
Honk, honk!
If one small word you'll say.

Adam knew nothing of automobiles or high gears, but he wanted that valentine. He went inside.

"What are wellintines?" he asked sheepishly.

"Five cents up." The clerk was versed in cryptic Anglo-Dutch. "That one"—as Adam pointed—"is seventy-five cents."

Adam gasped. Seventy-five cents was some wad for a piece of fancy paper; but—he bought it. He had never heard the slogan, "Nothing's too good for the Irish!" but he acted on it intuitively. When he emerged the valentine was under his arm. It did not occur to him to mail it. He would carry it in person to his lady.

Love made him bold to desperation, indeed, for next he did the well-nigh unthinkable: he accosted a policeman

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with Lucia Barnett's name and an inquiry for her address. The policeman led him to a drug store and a kindly drug clerk, with a directory, solved what had threatened to be a hideous mystery. A slip of paper bearing a precious direction lay in Adam's pocket as he sallied forth.

He had no intention of calling on the lady in the early morning. Etiquette, of course, forbade. He had figured that about one o'clock, Adam's mid-afternoon, would be the best time; but it did no harm to get the lay of the land, to make a reconnaissance of the situation.

So he walked slowly out to James Street and thence westward. Presently he saw before him a campus, green under the mild February sun. There were large, bare shade trees, and a chain of buildings of buff and red, many-windowed, mysterious. A bell somewhere rang slowly and he saw groups of youths entering the college campus; citified, splendid youths he thought them, watching, with candid admiration, their short English pants, their carelessly worn caps, their pipes, their swagger, their notebooks.

Splendid! Of such as these were those old schoolmates of his—Miller Hershey and Frank Schuh—who had imported Latin and silk socks into Rapho simultaneously. Into such as these had many a shy, quick-brained, little Dutch schoolboy grown, as Adam well knew; but his admiration now was tempered neither with envy nor with regret for himself. He knew his limitations. The Third Reader had been enough for him; the carpenter's bench and tools were sufficient training.

A few of the magnificent ones, seeing him, his broad, kindly spectacled face, the glaze of his collar, the richness of his tie, the contour of his pant-legs, the angle of his bundle, threw him chaffing remarks in passing. Adam took them kindly, in good part. He was very happy and all the world was his friend to-day!

Then he found the house of his beloved. Having located it he fled hastily to town again.

What with shop windows, lunch, the pleasures of the city streets, it was one-thirty before he reached her door again.

Even then he did not enter. His heart knocked at his ribs and he stood perhaps ten minutes by the curb. After that he walked round the block slowly. Twice he did this. Then finally he tiptoed up the steps and rang the doorbell.

A slim negro maid opened the door, saw his bundle, snapped, "We don't wanta buy anything!" and closed the door abruptly.

Adam retreated to the curb again, discouraged. He walked away a slight distance, then returned. A Dutchman's mettle is no fiction. He went up and rang again.

The maid opened.

"I said ——"

Adam planted a broad, homely shoe inside the doorway.

"I came to see Loosy Barnett."

The maid hesitated. Adam thrust his foot in farther. The pleasant, implacable resolve of him quelled the dark one.

"Was—was it something special?" she asked.

"*Ach*, no—I chust came so!"

Somehow it was done. He sat at last in the Barnett parlor. It was a pleasant, "foolish-looking" room with "images" and pictures, and a piano, and other bijoux unknown to Adam's home. He himself, perched on a little gilt-legged chair, stiffly holding his hat, his "wellintine" on a near-by table, blew both hot and cold with nervousness. Still, they were friendly people. From somewhere in the rear he could hear soft peals of laughter—young-sounding laughter quickly stopped when a maturer voice spoke. The laughter brought him a sense of ease.

Then Lucia Barnett came in to him. She looked lovely, flushed, and still moved by something that had recently amused her. Little dimples trembled near her mouth. She spoke to him sweetly, kindly, offering her hand. The touch turned Adam dumb and scarlet. The laughter in the house had floated upstairs apparently, for the peals sounded again above, one ending in a shrill high squeal. Miss Lucia looked slightly annoyed.

"My little sister Bettie ——" she began; then laughed a little herself.

Adam laughed too. Altogether they were pleasant, friendly folks! If only he knew better what to speak of!

That was at two o'clock. At four Adam was still sitting in the gilt chair. The valentine, still wrapped, still unoffered, lay on

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the table. Adam himself was not comfortable. For one thing, the frailty of his chair worried him. It creaked too much under his weight. Suppose he broke it! Still, he saw no way to rise gracefully and take another.

Then, there had been no opportunity to make his offering, or, indeed, to become at all personal. Miss Lucia talked nimbly and sweetly of many things—but not the things Adam cared for. His hands, too, had troubled him from the beginning. Somehow they looked so big and red and coarse, here in the Barnetts' parlor. Little by little he had grown uneasy, distrait, silent. He had not spoken much even in the beginning; now he was monosyllabic.

Things had not moved as he expected. People passed in the hall so much—several times the laughing Bettie. Twice Lucia Barnett had been summoned to the telephone. Even Lucia felt the constraint apparently, for from animation she too had become somewhat silent, playing with her rings, tapping with her little foot.

Now was the moment for Adam to rise from the creaking chair and give her the valentine, to propose soda water, future amenities—to give indication of his feeling. He did none of this. He sat with burning ears and a growing sense of discomfort and dismay.

At this point Lucia's mother came in. She was a plump, pleasant little lady, and under her keen eyes and smile some of Adam's misery passed. But now it was Lucia's turn to rise:

"Mother will entertain you, Mr. Ober. . . . It's too bad; but I am compelled to leave. I must meet a friend coming on the four-ten train."

Vainly Adam's soul bade him rise and accompany her. He sat still, swallowing an embarrassed lump in his throat, folding in his hand once more the exquisite morsel that was hers.

He should have felt more at ease with Lucia gone; but he did not. Now that the only excuse for his coming was removed, the sense of his impropriety here, of his utter unfitness among these people, troubled him. He must go—and speedily—leaving the valentine with Lucia's mother. It must plead for him—carry its own sweet message.

It was then he heard Mrs. Barnett speak:

"It is too bad that Lucia must leave. We are very sorry, Mr. Ober! Still, it is a rather special occasion. Her fiancé is coming on this train."

The keen eyes watched the effect of the word—saw that it sailed, high as a *Taube*, over Adam's head.

"I mean—that Lucia has gone to meet the young man she is going to marry." Mrs. Barnett's voice was very kind.

Adam sat up, rigid, groping for words. "You say she—she hass a fella? . . . She's going to be married?" He pronounced it "morried."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barnett; "she will be married week after next. They have been engaged for three years. Perhaps you did not know—Lucia has been resting in the country this winter and making her plans for the wedding ——"

A sound escaped Adam, not unlike a sob. He rose stiffly, his fingers trembling slightly, and picked up his hat and his valentine. He turned without a word, and walked toward the door.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ober." Mrs. Barnett's voice faltered slightly. "If you feel that you must go ——"

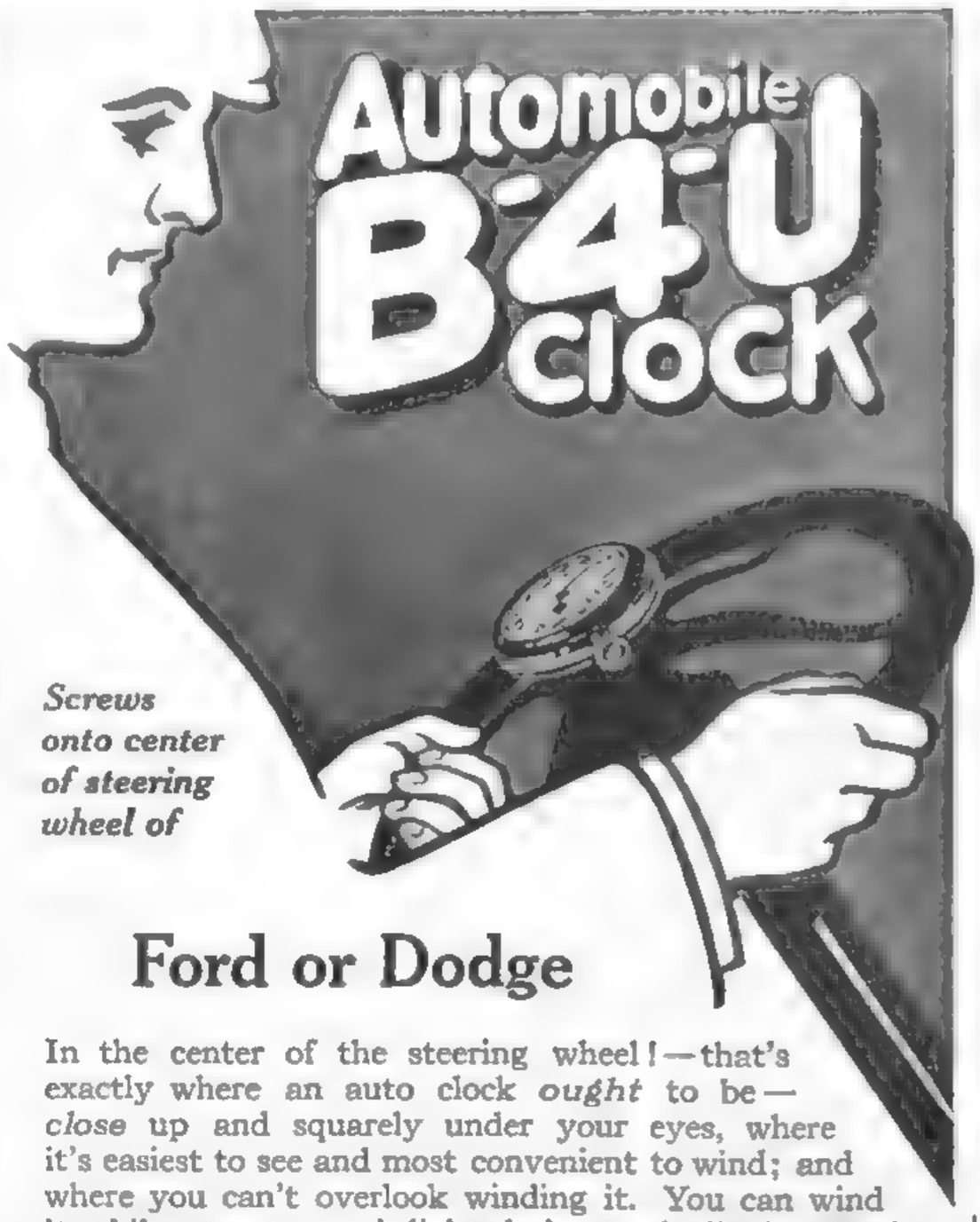
Adam did not answer. His wound was too deep. He opened the door himself, hesitating only a second. That second was fatal. The young feminine laughter opened its battery on his retreating back. From abovestairs three words, careless, mocking, not meant for his ears, reached him:

"The big country-jake!"

It is the cruelest gibe the city child can fling to the country-born Dutchman.

Down through the street, with unseeing eyes, Adam plodded heavily. People passing him got their quota of amusement; but it did not matter to Adam. Nothing mattered any more. He was just a heartsore, self-sick, humiliated country boy. It was not alone that he had committed an unpardonable offense and had tried to poach on another "fella's" preserve—a poor-enough fella, indeed, to let his girl go unattended all those weeks!

That was ridiculous enough, but it was as nothing to the rest; for, with disillusioning clearness, Adam saw himself through the eye of another—summed up in the



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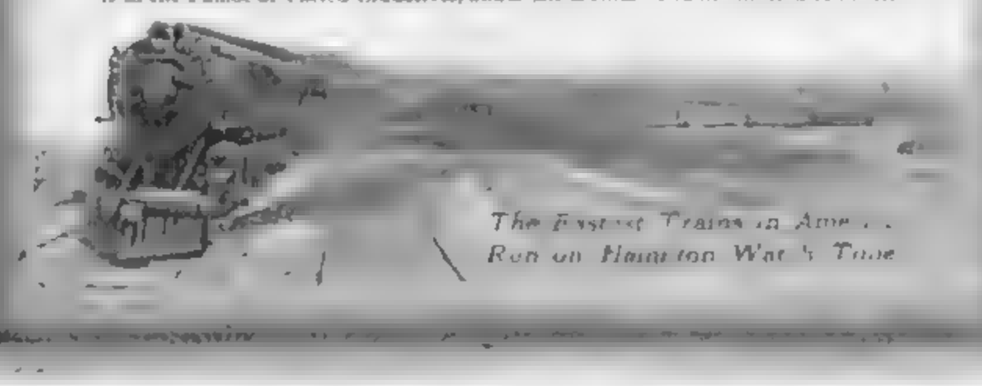


bitter epithet, a country-jake! Absurd, with his big coarse hands, his queer clothes, his red face, his ugly shoes! Presuming to bring all this into a city home, into a dainty parlor—following after a city girl!

He understood, with a flash of intuition, what all that friendly laughing in the house had meant. They had been laughing at him—even Lucia! His face burned; his eyes stung as he realized, with hideous, proud torture, what it had meant.

He suffered as only the sensitive, shy and proud can suffer. He had meant so well and it had come to this! He had been laughed at!

Even as he walked, it seemed to him the whole city laughed at him. The pavements that burned his feet, the trees, the houses, the passing motors, the people—they seemed to point with a unanimous finger, chanting: "Country-jake! Country-jake!"

Not until he reached the first familiar Rapho fields did Adam find any peace. Even then, though his first torment of shame was over, his soul lay dead and heavy.

He climbed up and sat on a fence rail, looking over the quiet fields in the fading daylight. How to go on? How to pick up the thread of his life and find his self-respect again? It was not that his heart ached for Lucia—quite the reverse. He felt a curious sullen anger toward her. He realized that he did not care for her at all. It had been merely the New, the Strange, that had lured him into unknown fields. But, now that Rosy Romance had hurled him back into Cold Reality, how cure his self-love of the cruel bruise it had received?

His hand, moving in his pocket, touched something. It was the white kid glove. He drew it forth and looked at it, scowling. Suddenly he crushed it into a small, hard wad and, with something like an oath, flung it bitterly into the little half-frozen brooklet by the fence. With the act he flung away the last tie that held him to his former madness—or almost.

The valentine, slightly crumpled, still lurked to remind him. He looked at it darkly—but you do not throw seventy-five cents lightly into a brook!

He climbed down from the fence heavily and began to go up the hill. Conscience tore and gibed at him again as he went. It said that it served him right—the whole thing; that he was nobody but a country-jake; that nobody cared about him anyway. Anyone would laugh at him, at his speech, his clothes—the whole torment started afresh.

Then Adam saw the tollhouse. It lay burnished in the dying sunrays, like a beacon of hope. And Adam took Conscience and her running mate, Memory, and squeezed them into dry husks and threw them into the uttermost corners of Nowhere.

He went boldly to the gate; but as he touched the latch a little figure emerged in milking gear, her pails on her arm.

"Well, Adam Ober—I didn't know you right! I thought still it was Rufe Moyer coming up the hill."

A Dutch coquette is as expert as any.

"Yes? Well, I guess it ain't!" said Adam heavily. He was looking at Susie's face as though he would feast forever on its clover sweetness.

"Say, Suss . . . if Ezra leaves me take his horse and buggy Sundays, will you go once on the meetin' wis me?"

Susie looked nonchalant—cool, meditative. She dug a toe into the gravel of the walk.

"*Ach!*—I d' know—mebbe! . . . *Ach, yes!* I guess ——"

Adam breathed deeply with relief.

"Say"—he hesitated, then plunged "I was to Lancaster to-day . . . and I got a wellintine for you!" He thrust the package at bewildered Susie. "Open it once!" he commanded.

Susie obeyed.

"Well, Adam! It's now, for—sure-pretty! . . . And it hass wonderful realin.'!"

Susie's face glowed above the gaudy thing. She lifted her blue eyes to meet his; and Adam leaned close suddenly and seized her shoulders in his big hands.

"Sussy," he said hoarsely, "you *will* be my girl—ain't?"

No indirection there; no hide-and-seek technic about that! Adam was on his own territory. He did not even wait for an answer. He snatched her to him suddenly and kissed her fairly on her rosy cheeks.

"Well, Adam Ober—you get out!" she cried in joyous indignation.

Adam laughed like a crowing rooster. He fairly swaggered as he went from the fence.

"Sundays, then!" he called back patronizingly.

He was no longer a creeping, humiliated, downtrodden thing—rejected, laughed at! He was the conquesting male—easy, sure of his ground—who could bully and make his woman love him if he willed . . . his woman!

Exactly! For at the touch of little Susie's soft cheek a splendid sanity came to him. It was Susie he loved—and rightly. They belonged there and to each other—bound by inheritance and education to the rocky slopes and spreading fields of their countryside. Happiest there! Dumbly Adam realized this.

If a fellow ventured where he did not belong he was a plain "*dumn kopf!*" He must take what he got. Never again for him!

Something like a lump formed in Adam's throat as he looked at the familiar road and the placid farm lands bordering it. Only once he glanced in another direction—to where, against the sky, a faint evening glow told of the lights of the city. Adam scowled sneeringly from his haven of content. He shook a metaphorical fist at it.

"I'm mebbe *dumn* . . . but I ain't so *dumn!*" he said.

Then he broke into a happy whistle.

WHAT NEXT?

Immunity for Plants

BREEDING plants so that they will be immune from their common diseases is the present hope of scientists, on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Many agricultural colleges and institutes are active in the undertaking and constant progress is being made.

It is an old story that some varieties of a plant will resist a disease and other varieties of the same plant will catch it every time. Accordingly breeding of the two varieties together, in order to obtain the advantages of both, has been a common practice, though not wholly successful.

Study is now being directed to the cause of this immunity in some plants. In most instances there is probably some chemical substance that does the work, though it has been established that some plants avoid the familiar diseases of their kind by shutting out the infection.

Immunity by breeding would be just as possible for people if it were at all practicable. An American woman scientist has proved by observing ten thousand white mice that cancer susceptibility is transmitted from generation to generation by the acknowledged laws of heredity. This does not mean that cancer is transmitted, but rather that the ability or the inability to resist cancer goes from parents to offspring.

In her opinion persons whose ancestors have shown a disposition to cancer should take precautions against any constant irritation of the body, such as irritation of the throat by excessive smoking or irritation of the stomach by improper food and drink.

Cobalt Plating

NEW colors for cloth which may catch the fancy of fashion and make fortunes for the discoverers are constantly sought by the chemists, and to some extent new metal finishes are sought for somewhat similar purposes. A new metal finish of this kind is cobalt plating, as a variation from silver and nickel plating. The cobalt plate polishes white with an attractive blue tinge.

Plating with cobalt has been considered very difficult, but recently some Canadian chemists, who have undertaken to develop new uses for this metal, worked out some practical methods of operation and found the scheme to be economical as well. Their formula they have made public, and already cobalt plating is being tried out by various manufacturers on automobile parts and hardware.

The Making of a Union Suit

The Story of an Idea and how it was successfully developed in the

Imperial

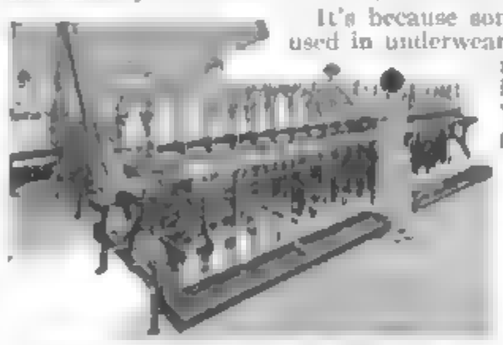
TRADE MARK

"DROP SEAT" Union Suit

The "Comfort First" idea, conceived in 1909, and to which we have devoted our entire thought and energy, is now an accomplished fact. The **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit** is the full realization of our fondest hopes — an advanced idea, coupled with perfection in manufacture, material and workmanship, giving at *all times*, under every conceivable condition and posture, an *absolutely closed crotch with only one single thickness of cloth*. No "bunching" or "sagging" of material—no clumsy double thickness to cause chafing or discomfort. The **Imperial "Drop Seat"** never "gaps," but fits exactly like a pair of trousers and makes possible a *perfect pair of drawers in a Union Suit*.

Taking Out The "Tickle"

Did you ever put on a suit of underwear that "tickled"—that made you want to scratch yourself all over?

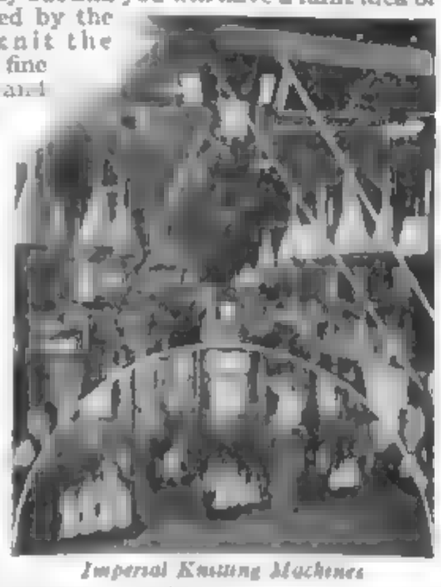


Special Imperial Machines for Treating and Cleaning Yarns

It's because some of the yarns used in underwear come from the mills with almost imperceptible "specks" of hard, gritty substances which "cling" to the fine thread. In the Imperial Factory these yarns are *cleaned by special machinery*. Your Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit comes to you *soft and smooth*, with all the "scratch" taken out

The Song of the Needles

Imagine all the women in a city the size of Chicago knitting day in and day out and you will have a faint idea of the work accomplished by the machines which knit the wools—the silks—the fine cottons, the worsteds and the special Imperial yarns into the finished fabric



Imperial Knitting Machines

Picture to yourself a gigantic spider web, with its interweaving threads carried this way and that, and you will appreciate the delicate adjustment necessary for the proper operation of the Imperial machines

Some machines knit the unbroken continuous stitch, others "knit and drop one," just as grandmother did in fashioning the wrists of your winter mittens

Individually Cut and Tailored

The vital point in a perfectly fitting Union Suit. A soft, yielding knitted fabric cannot be successfully cut to exact measurements by being placed layer upon layer and cut by power driven machinery

So we go to infinite pains to cut each garment singly. Experienced cutters take *a single fold* of the fabric and cut out" each **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit**, just like the custom tailor cuts a suit of clothes

Of course, *it costs us more* to make **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suits** in this way, but it means *added comfort and satisfaction*. "Comfort First" is our manufacturing motto.

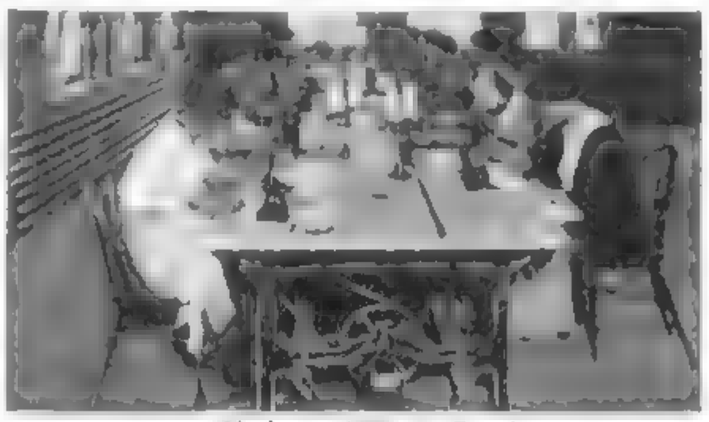
Made Under Ideal Conditions

By Experienced Operators

In a Sunshine Factory

Thirty-nine separate and distinct operations are necessary to make an **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit**.

After the garment is cut, it is passed from one operator to another. Each has a machine *designed especially for just one operation*. One will make the body and leg seams, one



The Imperial "Sewing Room"

puts on the wrists and ankles, and so on until all the many details which make **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suits** the "Underwear of a Gentleman" have been as *carefully executed in the workroom as they were planned in the designing room*

Argus-Eyed Inspectors

Look at the picture; it's a photograph of the *three best underwear critics* in America

Three experienced women, who have spent a lifetime in making underwear, are the *final judges* as to whether the finished **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit** shall be given to the public or thrown in the discard.

In Our Inspection Department

Remember, that *before* this final inspection is made the *yarns* have passed the Imperial test—the *knitted fabric* has been O. K.'d—*cutting* and *sewing machine work* has all been inspected but now the scrutiny of experience passes upon the completed product.

The slightest flaw—an imperfect stitching operation—a carelessly sewn buttonhole—stands no chance of "getting by" this Argus-eyed trio.

The "Imperial" Label

Sewing on the Label

Here is our guarantee of satisfaction and it means protection to you when you buy an Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit. The sewing on of the Imperial label is a detail unimportant in the *making* of the garment but *vitally important* to the wearer

There can be no excuse for complaint if your Union Suit bears the "Imperial" label because it is our full guarantee for every minute detail of workmanship in **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suits.**

Ready for You

And now each **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit** is individually pressed, folded and packed in the familiar black box bearing the Imperial label—the assurance of "Comfort First" and our guarantee of quality.

Our New Method Measurements

The *trunk measurement* is the important thing. In the days of two-piece underwear it was customary to take the chest and waist measurements

But today your dealer should measure you *as shown in the illustration*. He will then be able to fit you perfectly in an **Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit**, as the trunk measurement is plainly marked on each box and on each garment

The Correct Way to Measure

Send in the Coupon, or better still buy an ***Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suit*** *today. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00. If you do not say it is the most comfortable underwear you ever put on, take it back—your dealer has our authority to refund your money.*

Imperial Underwear Company, Piqua, Ohio

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Imperial Underwear Co.
Piqua, Ohio

Gentlemen:—

Without any obligation on my part, you may send me samples of materials used in making Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suits and give me the name of a dealer who sells them.

Name _____

Address _____

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

Listerine is a superior dentifrice because it is liquid. A liquid antiseptic can protect those surfaces of the teeth which the brush cannot cleanse.

Brush your teeth regularly with Listerine; then rinse your mouth and the spaces between your teeth with diluted Listerine.

Clean, Sound Teeth Promote Better Health
Use LISTERINE regularly

The Genuine Package

Listerine is a household necessity; it should be employed to prevent infection of cuts and small wounds; its use after shaving is beneficial and agreeable.

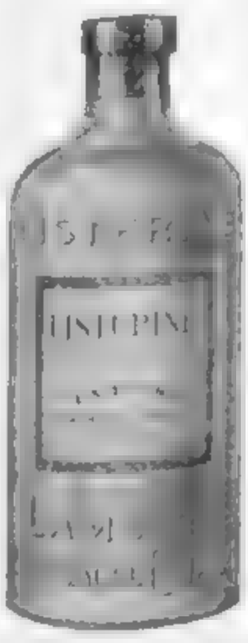
For all purposes of personal hygiene — for a refreshing sense of cleanliness — nothing surpasses

LISTERINE

Listerine is extensively imitated, and counterfeits are most frequently put up in small medicine bottles of the ordinary shape, bearing a dealer's label on which is written or printed the word "Listerine." Such imitations should be avoided.

When a safe, efficient and trustworthy antiseptic is needed, ask for Listerine in the original bottle and be assured of the genuine by the appearance of the package—round bottle in brown wrapper.

Four Sizes — 15c — 25c — 50c — $1.00



The Genuine Bottle

Manufactured Only by

Lambert Pharmacal Company

St. Louis, Missouri Toronto, Canada

A razor is no better than its blades.

All safety razors are safe. The question for you is, Which one gets the best service out of a blade and gets it longest?

That a blade must be stropped to shave well is undeniable.

The razor that strops its own blades is the most efficient shaving device. It is the

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

the safety razor which does not depend for its income upon the sale of blades.

The razor is complete when sold; the 12 blades in the outfit are guaranteed to give at least a year's shaving. There is no string attached to this guarantee.

You obviate the necessity of sending blades back to be sharpened, or of buying a separate device to sharpen them, or of buying new blades frequently to keep the razor running. For sale by all dealers. Write for catalog.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 Fifth Avenue, New York
83–87 Duke Street, Toronto

Learning to Stand on Our Own Legs

(Continued from Page 15)

The *why not* is as simple as A B C if you will look at it neutrally and impartially. Germany and Austria have sixteen million three hundred thousand spindles. The Allies have eighty million spindles. The Allies afford a market for eighty per cent of American cotton, raw and manufactured. Because twenty per cent of the market is cut off, are you going to cut off your eighty per cent?

It is too early yet to say how many spindles the war has added to the cotton mills of America. Last fall capital was borrowed for many such plants; and the exports of manufactured cotton showed an increase of four million dollars to May first. This does not tell the whole tale of the increase, however. The United States has this year been unable to get its usual quota of manufactured cottons from abroad. Home mills have supplied this and, over and above home needs, have sent abroad more manufactured cotton than ever before. The exports of manufactured cotton have increased from ten million dollars in 1890 to seventy-five millions—the Government's estimate—for 1915; whereas the United States imported twelve million dollars' less lace for 1915 up to June 30 than in 1914.

When Germany bounced into the limelight to announce a potato flour an American mill in Michigan announced the same. When Germany announced, "You can't have our dyes unless you send us your cotton," Uncle Sam responded: "Thank you kindly; but we'll distill our own dyes and spin our own cotton." And so it has gone all down the line for the things on which Uncle Sam depended on a foreign supply.

The Merchant-Marine Situation

And this brings Uncle Sam to the two greatest triumphs of learning to use his own legs—the Merchant Marine and the Dollar Exchange.

For twenty years friends of marine interests have urged Uncle Sam to acquire a merchant fleet of his own; but Uncle Sam was not quite sure that it made any difference whether John Bull and the Jappy and the German did his ocean business for him. Anyway, he let them carry ninety per cent of his ocean traffic; and he paid them a yearly tribute of three hundred million dollars in gold for the job. His own ships carried only eight per cent of his ocean traffic in July, 1914. By November, United States ships were carrying fourteen per cent of American traffic; by July, 1915, they were carrying close to twenty per cent. What brought about the change? What friends of the Merchant Marine have been predicting for twenty years—war!

Commerce was not so safe in the ships of warring nations. Germany would attack a ship under a British flag. England would attack a ship under a German flag. Do you suppose for a minute, if Uncle Sam had had ships to carry all his foreign trade during the war, that England's blockade could have cut off the cotton market in Germany and Austria, or the German torpedo could have menaced Uncle Sam's commerce with England? It was because he had no delivery cart of his own that both sides could dictate to him and smile up their sleeves at his impotent protests. Of course they knew that he objected to interference; but what could he do about it?

So the Ship Registry Law permitted foreign-built ships to come under the United States flag. Some one hundred and fifty ships to time of writing have come under the United States flag—chiefly ships owned by American capital or by a very weak neutral nation, which sought some share of American business. When the war broke out only some twelve ships flew the United States flag on the high seas; so there has been some gain. But did you ever notice that when a man or a nation has neglected a pressing duty, and Nature begins to lay on the licks for that neglect, the first effort to retrieve the neglect is a series of almost sublimely stupid blunders?

So it was with Uncle Sam and his Merchant Marine. Having passed the Ship Registry Bill to admit foreign-built ships to the United States flag, he proposed a government-owned marine, which frightened capital ready to embark on marine

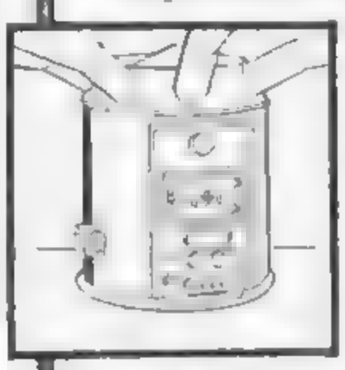
"Rust is Eating Your Stove"

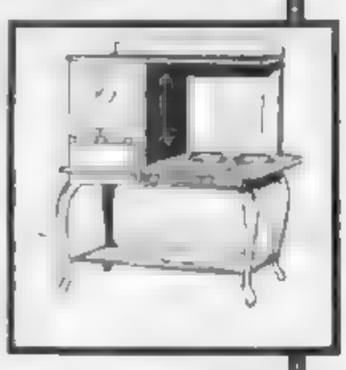
"Those holes that are coming into the sheet metal parts of your stove are caused by rust. I had the same experience.

"On my new stove the dealer explained the cause of rust and said I could insure long life to my stove against rust and corrosion by getting one with the sheet metal parts made of Armco Iron."

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

as no other iron can. Armco, American Ingot, Iron is far more durable than steel or ordinary iron when exposed to the corroding gases of combustion and to the moisture of a kitchen. This is because of its nearly perfect purity and evenness, and because of the scientific care taken in every phase of its manufacture.



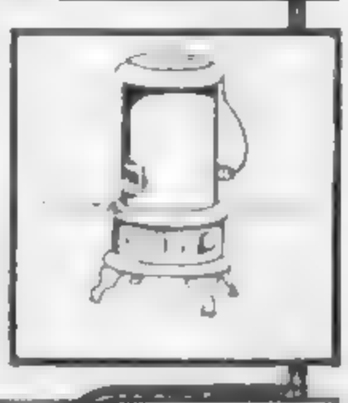


Armco Iron's superiority of polish and its unequaled enameling qualities add to the desirability of an Armco stove.

"Defeating Rust"

A handsome free book will tell you why a majority of note stove manufacturers have selected Armco Iron for the vital sheet metal parts of their stoves. It will tell you why you should see that your new stove, range or furnace is of rust-resisting Armco Iron.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company
Box 701, Middletown, Ohio



This book—free—tells why you can have a better stove by getting one made of Armco Iron.

We give the names of manufacturers who are using this superior metal.

We will see that you get the name of the nearest dealer carrying stoves of Armco—rust-resisting iron.

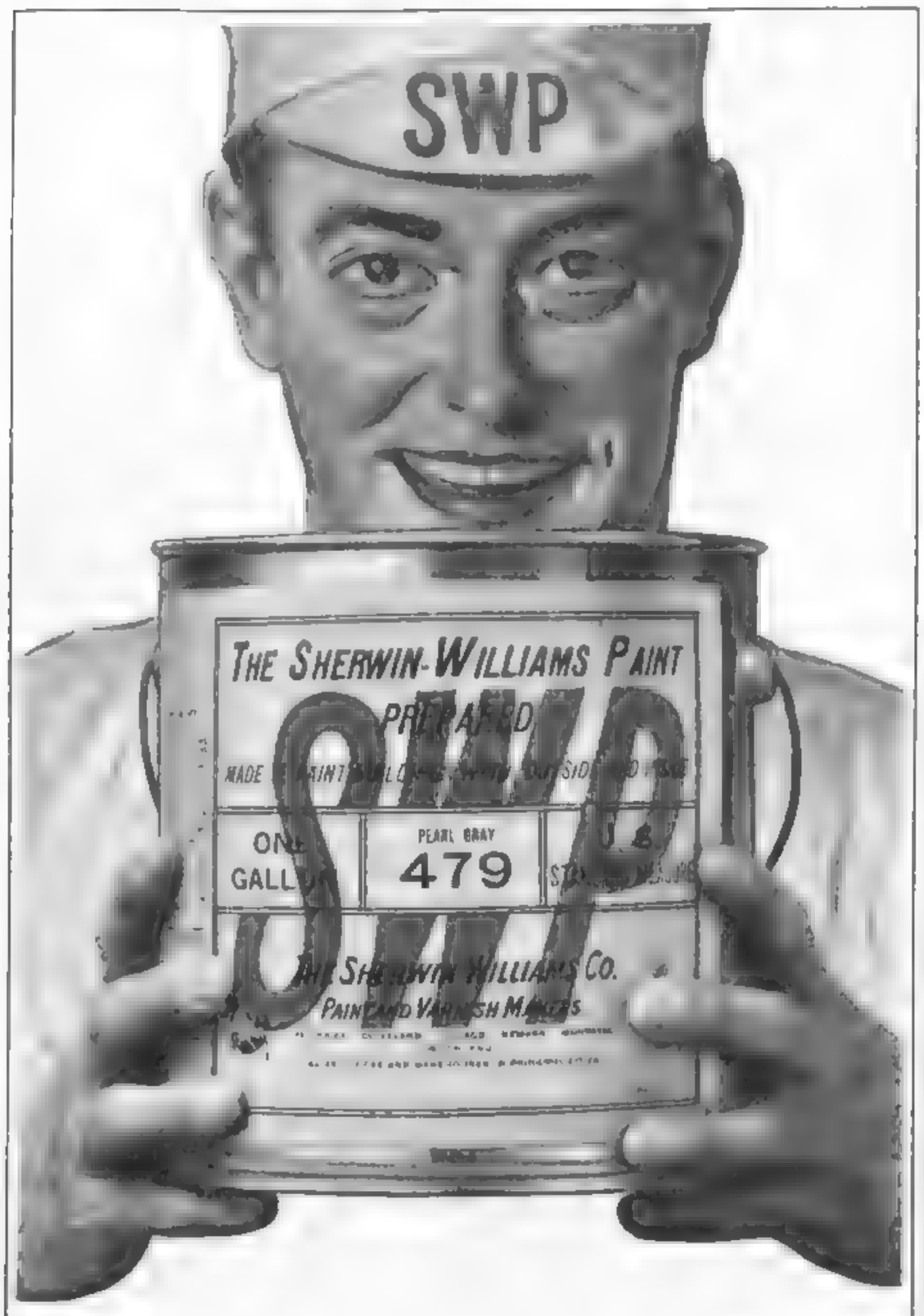
Clip the Coupon—Now

The trade-mark ARMCO (and the monogram that is on the bearing that mark a manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the said monogram and letters stamped with it and is to be found upon the genuine in the highest degree the said trade-mark.

AMERICAN ARMCO IRON

The American Rolling Mill Co., Box 701, Middletown, Ohio
Please send "Defeating Rust" and tell me where I can see Armco Iron Stoves

Name
Street
City State



"Buy Paint by the Label not by the Color"

"Here is a label you can rely on. It is a guarantee of quality backed by a house that has been putting wear and service and protection into paint for fifty years. Remember it and when you ask for Sherwin-Williams' House Paint see that this label is on the can."

SWP

protects as well as beautifies. It is all paint, containing only the highest grade of materials, all of our own manufacture. You can get S W P from the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town.

Send 10 cents for a clever new game and get a useful book with it free of charge

The ABC of Home Painting
A practical, experienced painter tells you in simple words just how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel every surface in and around your home. Send for a copy.

Going to Market
is a mighty interesting game for both young folks and grown-ups. It's good training, too, for anyone who buys or sells in the markets. Sent for 10 cents in stamps.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.
Showrooms — New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

business out of its five wits. What—Government competition? Capital fled like a cony to a hole in the rocks of finance and bank vaults. The Government's Ship Purchase Bill fell through; but the next effort to retrieve neglect was a worse flounder. It was the Seamen's Bill, which increased the cost of operating American ships so that all the ships under the United States flag on the Pacific have sold out to Atlantic operators and Japanese lines. The language test practically excluded Japanese and Chinese crews.

And now behold the little Jappy! No sooner did he see the United States ships on the Pacific put out of commission than he issued a ruling that in all Japanese ships preference for cargo space should be given to Japanese goods. Japan controls seventy-two per cent of the carrying trade on the Pacific. Does it surprise you to learn that Japan has goods enough to ship to occupy all cargo space on transpacific ships for the next three months? We will suppose an American wants to ship some steel to China. Very well; he sends it in an American tramp steamer. Under Japan's ruling, what cargo do you suppose that steamer will get back from China? Japanese ships paying ten dollars a month for coolie labor when the American ship pays forty dollars to fifty dollars for able seamen, Japanese ships with a subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars will bid for that return cargo forty per cent lower than the American can bid. It is happening now. And, to keep going, a ship must get a cargo both ways. The bill has made a present of the Pacific to Japan.

On the Atlantic the Seamen's Bill was just as disastrous.

The Triumph of Dollar Exchange

Dollar Exchange is the greatest triumph of all. It means more than lending to foreign nations that may go bankrupt. It means more than the banker's fee for exchange. It means making the United States the hub of finance for the world. It means that the funnel of world gold will pour its treasures into American banks instead of London and Paris and Berlin vaults. It means that Uncle Sam will become a creditor nation, to whom all the nations of the world must pay interest. "Well," says the man in the street, "what is all that to me?"

Leave out the consideration of war orders totaling a billion dollars, of which two-thirds goes to labor. Leave out of the consideration three hundred million dollars paid for marine freights, which comes out of the producer's pocket—not the consumer's.

The grower of apples, of wheat, of cotton, pays those freights. His returns are the world's market price, less freight and commission always. Every apple grower and wheat grower knows that.

The point is, what determines the world price? Supply and demand! Now the world markets of everything the American farmer produces are centered in Europe—wheat and cotton in Liverpool; tobacco in Amsterdam; stock in London; fruit in London and Liverpool. The world markets are there because the world exchanges are there. There the world's middleman takes toll of all the commerce going out to the world's marts. Suppose exchange were centered in America, and here the big wool sales were held; and the fur fairs; and the wheat sales; and the cotton exchange. By just exactly the profit of the European middleman and the freight to the European market would the American grower gain. That is what the Dollar Exchange means to you. It means centering world trade in America, with the profit for all trade that war orders alone are reaping just now; and when one dollar in America is worth one dollar and five cents in London, as it is at time of writing, London must come to the United States to buy to save exchange.

Dollar Exchange may do for America what the pound has done for London and Liverpool—center the world mart here; and the Dollar is becoming the world standard of exchange, because it is the only form of currency that will not "go broke" if the rest of the world keeps on shooting its gold off in smoke and blood and bootless slaughter.

Gangs of Tough Boys Breed Criminals

To know criminals, study their origin, study the years spent, as boy and man, with dissolute, lawless, perverted companions. Study the slow, inevitable death of every moral impulse. Study the finished product: debased, diseased, drug crazed—wholly dangerous.

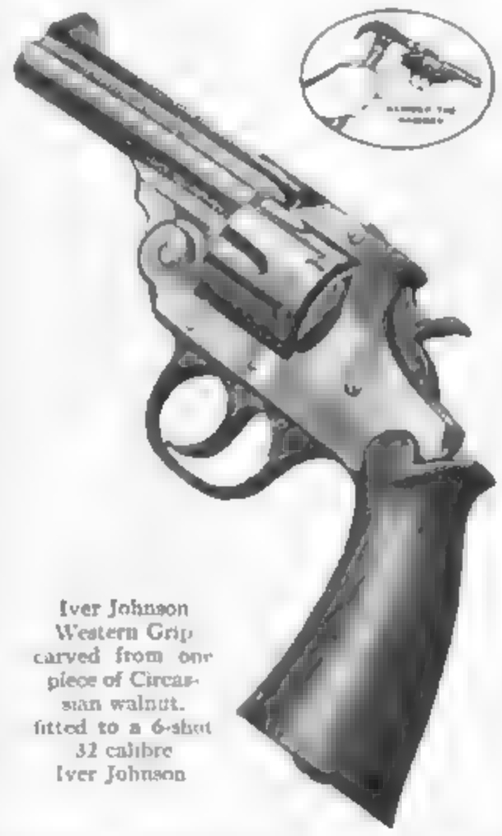
Then admit that as long as society continues to breed thousands of criminals every year it is a civic duty for every honest man to protect himself and his family. The law has but one representative in your home—you are that representative. The

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is well adapted for home defense. It is the most dependable, the simplest and quickest to operate, and the safest small arm that you can own. It is so safe that you can drop it, throw it against a wall or "Hammer the Hammer." Only by an intentional pull on the trigger can it be fired. It is equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs.

$6 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Send for 84-page book which tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles



Iver Johnson Western Grip carved from one piece of Circassian walnut, fitted to a 6-shot 32 calibre Iver Johnson

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco

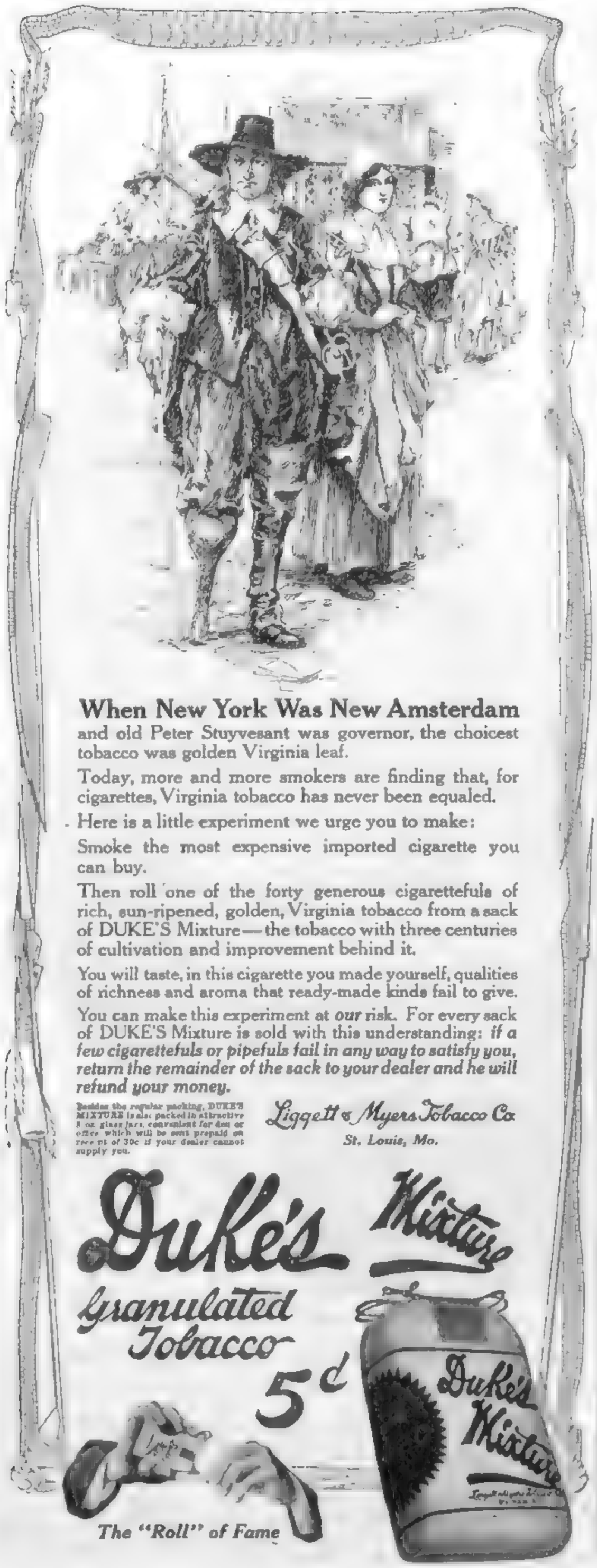
The Kirschbaum "Regent"

© A. B. K. Co. Phila.

"Look for the fixed price and guarantee ticket on the sleeve"

Walk into any modern clothing store these busy Autumn days and see how clothes-buying, as never before, is governed by a wholesome regard for the good American dollar—which may explain why an ever-growing proportion of men with $15, $20, $25 or more to spend so firmly insist upon the Kirschbaum label and the absolute protection it implies

PHILADELPHIA **A. B. Kirschbaum Company** NEW YORK



When New York Was New Amsterdam

and old Peter Stuyvesant was governor, the choicest tobacco was golden Virginia leaf.

Today, more and more smokers are finding that, for cigarettes, Virginia tobacco has never been equaled.

Here is a little experiment we urge you to make:

Smoke the most expensive imported cigarette you can buy.

Then roll one of the forty generous cigarettefuls of rich, sun-ripened, golden, Virginia tobacco from a sack of DUKE'S Mixture—the tobacco with three centuries of cultivation and improvement behind it.

You will taste, in this cigarette you made yourself, qualities of richness and aroma that ready-made kinds fail to give.

You can make this experiment at *our* risk. For every sack of DUKE'S Mixture is sold with this understanding: *if a few cigarettefuls or pipefuls fail in any way to satisfy you, return the remainder of the sack to your dealer and he will refund your money.*

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars, convenient for den or office which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
St. Louis, Mo.

Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco
5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

INVESTING MONEY DURING WARTIME

(Continued from Page 25)

just about the time when we are entering a period of prosperity; whereas stocks do not reach their high point until we have been for some time in a period of prosperity. Bonds, on the other hand, generally sell lowest as we are entering a period of dullness. The time to buy bonds is when we are entering a period of lower money rates. The time to buy stocks is when we are entering a period of higher money rates.

"But how can I know," you say, "when we are entering a period of lower money rates and when we are entering a period of higher money rates?"

This can be determined by a study of fundamental statistics and business cycles. Since modern conditions have existed there have been alternate periods of prosperity and periods of depression; and those who are willing to devote the necessary time to the study of business conditions can determine at any time what kind of period the country is experiencing and how long it may be expected to last. Such a study to-day shows that we have been in a period of depression for some time and that a period of prosperity is due at any time.

Were it not for the war, such a period would already be here. It is being delayed by the war; but it must come sooner or later. I have said that the time to buy bonds was when we are entering a period of depression; therefore, this is not the best time to buy long-term, fixed-interest bonds. Moreover, the war of itself may cause bond prices to sag farther when the full effect of the unprecedented task of financing the belligerent nations is felt in the financial markets of the world.

On the other hand certainly bonds are safest; and there are some people who should never buy stocks at all. Women and inactive men who are dependent on the income from their investments should confine their purchases to good, seasoned bonds. Even if bond prices should go somewhat lower they can perhaps safely purchase bonds to-day as permanent investments. If they hold good bonds they are assured of a constant, definite income year in and year out, regardless of business conditions. They need not concern themselves with the ups and downs of business and are, therefore, relieved of all worry in regard to both principal and income.

Moreover, I do not want it to be inferred from what I have said that when it is time to buy stocks, or when it is time to buy bonds, all stocks or all bonds can safely be purchased. Even though the general trend of the bond market or the stock market at any given time is upward, great care should be exercised in the selection of securities. The investor who buys stocks or bonds indiscriminately is fortunate if he happens to pick the profitable ones. Big men tell me that the only conservative method of investing in stocks is to purchase a broad list of stocks. To buy into one or two properties is a distinct gamble, for it is impossible to tell what any one security will do.

Rich Men's Eggs in Many Baskets

In examining the investments of many very rich men I invariably find that great care has been exercised, not only in purchasing stocks and bonds at the right time but in their selection and distribution. Of course the small investor cannot distribute his funds as well as the large investor; but the same principle can and should be used, even though it is necessary to purchase a very small amount of each security. Otherwise great care should be used in making selections.

I have in mind the case of one prominent man who refuses to consider the purchase of any securities unless the companies issuing them will furnish him certain information. Bond salesmen, for instance, know that he will not even look into the merits of the bonds they offer unless the companies will furnish him with a monthly statement of earnings. Another man, who is president of a large wholesale dry-goods house, spends much time in studying conditions and investigating the companies whose securities he contemplates purchasing.

I might mention other cases to show how careful some of the big men, with plenty of money, are in determining the proper time to buy stocks or bonds, and what particular securities of each class to select. If the big men, who can afford to take considerable risk, use such care, certainly we should be more careful in what we buy.

In talking with one of these big men the other day I asked him whether present-day conditions were most favorable to the purchase of stocks or bonds. I was, of course, trying to find out what he was buying; but, as it would have been impolite for me to ask him that, I did the next best thing. This is what he replied:

"In deciding whether to buy stocks or bonds one should remember what these two things are. A bond is simply a note held by somebody who has loaned a corporation money and has received notes therefor in denominations of one thousand dollars each. These notes, when running for a long term of years, are called bonds. These bonds are traded in just as wheat and corn are. When people are paying off their loans, instead of borrowing more money, their bankers endeavor to buy more bonds. This makes the price of bonds go up. When people are borrowing more money instead of paying their loans, then the bankers turn round and sell their bonds in order to supply their customers with ready money. This makes the price of bonds go down."

A War of Stupendous Totals

"In other words, bonds are simply a commodity like wheat, corn, iron or copper. When people are trying to buy bonds they go up; and when people are trying to sell bonds they go down. Consequently when deciding whether to buy or sell bonds you should ask the question: Will there be a greater or less demand to borrow money during the next year? If you decide there will be a greater demand for money sell your bonds now, before the other fellow does; but if you decide there will be less demand for money buy bonds before the other fellow does.

"Stocks are entirely different. When you buy a share of stock you simply secure an interest in the business. When general business is profitable these part interests are in demand and consequently their market price advances. During periods of depression, when most businesses are unprofitable, people are trying to sell these part interests and consequently the prices thereof decline. Hence, in deciding to buy stocks you should ask yourself the question whether or not general business will be more profitable next year than last. As the sun and moon are sometimes seen at the same time in the sky, so there are times when both bonds and stocks rise and fall together. As a rule, however, one is going up when the other is going down, as is the case with the sun and moon. Moreover, to continue the simile, one often reflects the light from the other.

"Thus far, about twenty million men have been called to the colors, of whom at least four millions are dead, wounded or captured. Moreover, these totals are less than estimates made by minor officials in the warring countries. Eleven nations are at war; three others—Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece—are awaiting the gathering of the harvest and settlement of terms before taking action.

"Somebody has figured that the English debt, which originated, in its present form, in 1689, aggregated, by 1697, $107,575,000. Prior to the American Revolution, Great Britain's national debt was $642,915,000. It increased from then on to 1857, when it amounted to $4,180,000,000. It showed a reduction of approximately one billion dollars by 1899. On March 31, 1914, it aggregated $3,535,000,000, and one year later showed an increase of $2,290,000,000, due to war appropriations. The debt had then reached the stupendous total of $5,830,000,000—a figure so large as to be almost beyond human comprehension. By June nineteenth the national English deficit amounted to $15,000,000 a day. Revenue is placed at about $3,500,000 a day, so that the daily deficiency approximates $11,500,000. The total national debt, by the end of 1915, will probably amount to $10,500,000,000, on which the annual interest charges will aggregate not less than $450,000,000. This is for Great Britain alone. The other nations also are proportionately as badly off. Of course I may be too pessimistic;

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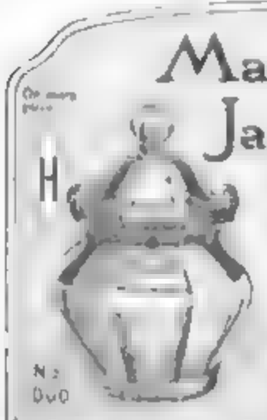

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but it seems that when to these borrowings are added the tremendous loans which corporations and individuals must make after the war is over, to reestablish themselves, the demand for money will far exceed the demand for loans. Hence I am certainly not bullish on long-term, fixed-interest-bearing bonds."

I next asked this great banker what, in his opinion, would be the demand for stocks. If, as he stated, stocks go up simply because more people want to buy them than there are who want to sell them, I desired to get his idea on this point. To this question he replied:

"The very idea of replacing these great losses of the war suggests increased business for at least a time. Certainly there will be much glass to set after the war, and this means that much glass must be manufactured. Bridges must be built, railroads repaired and other construction work done, and all this work will cause a great demand for construction materials. There is hardly anything you and I can think of, the supply of which has not been decreased during the past two years. As soon as hostilities cease, will there not be a great scramble to repair the damage in order that business may be resumed as soon as possible? If so, does not this suggest that there will be great activity in certain lines? Is not great activity usually accompanied by abnormal profits? When profits are good people scramble for an interest in the concerns making those profits. The only way that interest in these concerns can be purchased is by buying the stocks of these concerns as they are offered on the stock exchanges. Hence, it seems very probable that there may be a distinct boom in stocks just before hostilities cease."

When the Insiders Will Buy

"It is true the bankers were caught napping when war was declared—at least the English, French and American bankers. These bankers, however, are gradually waking up, and they don't intend to be caught napping again when hostilities cease. Moreover, though they had no hand in starting the war, they are going to try to have a hand in stopping the war.

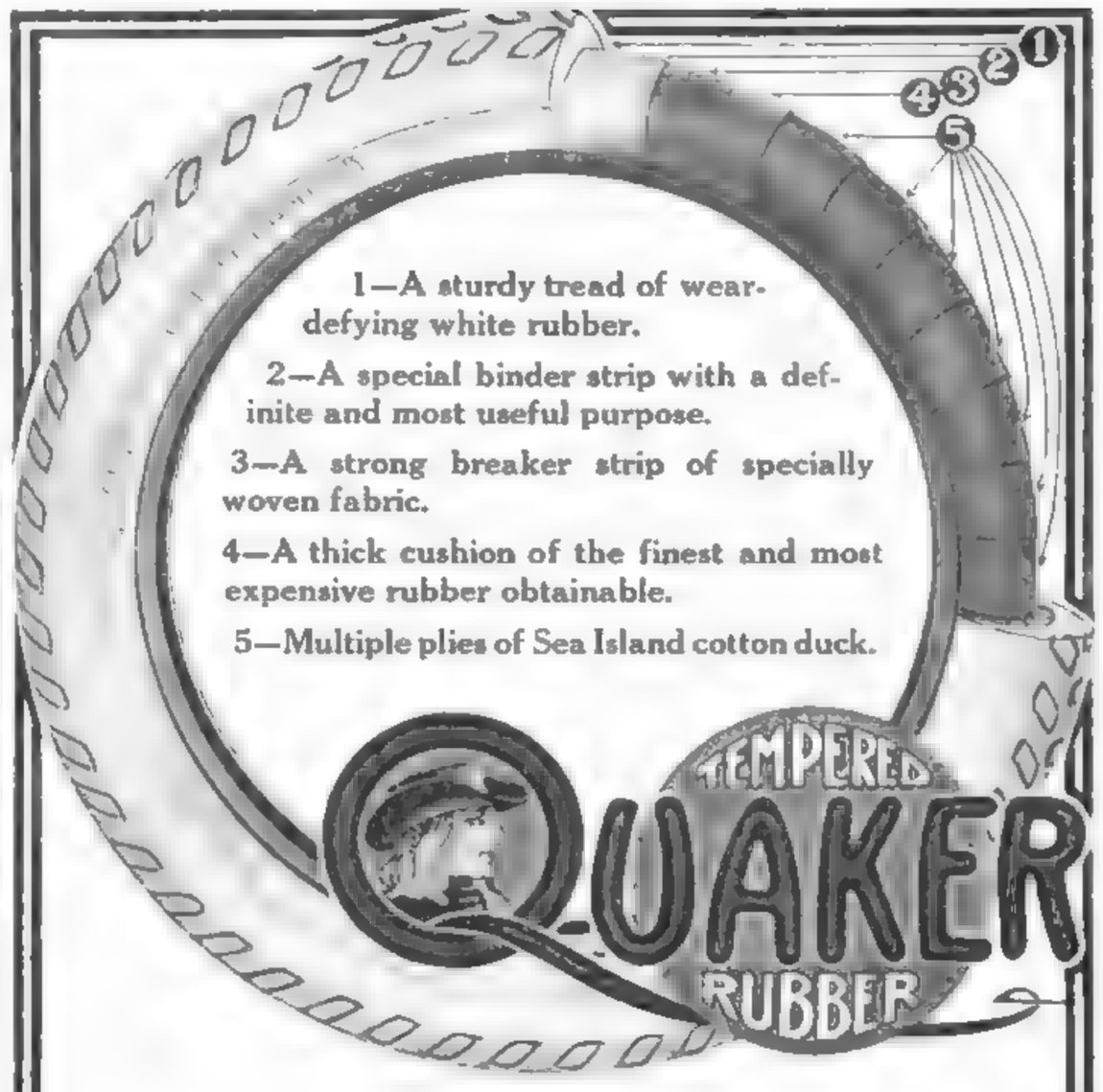
"Even now some of our United States bankers are beginning to think of that parable in which the man fell overboard with so much gold in his pockets that he drowned before he could throw it out. Yes; it will not be long before all bankers will, as the lesser of two evils, conclude that it will be better to call the war off than to let it be fought to a finish. Bankers are great compromisers; they very seldom fight a lawsuit to a finish.

"Yes; I am very sure that my friends are already at work laying plans for a compromise in this case. As the novelty of the war begins to wear off and sons of the men who control are being killed, it becomes more and more easy to compromise. Before long a compromise will be agreed on. Then the bankers will begin to pick up securities. The tip will be passed on from one to another that peace is in sight. Gradually the demand for stocks will increase and prices will slowly climb upward. Finally, some fine morning after the insiders have accumulated all they want, an official statement will be issued by the various belligerents, reading like this:

"'At the concerted demand of international bankers representing all the belligerent nations it has been mutually agreed to suspend hostilities temporarily in order to see if some settlement cannot be agreed on.'

"Let me tell you that if hostilities ever cease in this way they will never start again—and the bankers know it. Hence, there will then be a big scramble for stocks. Prices will climb upward while the insiders take their profits. Of course, when I get the proper tip I shall buy stocks good and heavy; but that tip has not come yet! However, I question whether this is good advice for you to pass on to any SATURDAY EVENING POST reader, for by the time he gets the tip from his broker I shall be selling out. Hence, I am not very enthusiastic about buying stocks."

After hearing this explanation it seemed to me as though the regular long-term bonds are bound to sell lower and that the standard, dividend-paying stocks are bound to sell a great deal higher; but this is no sure thing. We are working under conditions that have not existed before in a century. All depends on the length of the war and whether the inevitable compromise to which this banker referred takes place three months from now or three years from now.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THE illustration showing the way we build tires; our more than thirty years' manufacturing experience; our international reputation with thousands of mechanical rubber goods buyers and tire users; mileage reports of 8000, 10,000, 12,000, and more miles—these should decide you to use QUAKER TIRES. But, after all, it is the mileage you will get that will convince you QUAKER TIRES are "Miles Cheaper".

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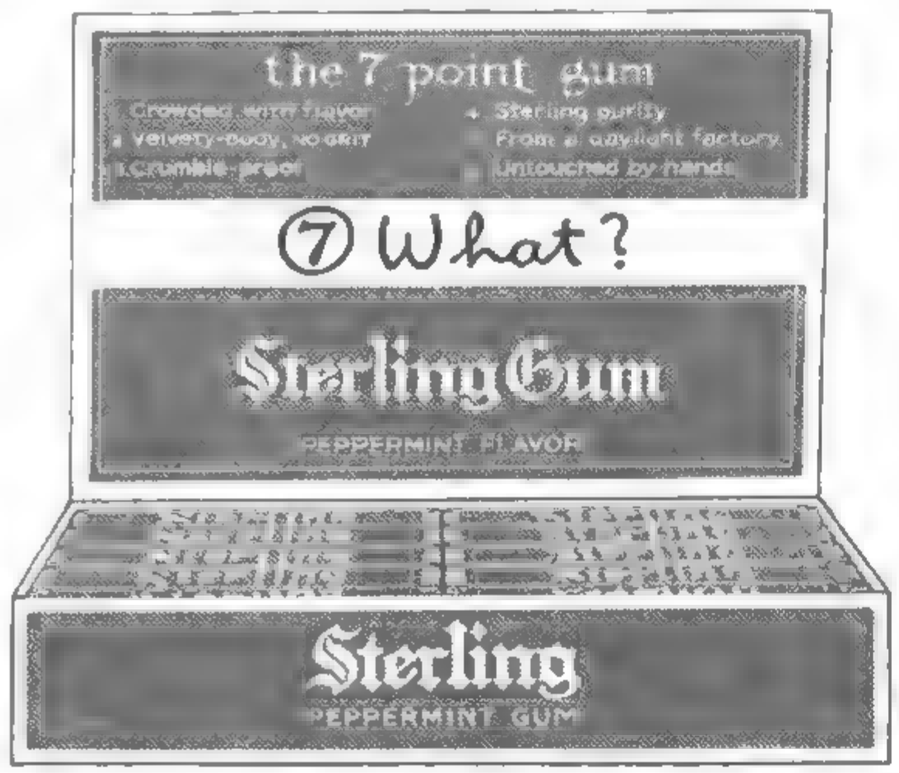


Peppermint - Red Wrapper
Cinnamon - Blue Wrapper

That's the new Sterling Gum! Made in a daylight factory for you.

Those who step each morning into the Sterling Factory do not exchange the daylight of the open streets for the musty gloom of some dark corner.

They come into kitchens flooded with light—kitchens as sunny as modern construction can make them.

From this clean, bright home Sterling comes to you—a pure, finely-flavored confection.

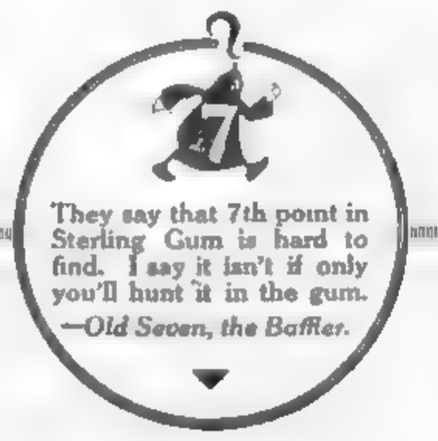
Here are the qualities which have caused Sterling to be known as "the 7-point gum":

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body, NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands

Point ⑦ What?

Have you looked in the gum for Point 7?

The 7-point gum



They say that 7th point in Sterling Gum is hard to find. I say it isn't if only you'll hunt it in the gum.
—*Old Seven, the Baffler.*

THE BRITISH LINES

(Concluded from Page 13)

to duck. We ducked. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang-bang! Then the mosquitolike whine of bits of projectile above our heads! Then we ventured to look over, and amid wisps of smoke the bombers were rushing a traverse. Strange to say, none of them was killed.

On still another occasion I saw a whole brigade, five or six thousand men with their first line transport, and two generals with implacable eyes watching them for faults. It was a fine, very picturesque display of imperial militancy, but too marvelously spick-and-span to produce any illusion of war. So far as I was concerned, its chief use was to furnish a real conception of numbers. I calculated that if the whole British Army passed before my eyes at the same brisk rate as that solitary and splendid brigade, I should have to stare at it night and day for about three weeks without surcease for meals.

Once I did get the sensation of fighting men existing in bulk. It was at the baths of a new division—Kitchener's men. I will mention in passing that the real enthusiasm of generals concerning the qualities of Kitchener's men was most moving and enheartening.

The baths establishment was very British—much more British than any of those operating it perhaps imagined. Such a phenomenon could probably be seen on no other front. It had been contrived out of a fairly large factory. It was in charge of a quite young subaltern, no doubt anxious to go and fight but condemned indefinitely to the functions of bathskeeper. In addition to being a bathskeeper this young subaltern was a laundry manager, for when bathing the soldiers left their underclothing and took fresh. The laundry was very large; it employed numerous local women and girls at four francs a day. It had huge, hot drying rooms, where the women and girls moved as though the temperature was sixty degrees instead of being over a hundred. All these women and girls were beautiful, all had charm—simply because for days we had been living in a harsh masculine world, a world of motor lorries, razors, trousers, hobnailed boots, maps, discipline, pure reason and excessively few mirrors. An interesting item of the laundry was a glass-covered museum of lousy shirts, product of prolonged trench life in the earlier part of the war, and held by experts to surpass all records of the kind!

The baths themselves were huge and simple—a series of gigantic steaming vats in which possibly a dozen men lathered themselves at once. Here was fighting humanity; you could see it in every gesture. The bathers indeed appeared to be more numerous than they in fact were. Two hundred and fifty could undress, bathe and reclothe themselves in an hour, and twelve hundred in a morning. Thus in the division each man got a full bath and total immersion about once a fortnight; but, of course, he would be free to take as many unofficial baths, in tin receptacles, and so on, as he could privately arrange for and as he felt inclined for. Companies of dirty men marching to the baths, and companies of conceitedly clean men marching from the baths, helped to strengthen the ever-growing suspicion that a great army must be hidden somewhere in the neighborhood! Nevertheless, I still saw not the ultimate destination of all those streams of supply which I have described.

The Wanderings of the Wounded

I had, however, noted a stream in the contrary direction—that is, westward and southward toward the Channel and England. You can first trace the beginnings of this stream under the sound of the guns—which you never see. A stretcher brought to a temporary shelter by men whose other profession is to play regimental music; a group of men bending over a form in the shelter; a glimpse of dressings and the appliances necessary for tying up an artery or some other absolutely urgent job. That shelter is called the aid post. From it the horizontal form goes to (2) the advanced dressing station, where more attention is given to it, and thence to (3) the dressing station, where still more is done, and thence to (4) the field ambulance proper, where the case is provisionally classed. By this time motor ambulances have been much used, and the stream, which was a trickle at the aid post, has grown wider.

The next point (5) is the casualty clearing station, which is an invention of the present war. Casualty clearing stations are imposing affairs. Not until the horizontal form reaches them can an operation in the full sense of the word be performed upon it. The clearing station that I saw could accommodate seven hundred cases and had held nearer eight hundred. It was housed in an extensive public building. It employed seven surgeons and I forget how many dressers. It had an abdominal ward, where cases were kept until they could take solid food; and a head ward; and an officers' ward; immense stores; a Church of England chapel; a chute down which mattresses with patients thereon could be slid in case of fire. Nearly seven hundred operations had been performed in it.

The volume of the stream at this station may be estimated from the fact that several hundred wounded passed through it every day, and that on one day a thousand had passed through it. The colonel had cleared over fifty thousand cases since the place was opened. Thence the horizontal forms pass into (6) ambulance trains, and from the trains to (7) the regulating station for ambulance trains.

You may catch the stream once more and at its fullest in (8) the splendid hospitals of Boulogne. A single hospital here, that of the Casino, has handled over twenty thousand cases. At Boulogne the hospital laundry work has overpowered the town and it has to be sent to England. But even at Boulogne, where the most solid architecture, expensively transformed, gives an air of utter permanency to the hospitals, the watchword is still to clear, to pass the cases on. The next stage (9) is the hospital ship, specially fitted out, waiting in the harbor for its complement. When the horizontal forms leave the ship they are in England; they are among us, and the great stream divides into many streams, just as at the rail-head at the other end the great stream of supply divides into many streams and is lost.

The Thin Line About Calais

But before I left the British lines I did manage to glimpse the British Army, the mysterious sea into which all those streams of supply fell and were swallowed up, and from which trickled the hundreds of small runlets of wounded that converged into the mighty stream of pain at Boulogne. I passed by a number of wooden causeways over water-logged ground, and each causeway had the name of some London street, and at last I was stopped by a complicated wall of sandbags with many curves and involutions. To "dig in" on this particular landscape is impracticable, and hence the trenches are aboveground and sandbags are their walls. I looked through a periscope and saw barbed wire and the German positions. I was told not to stand in such-and-such a place because it was exposed. A long thin line of men moved about at various jobs behind the rampart of sandbags. They were cheerfully ready to shoot, but very few of them were actually in the posture of shooting. A little farther behind gay young men seemed to be preparing food. Here and there were little reposing places. A very thin line, almost matching the sandbags in color! A mere nothing! Yet this was the British Army keeping the Germans out of Calais. All the tremendous organization in the rear had been brought into being solely for the material sustenance, the direction and the protection of this line. The guns roared solely in its aid This line filled all the clearing stations and hospitals in France and in Britain. I dare say I saw about a quarter of a mile of it. I had to leave sharply because an attack of sorts was preparing. The major in command of what I saw accompanied me some distance along the causeways into comparative safety. As we were parting he said:

"Well, what do you think of our trenches?"

"Fine!" I said. And I hope my monosyllabic sincerity satisfied him.

We shook hands, and he turned silently away to the everlasting peril of his post. His retreating figure was rather pathetic to me. Looking at it I understood for the first time what war in truth is. But I soon began to wonder anxiously whether our automobile would get safely past a certain exposed spot on the highroad.

Sense and Nonsense

The Fifty-Dollar Look

WHEN Bozeman Bulger lived in Birmingham, Alabama, that city boasted of two jails—a small city jail, commonly known as the Little Red Brick, and a county jail, which was called the Big Rock. In Birmingham at that time was a lawyer who made a specialty of defending darkies.

According to Bulger, an aged negro stumped into this practitioner's office one morning. His son was in jail and he wanted the white man to get him out.

The lawyer figured from the old negro's appearance that he could not count upon an especially affluent client.

"All right, Uncle," he said, "I reckon I can take the case and get your boy out for about—let me see?—for about ten dollars. Got the money with you?"

"I suttinly has," answered the old man, and he produced a roll of bills big enough to choke a calf. The counselor took one look at that delectable dark-green bundle.

"Hold on, Uncle," he said. "Is that boy of yours locked up in the Little Red Brick?"

"Naw, suh," said the old man; "he's in de Big Rock."

"Oh, I thought he was in the Little Red Brick," said the lawyer. "To get him out of the Big Rock will cost at least fifty dollars."

Hitting the Hydrant

A NOTED temperance lecturer, who had been in his day a hard drinker, went back to his boyhood home after his reformation and his first successful season upon the platform, to renew youthful friendships. His favorite chum of earlier days was an Irish blacksmith. It seemed the blacksmith still imbibed at intervals.

The convert to temperance dropped in on him to argue with him.

"Larry," he said, after they had exchanged handshakes, "they tell me you still hit the bottle on Saturday nights. I wish you'd quit it, old man. Yes, I know I used to carouse round with you, but I've learned better. Whisky is a bad thing for any man. Try cold water, old man, and stick to it. It quenches your thirst as beer or whisky can never quench it, and instead of hurting you it will help you."

"Frank," said the blacksmith, "many's the good time we two had in the old days, settin' together at the festal board singin' songs and knockin' our glasses on the table, and goin' home arm in arm at two o'clock in the mornin'."

"Yes, I know that," said the other. "I know what you say is true and I'm ashamed when I think of it. We had those good times together, but, after all, cold water is ——"

"Frank, me boy," broke in the blacksmith, "did you iver hear of anybody havin' much fun at a pump?"

Nothing but the Truth

THERE used to be a brilliant but erratic left-handed pitcher in the National League—he is dead now—who changed teams frequently because of his habits. He would drink beer—a great deal of beer. Finally he joined the New York Giants, a provision of the contract being that he stay away from neighborhoods where schooners foamed. He kept the pledge a long time—for him; he kept it nearly two weeks. Then he began slipping away from his hotel at nights and breaking training.

The late John T. Brush was the principal owner of the Giants at that time. Despairing of trusting in the pitcher's pledges, he struck upon the expedient of hiring a private detective to trail the thirsty southpaw in his nocturnal wanderings and keep tabs on him. At the end of the first week the detective had a report to make. Before hearing it Mr. Brush had the accused summoned to his private office in order that he might be heard in his own defense.

The detective began reading from his notes: "Last night I followed Mr. Blank"—naming the offender—"to a saloon at such and such a number on Sixth Avenue. He drank four beers there and ate a dish of spring onions at the free-lunch counter. He then went to a saloon on the opposite corner. He had six more beers and ate some more onions. He then ——"

"Mr. Brush," broke in the southpaw indignantly, "that guy's handin' you a pack of lies—I didn't eat a single onion!"

Aqueous Humor

WHILE at lunch with William Abbingdon and Willie Collier, the actors, a young Englishman, also an actor, indulged in numerous criticisms of America and American institutions. It became very distasteful to Abbingdon, who is a British subject and was not permitted to join the army even though he applied.

"If you don't like America and her people," suggested Abbingdon to his younger fellow countryman, "why don't you go over to England and help fight for your own country? You could get in the army."

"No, I couldn't," the younger Englishman hastened to explain. "I tried, but they wouldn't let me in because they said I had a floating kidney."

"Well," suddenly interjected Collier with a bite of sarcasm, "that wouldn't keep you from joining the navy, would it?"

A Dual Reputation

AS GRANTLAND RICE tells the story, a certain distinguished English actor, whom we may safely call Jones-Brown, plays a persistent but horrible game of golf. During a recent visit to this country the actor in question occasionally visited the links of a well-known country club in Westchester County, near New York.

After an especially miserable showing of inaptness one morning, he flung down his driver in disgust.

"Caddy," he said, addressing the silent youth who stood alongside, "that was awful, wasn't it?"

"Purty bad, sir," stated the boy.

"I freely confess that I am the worst golfer in the world," continued the actor.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir," said the caddy soothingly.

"Did you ever see a worse player than I am?"

"No, sir, I never did," confessed the boy truthfully; "but some of the other boys was tellin' me yistiddy about a gentleman that must be a worse player than you are. They said his name was Jones-Brown."

Bad Hearing

WHEN Proctor Knott, now dead, was governor of Kentucky, an influential citizen of a mountain county in the eastern end of the state was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to serve a term of years in prison.

Having an aversion to going to prison the mountaineer brought pressure to bear upon the executive office with a view to securing a pardon. His enemies were equally active in fighting his petition, and they set on foot a movement to convince the pardoning power that he was a menace to the peace of the community and belonged behind steel bars.

One day the governor received a letter written personally by the convicted man. It began as follows:

"Deer Gov—If you've heared what I've heared you've heared you've heared a lie."

The Law of the Sea

THERE was a very bad first night in a New York theater. That is to say, the night was a good night as nights go in New York during the theatrical season, but the play that had been offered was bad.

At the end of the second act the long-suffering audience was about ready to quit. A few got up to go and others followed, until the aisles became congested.

Charles Hanson Towne arose in his place well down front.

"Wait!" he called out in a clear, loud tone, "women and children first!"

What's Hecuba to Him?

KARL WEILMAN pitches for one of the St. Louis teams in the Big Leagues. As might be guessed from his name he is German.

"Say," demanded an opposing batsman one day in the spring, "why don't you go back to Germany and fight for the Fatherland?"

"Who, me?" demanded Karl. "Not on your life! Did the Kaiser send anybody over here to help me last fall when I was pitching in all those tough double-headers?"

"Yes, you can smoke, but—

"You've got to smoke *mild* cigars!"

The doctor is right. And he might well go a step further and say "smoke the *Girard*." In fact many physicians *do* say this. And they smoke it themselves.

The
Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

The "Broker"
Actual size. 10c

It is mellowed by age alone.

Made from genuine Havana tobacco, fragrant and full flavored. Smoke Girards whenever you please and as often as you please. No irritation. No depressing reaction.

Smoke all the *Girards* you want to and you still retain the clear head and steady nerves which a man must have for business success today.

Ask the nearest Girard dealer

He will tell you that this is in every sense a *quality* cigar; made of *real* Havana leaf, properly matured, scientifically blended, reliable and uniform—in short, *honest value for your money.*

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase. We authorize him to do the same by you.

You never knew a cigar like the *Girard.* Give it at least a trial. *Insist on it.*

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

OUR TRIAL OFFER

Simply mail us—
$1.00 for 10—10c Girards
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$5.00 for 50—10c Girards
(If your dealer can't supply you.)

Smoke five of these Girard cigars and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Pin this coupon to your check or bill

Check the shape you prefer.

"Broker" 5½ inch Perfecto
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Varsity Fifty Five

The Stylish Suit

Young men know that our Varsity Fifty Five designs in suits are the most popular in America; various models, with one general idea. You see them illustrated here. Pay about $25.

Be sure of our label: a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

SEND FOR THE FALL STYLE BOOK

Chicago

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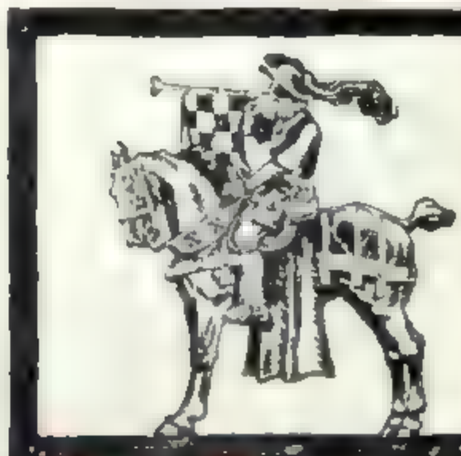
Varsity Six Hundred

The Stylish Overcoat

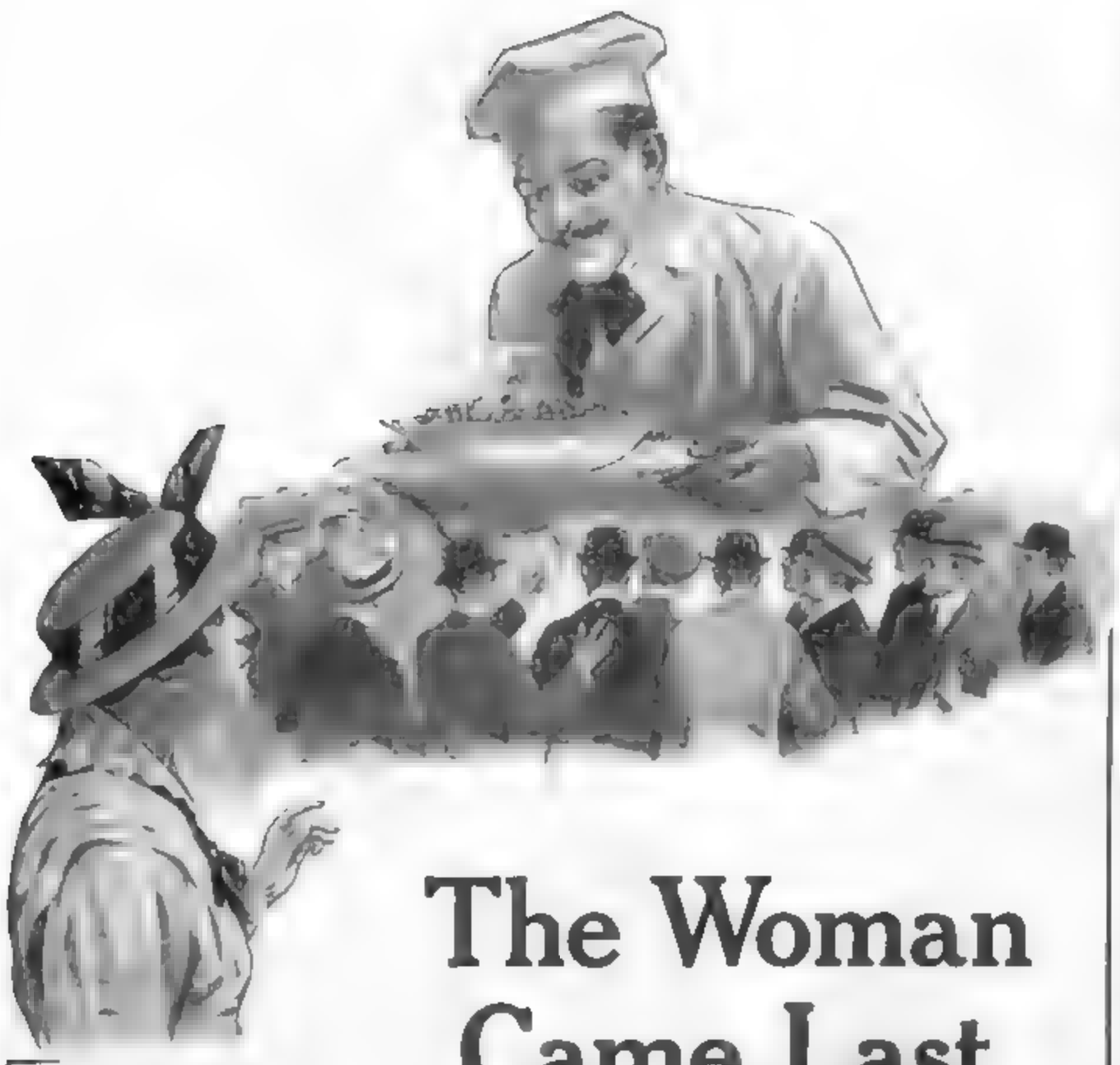
For your overcoat needs, here's the same plan—the Varsity Six Hundred, in several striking variations. They're young men's styles; that means spirit rather than years. Some reflect the 1830 period.

Look in the store window for this picture in colors

ıer & Marx New York



Hart Schaffner & Marx New York



The Woman Came Last

To Van Camp's—a Queer Fact

This is for housewives to ponder.

Years ago there appeared a new dish of Baked Beans called Van Camp's. The beans were mealy, mellow, whole. A wondrous sauce was baked into them. The dish had new tang and zest.

The dish was chef-baked, in far-away kitchens; yet it brought to the table a fresh oven aroma.

It meant less cooking, smaller meat bills. It meant delightful, hearty meals ready for instant serving.

Does it not seem that women—by the masses—would be first to welcome such a dish?

But it wasn't so. The men came first. They urged Van Camp's. And even today this is known as the man's dish—as the "Club Style" Pork and Beans. It is served to men in thousands of noonday lunch rooms.

Yet it now has won millions of women.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Do you realize how much this National Dish owes to our kitchens and our chefs?

This zestful sauce is a Van Camp creation.

Baking the sauce with the beans, so the tang goes through, was a Van Camp invention.

The Van Camp ovens brought about right baking. In these ovens the beans are baked for hours without crisping or bursting. In old-time ways beans were not even half baked. They always roasted digestion.

In these days we pick out our beans by analysis, to get beans that all bake alike.

Baked Beans become a delicacy—a frequent, favorite dish—when a home adopts Van Camp's.

You owe yourself a knowledge of Van Camp's.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 23)

where he was fed by Wing Sam, and was downtown before Nan, who had not so promptly fallen asleep, had yet stirred. Even at that hour the streets were crowded. Many and the majority of these were "considerable tight," or otherwise looking the worse for wear—had been up all night, unable to tear themselves away from the fascinating centers of excitement. The majority, however, had, like Keith, snatched some repose, and now were out eager to discover what a new day might bring forth.

The morning newspapers had been issued. Every man held a copy of one of them open at the editorial column and others tucked away under his arm. Never had there been such a circulation; and, in the case of the Herald, never would so many be sold again. For that ill-starred sheet, mistaking utterly the times, held boldly along the way of its sympathies. It spoke of the assassination as an "affray"; held forth violently against the mob spirit of the evening before; and stated vehemently its opinion that now that "justice is regularly administered" there was no excuse for even the threat of public violence. If there had been any doubt as to the depth to which public opinion was at last stirred the reception of the Herald's editorial would have settled it. Actually for the moment indignation seemed to run more strongly against that sheet than against Casey himself.

Keith glanced over this editorial with a half smile, tossed the paper into the gutter and opened the Alta for news. King, still living, had been removed from the office of the express company to a room in the Montgomery Block. There, attended by his wife, Dr. Beverly Cole, and a whole corps of volunteer physicians, he was making a fight for life. The bullet had penetrated his left breast. That was all that was at present to be reported. Keith glanced at the third page. His eye was caught by this notice:

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!

The members of the Vigilance Committee in good standing will please meet at No. 105½ Sacramento Street, this day, Thursday, 15th instant, at nine o'clock A. M.

By order of the
COMMITTEE OF THIRTEEN.

While he was still gazing thoughtfully at this Johnny Fairfax, fresh as the morning, appeared at his elbow.

"Hello, wise man," he greeted cheerily. "You were a good prophet—and you got some sleep. I hung round all night, but nothing new was done."

"Look here," said Keith, placing his finger on the notice, "do you suppose this is genuine?"

Johnny read the notice.

"Couldn't say."

"Because if this is actually the old Committee of Fifty-one it means business."

"There's one way to find out."

"How's that?"

"Go and see," advised Johnny.

One hundred and five and a half Sacramento Street proved to be a big, three-storied, barnlike structure that had been built by a short-lived political party called the Know-Nothings. Already the hall was packed to its full capacity, the entrance ways jammed, and a big crowd had gathered in the streets.

"Fine chance we have here!" observed Johnny ruefully.

They stood well free of the press for a few moments watching. More men were coming from all directions. But Johnny was resourceful, and likewise restless.

"Let's prowl round a little," he suggested to his companion.

They prowled to such good purpose that they discovered, at the rear of the building, opening into a blind alley, a narrow wooden stairway. It was unguarded and untenanted.

"Here we are," pronounced Johnny.

They ascended it, and immediately found themselves in a small room back of the stage or speaker's platform. It contained about a score of men. Their aspect was earnest, serious, grave. They were all afoot, gathered in a loose group in whose center stood William Coleman, his massive shoulders squared, his large, bony hands clenched at his side, his florid complexion even more flushed than usual, his steady eye traveling slowly from one face to another. Again the strange contradictions in his appearance struck Keith with the impact of a distinct shock—the low, smoothed hair, the sweeping blue-black mustache, the vivid color and high cheekbones of the typical gambler, the clear eye, firm mouth, incisive, deliberate speech, the emanation of personality that inspired confidence. Next him, talking earnestly, stood Clancey Dempster, a small man, mild of manner, blue-eyed, with light smooth hair, the last man in the room one would have picked for great firmness and courage, yet destined to play one of the leading rôles in this crisis. The gigantic merchant, Truett, towered above him—he who had calmly held two fighting teamsters apart by their collars; and homely, stubborn, honest Farwell, direct, uncompromising, inspired with tremendous, single-minded earnestness, but tender as a girl to any under dog. And James Dows, rough and ready, humorous, blasphemous, absolutely direct, endowed with horse sense, eccentric but of fundamentally good judgment; Hossfross of Fifty-one; Dr. Beverly Cole, high-spirited, distinguished looking, courtly; the excitable, active, nervous, talkative but stanch Tom Smiley; Isaac Bluxome, whose signature as "33, Secretary," was to become terrible; fiery little George Ward, willing—but unable—to whip his weight in wild cats. As Keith recognized these men, and others of their stamp, he nodded his head contentedly. Johnny Fairfax must have caught the same impression, for he leaned across to whisper to Keith, his eyes shining.

"We've hit it!" he said.

Their entrance had passed unnoticed in the absorption of discussion. Coleman was speaking, evidently in final decision.

"It is a serious business," said he. "It is no child's play. It may prove very serious. We may get through quickly, safely, or we may so involve ourselves as never to get through."

"The issue is not of choice, but of expediency," urged Dempster. "Shall we have vigilance with order or a mob with anarchy?"

Coleman pondered a moment, then threw up his head:

"On two conditions I will accept the responsibility—absolute obedience and absolute secrecy."

Without waiting for a reply to this he threw open a door and, followed by the others, stepped out on the platform. A roar greeted their appearance. Johnny and Keith, remaining modestly in the background, lingered near the open door.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Every inch of floor space was occupied, and men perched on sills, clung to beams. Coleman raised his hand and obtained an immediate dead silence.

"In view of the miscarriage of justice in the courts," he announced briefly, "it has been thought expedient to revive the Vigilance Committee. An Executive Council was chosen by and is representative of the whole body. I have been asked to take charge. I will do so, but must stipulate that I am to be free to choose the first council myself. Is that agreed?"

A roar of assent answered him.

"Very well, gentlemen. I shall request you to vacate the hall. In a short time the books will be open for enrollment."

He turned and reëntered the anteroom, followed by the others. In so doing he came face to face with the intruders.

"This is not your place, gentlemen," he told them courteously.

They retired down the narrow backstairs and joined the huge throng that filled the streets, waiting patiently and quietly, its eyes fixed on the closed doors of the hall. In a remarkably short time these doors were thrown open. Those nearest surged forward. Inside the passage were twelve men, later to be known as the Executive Committee. These held back the rush, admitting but one man at a time. The crowd immediately caught the idea. There was absolutely no excitement. Every man was grimly in earnest. Cries of "Order! Order! Line up!" came from different parts of the throng. A rough quadruple queue was formed, extending down the street. There was no talk, no smiles, none of the usual rough joking. Each waited his turn without impatience.

Johnny Fairfax and Keith, owing to the chance that they had entered with the crowd from the near-by alleyway, found themselves near the head of the line. As they neared the entrance, and so could hear what

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How It Works

With the Safety Hair Cutter you can cut or trim your own hair, in any desired style, as effectively as you shave. *Emphatically not a toy or a curiosity.*

McDonough's

SAFETY HAIR CUTTER

consists of a comb, a pair of standard safety razor blades, and a device for attaching the blades to the comb. An occasional renewal of blades keeps the instrument in perfect condition.

A—Hard Rubber Comb C—Blade Holder
B—Retaining Screw D—Safety Razor Blade

In operating the Safety Hair Cutter you *merely comb your hair*, as is shown in the picture. The following endorsement expresses the general satisfaction with which this new idea has been received:

House of Representatives U. S.
Washington, D. C.
The American Safety Hair Cutter Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I have carefully examined the Safety Hair Cutter, both from a technical standpoint and actual demonstration, and I honestly consider it to be everything that is claimed for it. It strikes me as a most practical and economical device. Sincerely yours,

(Signed) M. M. Garland
Congressman-at-Large, State of Penna.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. Postpaid, $1.

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AMERICAN
SAFETY HAIR CUTTER CO.
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You see the wonderful improved Acousticon has now enabled 200,000 deaf people to hear. We are sure it will do the same for you, are so absolutely certain of it that we are eager to send you an

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Without Deposit

There is nothing you will have to do but ask for your free trial. No money to pay, no red tape, no restrictions in this offer. Our confidence in the present Acousticon is such that we will gladly take all the risk in proving beyond any doubt that

The Joy of Hearing Can Be Yours Again!

The Acousticon has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have ever tried, just ask for a free trial of the Acousticon. You'll get it promptly, and if it doesn't make you hear, return it—you will owe us nothing—not one cent. Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1301 Candler Bldg., N. Y.
Toronto, Ont., Office, Royal Bank Building

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How I Got My Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

was there going on, they found that each applicant was being closely scrutinized and interrogated. The great majority passed this ordeal; but several men were peremptorily turned back with a warning not to try again.

Keith's turn came. He was conscious of the scrutiny of many eyes; he heard the word "pass" pronounced by someone in the background; then he found himself climbing the stairs. At the top he was directed to an anteroom at the left. Here behind a table sat Coleman, Dempster, and a third man unknown to him. To them he repeated the words of an oath of secrecy and then was passed it to another room, where Isaac Bluxome sat behind a ledger. In this he wrote his name.

"Your number is 178," said Bluxome to him. "By that number, and not by your name, you are henceforth to be known here. Never use names, always numbers, in referring to other members."

Thence Keith was directed to the main hall, where were those already admitted. These were gathered in groups, discussing the situation. In a moment Johnny Fairfax joined him.

"I am 179," said Johnny. His eyes swept the hall. "Not much mob spirit about this. It looks like business."

They hung round for an hour. The hall slowly filled. Finally, learning that nothing further was to be done until the enrollment had finished, they wandered out again into the street. The unbroken lines of applicants extended as far down the street as the eye could see.

All that day the applicants, orderly and grim with purpose, were passed through in line. By midday it was seen that the Know-Nothing Hall was going to be too small for the meeting that would later take place. Therefore a move was made to the Turnverein Hall. After enrolling, no man departed from the vicinity for long. Short absences for hastily snatched meals were followed by hurried returns lest something be missed. From time to time reports were circulated as to the activities of the Executive Committee, which had been in continuous session since its appointment. Thus it was said that an Examining Committee had been appointed to scrutinize the applicants; that the members of the Executive Committee had been raised to twenty-six; that Oscar Smith had been appointed chief of police.

The latter rumor was immediately verified by the energetic activities of that able citizen. He, or his messengers, darted here and there searching for individuals wanted as doorkeepers, guards or police officers. His regulations also began to be felt. By evening only registered members of the Committee were allowed on the floor of the hall, even the expostulating reporters being gently but firmly ejected.

Nobody manifested the least excitement or impatience. At eight o'clock Coleman came out of one of the side rooms and, mounting a table, called for order.

"A military organization is deemed necessary," he said crisply. "Numbers one to one hundred will please assemble in the southwest corner of the room; numbers one hundred and one to two hundred will take the first window; numbers two hundred and one to three hundred the second window, and so on." He hesitated and looked over the assembly. "*Que les Français, se mettent au centre,*" he ended.

This command, in a foreign language, was made necessary by the extraordinary number of Frenchmen who had first answered the call of gold in the El Dorado of Forty-nine, and then with equal enthusiasm responded to this demand for essential justice.

Coleman waited while the multitude shifted here and there. When the component parts had again come to rest he made his next announcement:

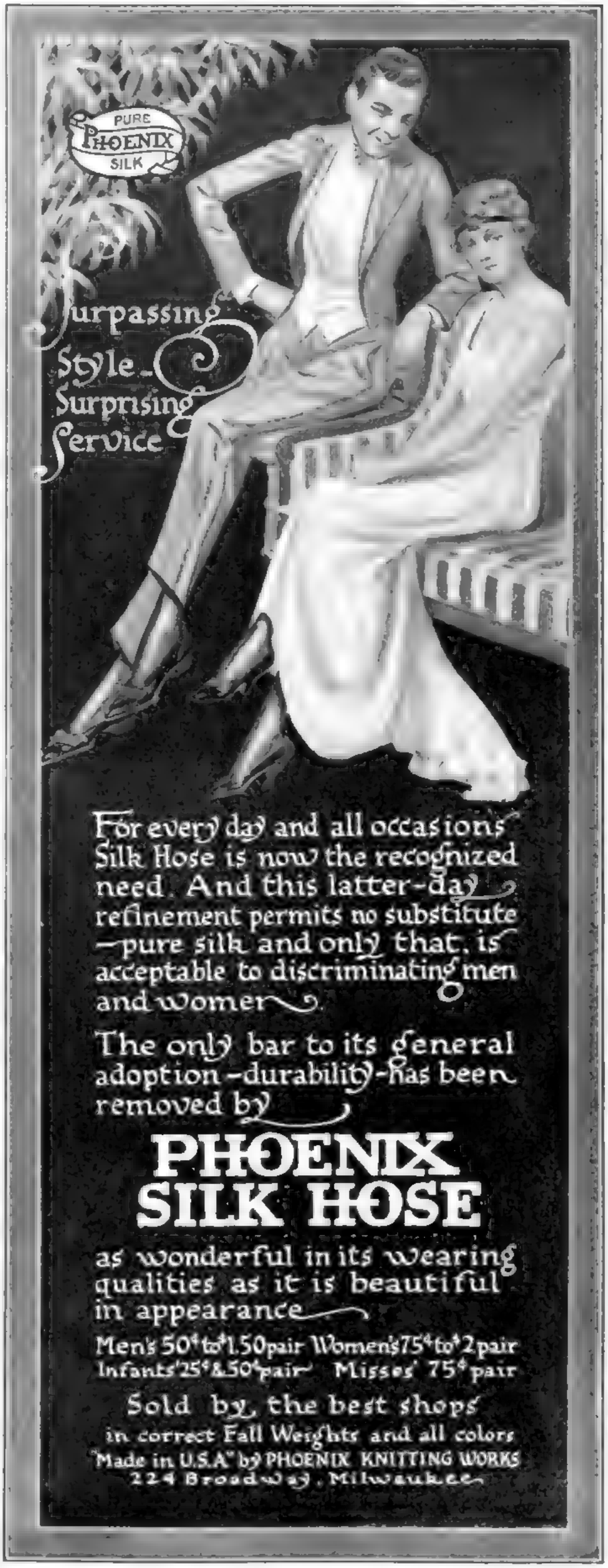
"Now each company will elect its own officers; but those officers are subject to the orders of the Executive Committee."

Numbers one hundred and one to two hundred inclusive, the company in which Keith and Johnny Fairfax found themselves, were for the most part strangers to one another. They exchanged glances, hesitating as to how to begin. Then a small, spectacled man spoke up.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we must get organized as rapidly as possible. We need for a leader a man who is experienced in active life. I nominate John Fairfax as captain of this company."

Johnny gasped and turned red.

(Continued on Page 45)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Surpassing Style—Surprising Service
For every day and all occasions Silk Hose is now the recognized need. And this latter-day refinement permits no substitute—pure silk and only that, is acceptable to discriminating men and women.
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THE SMOOTHEST SMOKING TOBACCO

THE International Jury of Award at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition awarded the Grand Prix to VELVET Tobacco. This Award, the Highest Honor in the Gift of the Exposition, was given VELVET "for its Superior Quality." VELVET'S claim to this high award was based on the following points:

VELVET SMOKING TOBACCO is a selected, naturally matured tobacco, aged-in-the-wood for over two years. This natural curing, while slow and expensive, is recognized *as the superior method* of maturing Pipe Tobacco. VELVET is aged and cured in Nature's own patient way and justly holds the title of the "Smoothest Smoking Tobacco."

This official opinion of the International Jury of Award thus confirms the high esteem in which VELVET is held by American smokers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

5c Bags
10c Tins
One Pound
Glass Humidors

Continued from Page 43

"Who's your little friend?" Keith whispered.

"Never saw him before in my life," replied Johnny.

The announcement was received with indecision. Nobody immediately replied or commented aloud on the nomination, but men were questioning each other in undertones. The little spectacled man saw this and spoke up again:

"Perhaps I should say that Mr. Fairfax is better known as Diamond Jack."

Faces cleared; heads nodded. A murmur of recognition replaced the puzzled frowning. "Good man." "The express rider." "Danny Randall's man," they told one another.

"I do not know Mr. Fairfax," the spectacled man was saying; "but I saw his name just before mine on the register."

"This is Fairfax," said Keith, thrusting the reluctant Johnny forward.

He was elected to the post by acclamation.

"Nominations for a lieutenant?" the spectacled man suggested, but Keith interrupted.

"If you all have as much confidence in Mr. Fairfax as I have," said he, "perhaps you'll give him free hand and let him pick his own officers."

This seemed a good idea and was instantly adopted.

"Well, I thank you, gentlemen," said Johnny, "and we'll do our best to become efficient. Report your names and addresses to this gentleman here ——"

"Wiley," supplied the little man.

"We shall drill to-morrow at eight sharp. Bring whatever weapons ——"

But Coleman was again speaking, and on this very subject.

"The Committee has arranged with George Law," he was saying, "to supply on hire muskets to the number of several thousands. These weapons will be at this hall to-morrow morning early. Company captains can then make their requisitions."

A murmur of inquiry swept the hall: "George Law? Where did he get several thousand muskets?" And the countercurrent of information made its way slowly—they were only flintlocks, perfectly efficient though, had bayonets, were superseded Government arms brought out some time ago by Law to arm some mysterious filibustering expedition that had fizzled.

In this manner, without confusion, an organization of two thousand men was formed, sixteen military companies officered and armed. Shortly afterward Coleman dismissed the meeting. Its members dispersed quietly to their homes. Absolute quiet descended on the city, which slept under the moon.

LVI

ALL this preparation, to the thoughtful bystander, had its significance and its portent, which became the stronger when he contemplated the dispositions of the Law-and-Order party. The latter had been not less vigorous, and their strength could not be doubted. The same day that marked the organization of the Vigilantes saw the regular police force largely increased. In addition, the sheriff issued thousands of summonses to citizens, calling on them for service on a posse. These were in due form of the law. To refuse them meant to put one's self outside the law. A great many of them were responded to for this reason only, by men not wholly in sympathy with either side. Once the oath was administered these new deputies were confronted by the choice between perjury and service.

To be sure, the issuance of these summonses forced many of the neutral-minded into the ranks of the Vigilantes. The refusal to act placed them on the wrong side of the law; and they felt that joining a party pledged to what practically amounted to civil war was only a short step farther. The various military companies were mustered, reminded of their oaths, called upon solemnly to fulfill their sworn duty, and marched to various strategic points about the jail and elsewhere. Parenthetically, their every appearance on the streets was well hissed by the populace. The governor was notified, though not by the authorities, of a state of insurrection, and requested to send in the state militia. By evening all the forces of organized society were under arms.

The leaders of the Law-and-Order party were jubilant. Their position appeared to be impregnable. They felt that back of them was all the weight of constituted authority, reaching if need be to the Federal Government at Washington. Opposed to them was lawlessness. Lawlessness had occasionally become dignified revolution, to be sure, but only when a race took its stand on a great issue; never when a handful espoused a local quarrel. Civil war it might be; but civil war, the wise politicians argued, must spread to become effective. And how could a civil war based on the shooting of an obscure editor in a three-year-old frontier town spread anywhere—especially such an editor as James King of William?

For King had made many bitter enemies. In attacking individual members of a class he had often unreasonably antagonized the whole class. Thus he had justly castigated the Times and other venal newspapers; but in so doing he had by his too-general statements drawn the fire of every other journal in town. Likewise there could be no question that his bitter scorn for "the chivalry" was well justified, but the manner of its expression offended also the decent Southerners. And all these people saw the Vigilantes, not as a protest against a condition that had become intolerable, but as the personal champions of King. The enemies of King, many of them worthy citizens, quite out of sympathy with the present methods of administering the law, became the enemies of the Vigilantes.

No wonder the Law-and-Order party felt no uneasiness. They did not underestimate the determination of their opponents. It was felt that fighting, severe fighting, was perhaps inevitable. The Law-and-Order party loved fighting. They had chosen as their commander William Tecumseh Sherman, later to gain his fame as a great soldier. His greatness in a military capacity seems to have been exceeded only by his inability to remember facts proved elsewhere by original historical documents. This is the only possible explanation for the hash of misstatements comprising those chapters in his Memoirs dealing with this time. In writing them the worthy general evidently forgot that original documents existed or that statements concerning historical events can often be checked.

And as a final source of satisfaction, the Vigilantes had placed themselves on record. Every man could be apprehended and made to feel the weight of the law. A mob is irresponsible and anonymous. These fools had written down their names in books!

LVII

NOW a new element was injected into the situation in the person of the governor of the state, one J. Neely Johnson, a politician who would long since have been utterly forgotten had not his unlucky star risen just at this unlucky time. A more unfortunate man for a crisis it would have been difficult to find. His whole life had been one of trimming. He had made his way by trimming; he had gained the governor's chair by yielding to the opinions of others. This training combined perfectly with the natural disposition of a chameleon. He was, or became, a sincere trimmer, taking his color and his temporary beliefs from those with whom he happened to be. His judgment often stuck at trifles, and his opinions were quickly heated but as quickly cooled. His private morals were none of the best, which gave certain men an added hold.

On receipt of the informal message sent by the Law-and-Order party requesting the state militia, Governor Johnson came down posthaste from Sacramento. Immediately on arriving in the city he sent word to Coleman requesting an interview. Coleman immediately followed the messenger to the Continental Hotel. He was shown to a private room, where he found Johnson pacing up and down alone. Coleman bowed gravely in response to the governor's airy greeting. Johnson sat down, offered cigars, made every effort to appear amiable and conciliatory.

"This is bad; this is bad, Coleman," he began the interview. "What is it you want?"

"Peace," replied Coleman; "and if possible without a struggle."

"That's all very well," said Johnson pettishly, "to talk about peace with an army of insurrection newly raised. But what is it you actually wish to accomplish?"

Coleman looked at him steadily, then leaned forward.

"The law is crippled," he told the governor in measured tones. "We want merely to accomplish what the crippled law should do but cannot. This done, we will gladly retire. Now, governor, you have been

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Here is the fire extinguisher that Johns-Manville have been working on for years—now a perfected fire-fighting machine. Every man who owns and values anything that will burn owes it to himself to protect that property against fire with the best means at his disposal—with the new

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Ten seconds of easy pumping develops enough air pressure to discharge its entire contents. Pumping and aiming at the same time are not necessary. *Both* hands are free to direct the powerful stream with ease and precision, so that at a *safe* distance from the fire or in cramped quarters where the ordinary extinguisher could not be effectively operated, the J-M Fire Extinguisher can be *accurately* aimed at the base of the flame.

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The sealing device at nozzle and handle on every J-M Fire Extinguisher makes certain that its contents have not been used or tampered with. No chance that an emergency will find you with an uncharged extinguisher.

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Contains a liquid which quickly snuffs out fires of gasolene, oil or electrical origin over which water has no control. And yet this powerful liquid does no damage to furniture or fabrics of even the finest texture. Neither is there any deterioration—it can stand for years and be ready for instant use.

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As a result of the tests made under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the J-M Fire Extinguisher has been approved by and bears the label of the Underwriters Laboratories, Incorporated. To motorists this means that all insurance companies allow a 15% reduction on automobile insurance.

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$8 BRASS OR NICKEL FINISH

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294 Madison Avenue, New York

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If you find it hard to get genuine country sausage with the real farm [illegible] we [illegible] you to [illegible]

The better grocers in [illegible] towns sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage or can get it for you

If you try it you will like it, we believe, and will want it regularly throughout the season. Our standing order plan (which any grocer who sells our sausage knows all about) will be a great convenience to you. On the very days of the week you want it you can have a pound or more of sausage delivered regularly throughout the winter. This is not only a convenience, but it assures fresh sausage shipped by express from our farm the same day that it was made.

Write us, and we will tell you more about Jones Dairy Farm Sausage—how it and our other products are made, packed and shipped. We will also advise you where to buy our products if your own grocer cannot supply you

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

A partial list of dealers in the Central States who sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. For Ohio, Michigan and Eastern dealers see also issue of October 23rd. For Western dealers see issue of November 13th.

ILLINOIS

Aurora, [illegible] Batavia, [illegible] Belvidere, [illegible] Champaign, [illegible] Chicago and suburbs, list upon request, Compton, [illegible] Danville, [illegible] Decatur, [illegible] De Kalb, [illegible] Elgin, [illegible] Gilman, [illegible] Greenburg, [illegible] Joliet, [illegible] Kankakee, [illegible] Kewanee, [illegible] LaSalle, [illegible] Litchfield, [illegible] Macomb, [illegible] Peoria, [illegible] Quincy, [illegible] Rockford, [illegible] Rock Island, [illegible] Springfield, [illegible] Urbana, [illegible]

INDIANA

Elkhart, [illegible] Fort Wayne, [illegible] Indianapolis, Columbia [illegible] Lafayette, [illegible] La Porte, [illegible] Michigan City, H. E. Krueger; New Albany, Ortsen Groc., Richmond, Eggemeyer & Son; South Bend, The Fendell Groc. Terre Haute, J. [illegible] Vincennes, [illegible] Son & Co.; Peru, [illegible] Logansport, [illegible]

IOWA

Ames, J. J. [illegible] Boone, S. [illegible] Burlington, [illegible] Cedar Rapids, [illegible] Centerville, [illegible] Clinton, [illegible] Council Bluffs, [illegible] Davenport, [illegible] Des Moines, [illegible] Dubuque, [illegible] Fort Dodge, [illegible] Grinnell, [illegible] Independence, [illegible]

KANSAS

Atchison, [illegible] Independence, [illegible] Junction City, [illegible] Leavenworth, Herman Witt, Topeka, Wm. Green & Son, Hutchinson, Wichita, Sturgeon Groc., Coffeyville

KENTUCKY

Louisville, [illegible]

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor, [illegible] Battle Creek, [illegible] Bay City, [illegible] Crystal Falls, [illegible] Detroit, [illegible] Flint, [illegible] Grand Rapids, [illegible] Houghton, [illegible] Ishpeming, [illegible] Jackson, [illegible] Kalamazoo, [illegible] Lansing, [illegible] Laurium, [illegible] Marquette, [illegible] Marshall, [illegible] Menominee, [illegible] Muskegon, [illegible] Negaunee, [illegible] Nils Olson & Walsh, Norway, W. M. [illegible] Saginaw, Wm. H. Fruechtel Jos. Eng. Chas. H. Kretschmer Sault Ste. Marie, A. H. Eddy, Ypsilanti, J. G. [illegible]

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The Shoe Waterproofing

Don't hesitate to put it on your brand-new shoes, whatever they cost. It makes them wear longer and they'll shine just as good as ever. Easy to apply and two or three thorough applications will last a season. Guaranteed for black or tan—light or heavy shoes.

10c

Ask for it at your shoe store, drug, grocery or hardware store

If your dealer does not have it, send us his name and 10c and we will mail a can postpaid.

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(Manufacturers of Spri-Foot, the Inside Rubber Heels)

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asked by the mayor and certain others to bring out the militia and crush this movement. I assure you it cannot be done; and if you attempt it, it will cause you and us great trouble. Do as Governor McDougall did in Fifty-one. See in this movement what he saw in that—a local movement for a local reform, in which the state is not concerned. We are not a mob; we demand no overthrow of institutions. We ask not a single court to adjourn, we ask not a single officer to vacate his position; we demand only the enforcement of the law—which, after all, we have made!"

He extended his strong fist and laid it on the table.

"If you deem it the conscientious duty of your office to discountenance these proceedings," he continued—"as perhaps you well may—then let your opposition be in appearance only. In your heart you must know the necessity of this measure; you know the standing of the men managing it. You know that this is no mob, no distempered faction. It is San Francisco herself who speaks. Let California stand aside; let her leave us to our shame and sorrow; for, as God lives, we will cleanse this city of her corruption or perish with her! So we have sworn!"

This long speech, delivered with the solemnity of absolute conviction, profoundly impressed Johnson's volatile nature.

"But," he objected uncertainly, "Coleman, you must understand, this is against the law—and I have sworn to uphold the law!"

"That is a matter for your own conscience," rejoined Coleman a little impatiently. "Issue your proclamation, if you feel that the dignity of the law may be best maintained by frowning on justice; but confine yourself to that! Leave us alone in our righteous purposes!"

Johnson, his chameleon soul aglow with enthusiasm, leaped to his feet and seized Coleman's two hands. In his eye stood a tear.

"Sir," he cried, "go on with your work! Let it be done as speedily as possible! You have my best wishes!"

Coleman did not relax his formal gravity.

"I am glad you feel that way and that we understand each other," he contented himself with saying.

The heroic moment past, Johnson's restless mind began to glance among anxieties.

"But hasten the undertaking as much as you can," he begged. "The opposition is stronger than you suppose. The pressure on me is going to be terrible. What about the prisoners in the jail?" asked Johnson anxiously. "What is your immediate plan?"

"That is in the hands of the Committee," evaded Coleman.

He left the governor again pacing up and down.

LVIII

COLEMAN returned at once to the hall to resume his interrupted labors with the Committee. The results of his conference with the governor seemed very satisfactory.

"We can now go ahead with free minds," said Clancey Dempster.

The business was astonishingly varied in scope. Charles Doane—not to be confused with Duane, the ex-fire chief—was appointed military commander-in-chief; Colonel Johns, captain of artillery; Olney was given the task of guarding the jail from the outside "with a force numerous enough to prevent escape." After considerable discussion Aaron Burns was made head of a civilian committee to take charge of all prisoners. It was moved and carried that no city or county official should be admitted to membership—a striking commentary on the disesteem in which such men were held.

Permanent headquarters were arranged for and committees appointed for the solicitation of funds. A dozen other matters of similar detail were taken up, intelligently discussed, and provided for with the celerity of men trained in crises of business or life. At length it was moved that "the Committee, as a body, shall visit the county jail at such time as the Executive Committee might direct, and take thence James P. Casey and Charles Cora, give them a fair trial, and administer such punishment as justice shall demand."

This was the real business for the transaction of which all these lesser businesses had been prepared. A slight pause followed its introduction, as though each member present were savoring the significance of the moment.

(Continued on Page 49)

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Are you ready for the question?" asked Coleman in grave tones. "Those in favor ——"

"Aye!" came the instant response from every man present.

A messenger opened the door to announce that Governor Johnson was in the anteroom requesting speech with Coleman. The latter, handing his gavel to Dempster, immediately answered the summons.

He found Johnson, who was accompanied by Sherman, Garrison and two strangers, lounging in the anteroom. The governor sprawled in a chair, his hat pulled over his eyes, a cigar in the corner of his mouth. His companions arose and bowed gravely as Coleman entered the room, but he remained seated, nodding at Coleman with an air of cavalier bravado that was plainly intended to conceal his nervousness. Without waiting for the exchange of spoken greetings he burst out:

"We have come to ask what you intend to do!" he demanded truculently of Coleman, as though he had never seen or talked to him before.

Coleman stared at him for an instant, completely surprised; read him, then set his mouth grimly.

"Outrages are of constant occurrence," he recited briefly; "our suffrages are profaned; our fellow-citizens shot down in the street; our courts afford us no redress. We will endure it no longer."

"I agree with you as to the grievances," rejoined the governor, almost as though reciting a learned lesson, "but I think the courts are the proper remedy. The judges are good men, and there is no necessity for the people to turn themselves into a mob and obstruct the execution of the laws."

A flush mounted to Coleman's cheek.

"Sir," he cried indignantly, "this is no mob! You know this is no mob!"

Johnson looked at him from between half-closed lids, as though from a great distance.

"The opposition is stronger than you imagine," he said. "There is danger to the city—great danger of bloodshed—which should be prevented if possible." He paused, focused his whole attention on Coleman, and went on with deliberate significance: "It may be necessary to bring out all the force at my command. I strongly advise you to leave the case of Casey to the courts; and I pledge myself to his fair and speedy trial."

Although he realized fully what a formidable element this change of front threw into the situation, Coleman's expression did not change. Sherman, watching him closely, could not see that his eyes even flickered.

"That will not satisfy the people," he told the governor, coldly and formally. "However they might consider your intention, they will doubt your ability to keep such a promise."

He was going on to say more, but checked himself abruptly. The silent but intent attitude of the governor's four companions had struck his attention.

"They are present as witnesses!" he told himself. Aloud he said: "Sir, I will report your remarks to my associates." Coleman wanted witnesses too.

He returned to the Committee, interrupting the proceedings.

"The governor has flopped over the fence," he informed them. "He is out there with Sherman and some others, threatening to bring in the state troops unless we turn Casey over to the courts and disband. He personally guarantees a fair and speedy trial."

"What did you tell him?" demanded Hossfross.

"I haven't told him anything. It suddenly occurred to me that I ought to have witnesses for my side of the conversation. What do you think?"

"Same as I've always thought," replied Ward.

A murmur of assent greeted this. After a remarkably brief discussion, considering the delicacy of the crisis, Coleman with others returned to the anteroom.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said blandly, "but some consideration of the question was necessary. Let us understand each other clearly. As I interpret your proposal it is that if we make no move you guarantee no escape, immediate trial and instant execution?"

"That is it," agreed Johnson, after a moment's focusing of his mind. For the first time it became evident to Coleman that the man had a trifle too much aboard.

"We doubt your ability to do this," went on Coleman, "but we are ready to meet you halfway. This is what we will promise: We will take no steps without first giving you notice. But in return we insist that ten men of our own selection shall be added to the sheriff's force within the jail."

"And," added Isaac Bluxome, "that they be fed and kept and treated well. That's part of the bargain."

"Why, that sounds fair and reasonable, gentlemen!" the governor cried heartily. "I see no objection to that. I was sure we could come to an agreement!"

He was suddenly all cordiality, all smiles, shaking each man's hand in turn. His companions retained their manner of glacial formality, however. He shortly withdrew, full of spirits, very much relieved at the lifting of what seemed to him a cloud of unjust oppression for a poor official who merely wanted peace. The real situation, evident enough to the keener brains on either side, was veiled to him.

For poor Johnson had thus far stepped from one blunder into another. If Coleman were completely outside the law then he, as an executive of the law, had no business treating or making agreements with him at all. Furthermore, as executive of the state he had no legal right to interfere with city affairs unless formally summoned by the authorities, a procedure that had not been adopted, for the request proffered by the mayor had in no manner complied with the forms of the law. And to cap it all, he had for the second time treated with "rebels," and to their advantage. For, as the astute Coleman well knew, the final agreement was all to the benefit of the committee. It gained the right to place a personal guard over the prisoners; it gave practically only a promise to withdraw that guard before attacking the jail—a procedure eminently sensible if they cared anything for the guard.

This little weakness was immediately and vigorously pointed out to Johnson when he returned triumphantly to his hotel. Keen minds were plenty in the Law-and-Order party. Johnson was crestfallen. Like all men of little caliber elevated by expediency to high office, he wanted above everything to have peace, to leave things as they were, to avoid friction.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," cried the governor, dismayed, "I did it for the best. And I assure you I am still convinced that this agreement, entered into in all faith and sincerity ——"

"Bosh!" boomed Judge Caldwell.

"I beg your pardon!" said Johnson, flushing.

"I said 'bosh!'" repeated the judge, bringing the point of his cane against the floor. "You've muddled it, as every sensible man can see. Best thing is to put a bold face on it. Take it for granted that the Committee has promised to surrender all right of action, and that it has promised definitely to leave the case to the courts."

"I hardly think it intended that," murmured Johnson.

"Meant!" snorted the judge. "The words will bear that interpretation, won't they? Who cares what was meant!"

The following morning this version was industriously passed about. When Coleman heard of it he pulled his long mustache.

"The time has come," he said with decision. "After that, it is either ourselves or a mob."

He went immediately to the hall.

"Call Olney," he told a messenger. The head of the guard was soon before him.

"Olney," said his chief, "will you accept the command of a picked company in an important but somewhat perilous movement?"

Olney's tall form stiffened with pleasure: "I will—with thanks!"

"Well, then, pick out from all the forces, of whatever companies, sixty men. Accept none but men of the very highest bravery. Let them know that they are chosen for the post of danger, which is the post of honor, and permit none to serve who does not so esteem it."

Olney saluted and went at once to the main floor, which, for drilling purposes, was shared by four companies. He stood still until his eye fell on Johnny Fairfax. Him he called aside.

"You can get the whole sixty right here, if you want to," Johnny told him. "But if you want to distribute things ——"

"I do," said Olney.

"Then I'd take Keith, Carter, that teamster McGlynn, and Salisbury."

Together they went the rounds of the impromptu armories, going carefully over

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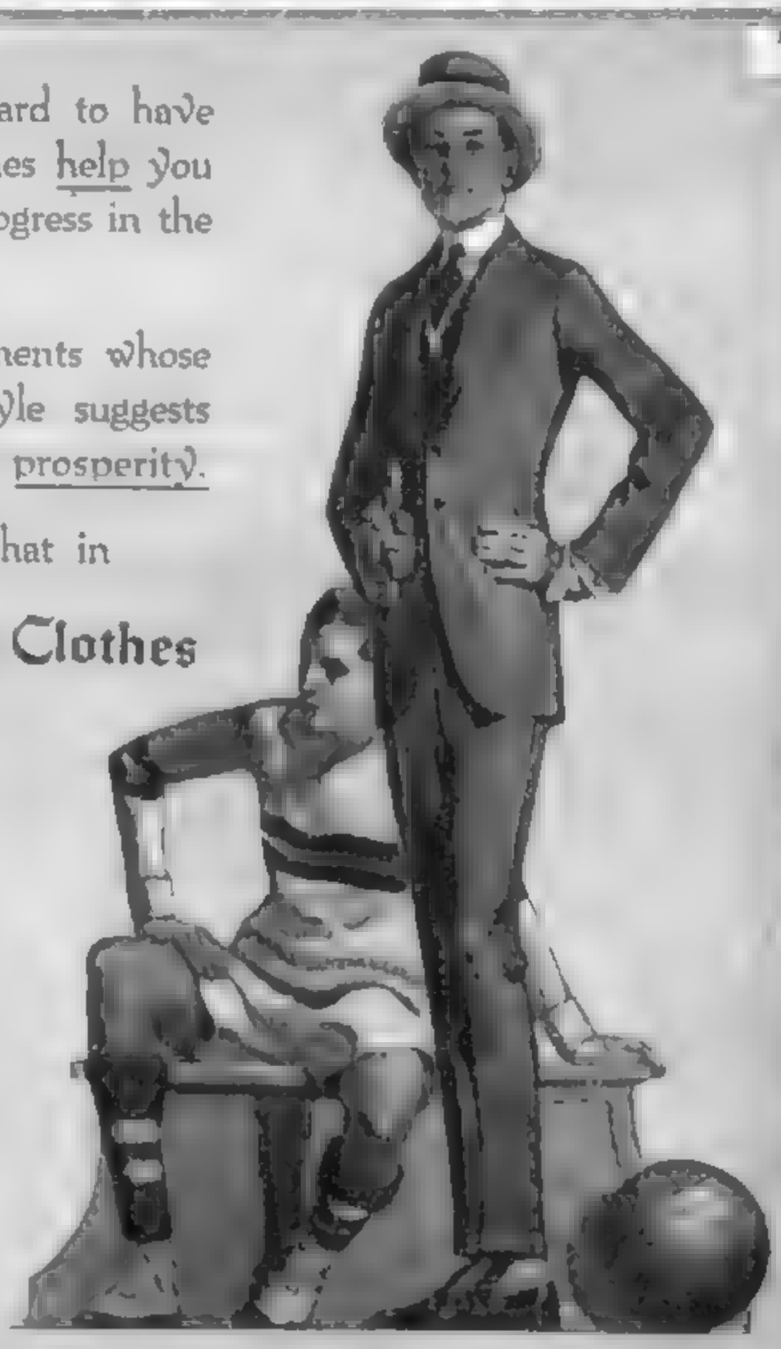

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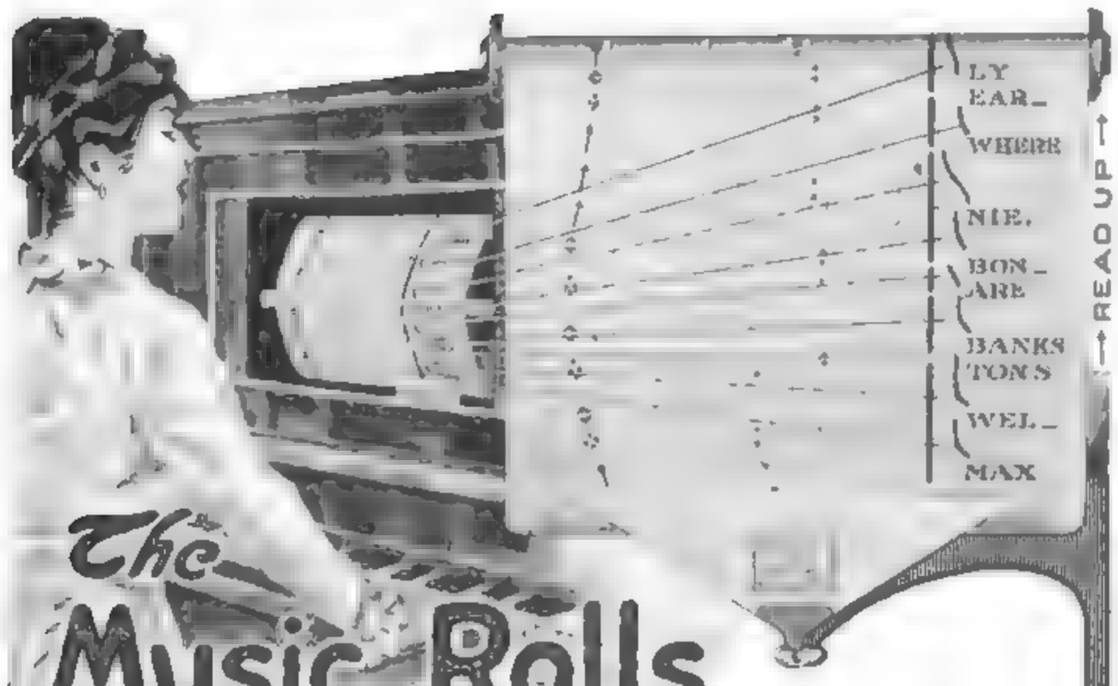

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the rolls, picking a man here and there. By eight o'clock the sixty, informed, equipped and ready, were gathered at the hall. Olney dismissed all others and set himself to drilling his picked body.

"I don't care whether you can do 'shoulder arms' or not," he said, "but you've got to learn simple evolutions so I can handle you. And you must learn one another's faces. Now come on!"

At two o'clock in the morning he expressed himself as satisfied. From the stock of blankets with which the headquarters were already provided they selected bedding and turned in on the floor. At six o'clock Olney began to send out detachments for breakfast.

"Feed up," he advised them. "I don't know what this is all about, but it pays to eat well."

By eight o'clock every man was in his place, lined up to rigid attention as Coleman entered the building.

"There they are!" said Olney proudly. "Every man of them of good, tough courage, and you can handle them as well as any old soldiers!"

Other men came into the hall, some of them in ranks, as they had fallen in at their own company headquarters outside, others singly or in groups. Doorkeepers prevented all exit; once a man was in he was not permitted to go out. Some of the leaders and captains, among whom were Doane, Olney and Talbot Ward, were summoned to Coleman's room. Shortly they emerged and circulated through the hall, giving to each captain of a company detailed and explicit directions. Each was instructed as to what hour he and his command were to start; from what given point; along exactly what route; and at exactly what time he was to arrive at another given point—not a moment sooner or later. Each was ignorant as to the instructions given the others.

Never was a plan better laid out for concerted action, and probably never before had such a plan been so well carried out. Each captain listened attentively, and returned to head his company thoughtful with responsibility.

Olney gave the orders to his picked company in person. They were told to leave their muskets. Armed only with pistols, they were to make their way by different routes to the jail.

Keith and Johnny Fairfax started out together.

"This is a mistake, as far as I am concerned," observed Keith to his companion. "I can't shoot a pistol. I ought to be in the rank and file, not with this picked lot. They chose me merely because I was a friend of yours."

"You can make a noise, anyway," replied Johnny, whose eyes were alight with excitement. "I wonder what's up. This looks like business. I wouldn't miss it for a million dollars!"

Apparently the general populace had no inkling that anything was forward. The streets were much as usual, except that an inordinate amount of street-corner discussion seemed to be going on; but that was normal. A broad-beamed Irish woman under full sail alone accosted them. Her face Keith vaguely recognized, but he could not have told where he had seen it.

"I hear Mr. King, God rest him! is better," she said. "And what are the men going to do with that villain, Casey? If the men don't hang him the women will!"

A little farther on Keith stopped short at sight of two men hurrying by.

"Hold on, Watkins!" he called.

The four of them drew aside a little out of the way.

"Weren't you in the jail guard?" asked Keith.

Watkins nodded.

"How does it happen you're outside?"

"The Committee sent notice that the truce was over."

Johnny uttered an exultant yell, which he cut short shamefacedly when a dozen passers-by looked round.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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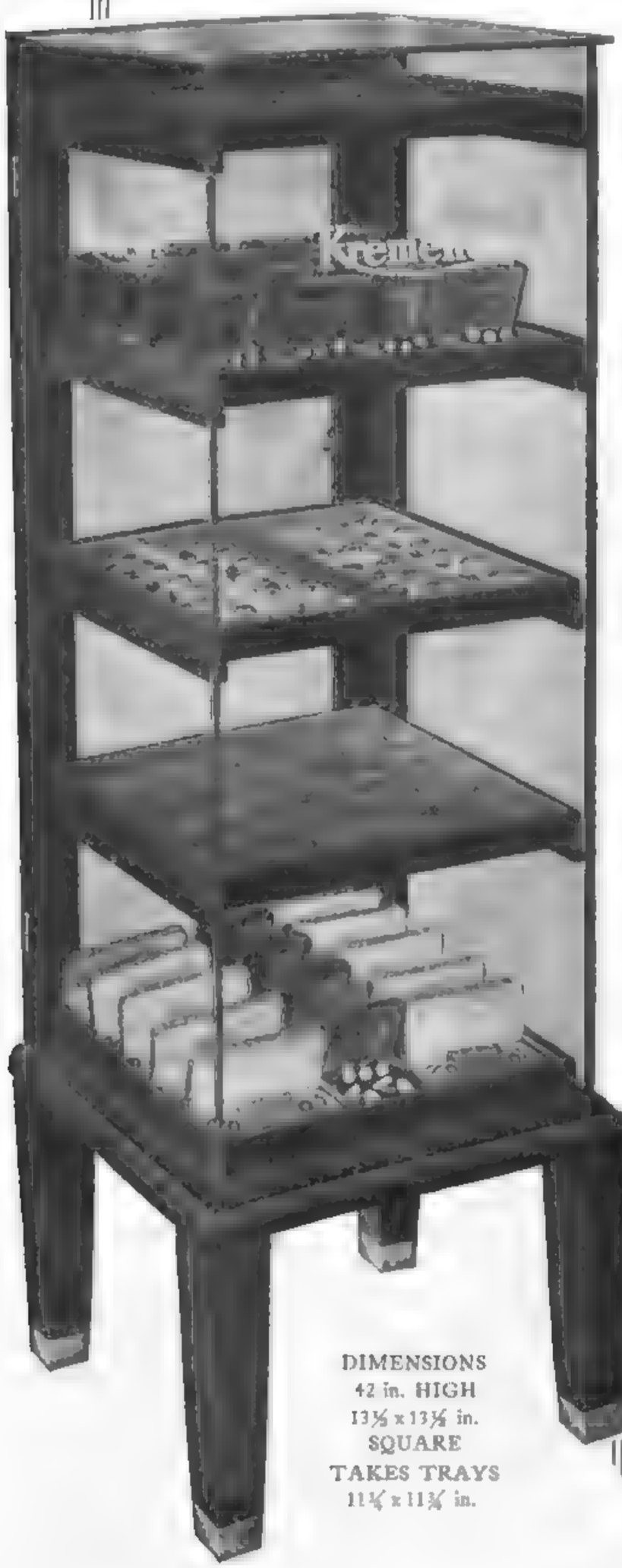

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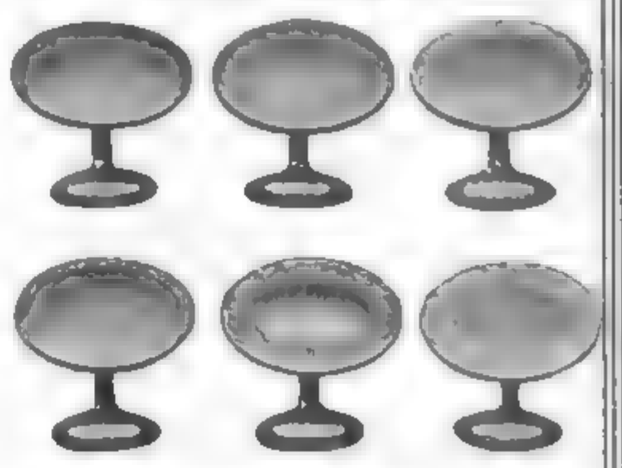
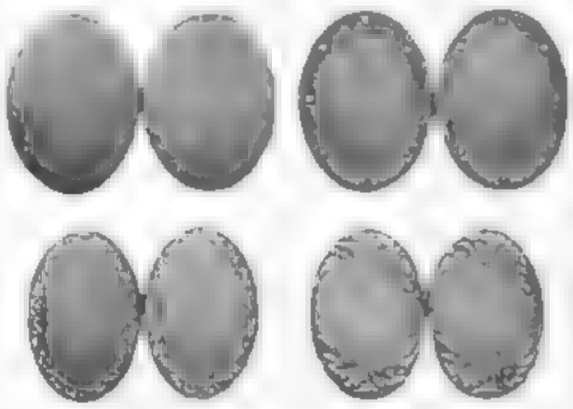
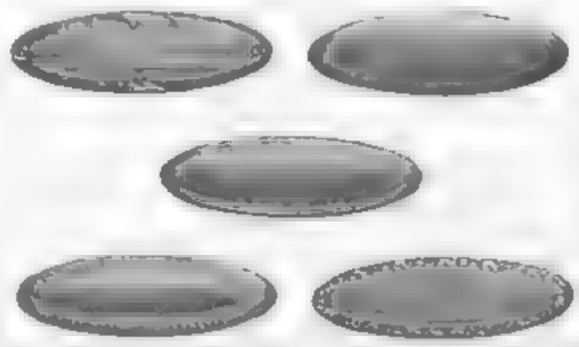
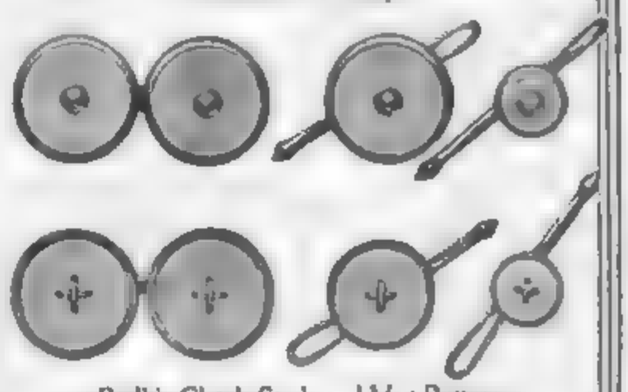

One-Piece Bean-and-Post Solderless Cuff Buttons


Solderless Loose Links


Solderless Tie Clasps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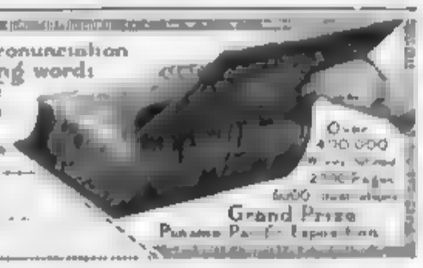

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LORD OF MANY PEAKS

(Continued from Page 5)

regarding the approaching stranger apathetically. A grizzly bear in overalls, Ransch set him down. Huge and squat and bulbous, with muscle about shoulders and short neck; shock of black hair spreading without boundary lines from head to cheeks and chin; narrow eyes glinting under veritable brush heaps of eyebrows—the man gave the impression that standing upright on his hind legs was a trick he had learned and was proud to display.

"Howdy, stranger?" Ransch saluted in the strict formalism of the mountains.

"Howdy," the grizzly returned grudgingly.

"You might be the head of this herder outfit?" the ranger ventured casually.

"I might be and again I might not." The hairy one stood with one arm flung over the high wheel of the chuck wagon, stonily indifferent to the usual dictates of mountain courtesy.

"If I take it you are I won't go far wrong, then?" Ransch forced a smile.

"Go far as you like."

The newcomer cast a swift glance about to catch the flash of a red skirt. He was keenly aware of the strong possibility that his coming had been heralded in terms disadvantageous to him, and the surly attitude of the man he had hailed appeared to substantiate this. Ransch sat his saddle easily, smiling down into the jungle beard with a simple air of cordiality, but every nerve was tightened against the need for swift action.

"My name's Jay Ransch," he said. "I'm ranger for the Moraine District."

"So I cal'late from your gin'ral cut." This in a flat, casual tone of rejoinder.

"Saw your outfit coming into Placerville ten days ago," Ransch continued, ignoring the other's uncivil withholding of his name. "Thought I'd ride over to-day and take a squint at your permit—just a little matter of regular business, you know."

"Oh, I've got a permit all right, young fellow," the other answered with a quick flash of arrogance. "You're mighty *pronto* coming to look us over. Just got in here two days ago."

"I'm paid to be *pronto*." Ransch sharpened the edge of his reply with a sudden access of temper. He did not intend permitting the herder to browbeat him first off. The boss of the outfit slouched to the tent, reappearing with a long, official envelope between his fingers. This he handed to Ransch. The latter flipped out the form of the grazing permit and glanced through it. The name, Job Totten, was entered in the text as manager of the Ransome herd.

"Suppose you know the boundaries of the free range as given here?" Ransch queried. "Audrian Lake to Echo, and down this way as far as the head of South Fork."

"I don't see any fences along the boundaries—with rangers sitting on the top rail."

"Maybe you don't, Mr. Totten." There was a dangerous quality in Ransch's short laugh. "But you'll find the rangers all right if you should happen to stray your sheep over the boundary lines."

"With all their purty buttons shined up"—the whiskered lips parted in a leer—"and 'Keep Off the Grass' signs printed on their pocket hankys."

"Signs will be printed so's you can read 'em, Mr. Job Totten." Ransch wheeled Sam about with his head to the backward trail. "I'll drop in for another social call some day soon."

"Bring your knittin' with you!" The farewell taunt followed him as Ransch took the trail at a canter. He did not turn his head, much as he was tempted to spy for a final glimpse of a flaming bit of gingham. The trail led across the upper end of the meadows into a thicket of alders. Just as the first feathery curtain of green closed behind him Ransch was nearly thrown from the saddle by the buckskin's sudden rearing. At a bend of the trail ahead stood the girl of the manzanita burn. Her eyes were sparking with excitement, her lips parted. To the horseman's eyes she carried a picture of a wild creature trembling on flight yet impelled to risk danger through overmastering impulse of curiosity. He swept off his hat even as he was conscious of a sudden tightening of the throat. Sam was restive under the curb that brought him to a standstill beside her.

"You've seen—dad?" She put the question stumblingly.

"If Job Totten is dad—yes. We had a right chatty time of it together."

"Well, I just wanted to tell you, Mister Freshy, you're mighty lucky you didn't get a bullet through you." Her black eyes the color of sunlight on wild grapes, kindled under swift resurgence of earlier anger, and her full lips, stained with the juice of wild fruits, tightened into a spiteful line.

"Is dad careless about distributing bullets?" Ransch asked with assumed gravity.

"If I'd told him about—about what you did this morning, he'd shot you dead the minute he laid eyes on you. But I hid here in these yalders an' let you go on ahead of me to camp, suspicioning that's where you're bound. I didn't want ——"

"Guess that was purty white of you, Miss Rain-in-the-Face," the ranger began soberly. "And maybe I didn't deserve to ——"

"You deserved shooting; that's what you deserved!" She snapped out the words viciously, her brows drawn in white-hot rage. "If ever you're moochin' round this end of the woods agin I'll tell dad what you did and he'll bore you. That's what he'll do, he'll bore you plumb through. Now git!"

One sun-browned hand lifted to point imperiously down the narrow aisle through the alders. Chin outthrust, eyes glowing hot, nostrils of freckled nose dilated—the whole pose of the girl was one of command not to be denied. Ransch gazed down at her for the space of a long breath, then bowed his head and rode on.

II

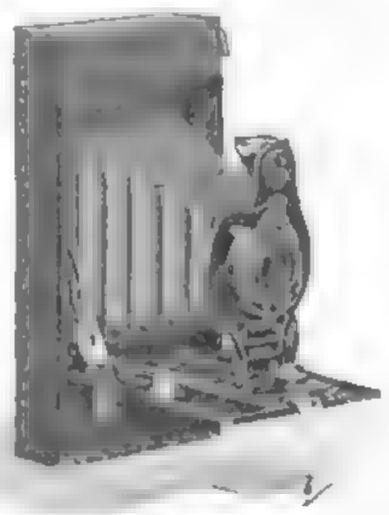
THE ensuing week permitted Ransch little time to dwell upon the adventure of the manzanita burn. His three auxiliary fire watchers, youngsters from the state university forestry school eager for service under the wide tent of the out-of-doors, came over Strawberry Road from Placerville and had to be disposed at their various stations. For each a saddle horse had been provided by the supervisor. Ransch's task was to place them at the points selected on the high flanks of neighboring peaks and with pack horse to carry back from Tallac, the depot on Tahoe, supplies for each helper.

In a crusader spirit each youth accepted his exile into the wilderness of forest and granite, made his lonely camp, and prepared himself to be acolyte to the gods of the high places. With each one Ransch rode the trail that was to be his sentry beat—fifteen to twenty miles over ridge and through gorge, under the cathedral arches of great pines and across windblown peaks. Their sole link with the world outside and with Ransch was the telephone. Somewhere within reach of each auxiliary, at a detached ranch house or summer camp on the shore of the big lake, was the end of a line through which word of fire could be flung to Moraine Station. From his station, in turn, Ransch could in emergency send out over other lines the call to the fight—an alarm leaping to three counties and over a hundred miles of the Sierra crest to summon men from mine and logging camp to the defense of the public domain.

Two of the helpers Ransch warned concerning the sheep. He had stationed them at lookouts south of Moraine and within touch of the country bordering upon the free range, where the Ransome herd was.

"If you find that outfit herding over the boundary don't monkey with them yourself," was his admonition; "but hike to a telephone and get me on the wire. Not a woolly steps across the line, remember, without the law being broken, and it's part of my business to see the law isn't broken."

Satisfied that every fire precaution in his power had been provided, Ransch's thoughts turned again to the menace of the sheep and the ever-present threat of trouble Totten's tenure of the meadows assured. Of the man's active hostility to anybody representing possible restraint on his free movements Totten's reception of the ranger had been the best guaranty. Ransch was convinced by that meeting that, whenever he chose, the boss herder would poach on the restricted lands about him and defy any and all to oust him. This fellow Totten was of the old and grimly defiant class of exploiters who held that what was the Government's was any man's to take. It mattered nothing to him that ten thousand sheep, cutting every young tree and bush within head reach down to bare sticks, could destroy a watershed and make of a forest undergrowth a desolate barren; his sheep were fed, and that was all he cared for.



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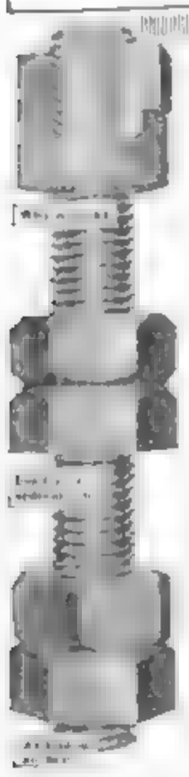

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Whenever his mind reverted to the gross figure of Job Totten, Ransch dwelt in whimsical recollection upon the girl in the red dress, that wild little catamount who had fought him and marked him with her claws. He was too much the ignorant male to understand fully the feminine provocations of her hot rage against him—resentment of his cavalier pursuit and the primitive theft of a kiss, but the even greater affront in the hellydid bit of fooling. Such a mixture of child and woman was far beyond the analysis of such a tyro as Jay Ransch. Even as he recalled with a laugh the tongue lashing she had given him, veritable snarls of an angry cat, Ransch caught himself conning with pleasurable retrospection the racy lines of her features—flashing eyes, color of sunlight in wild grapes; full round beauty of cheek, dyed a dusky russet by the sun and wind; lips parting freely over strong white teeth.

Always in these times of remembering, Ransch's feeble attempts to put a tag of understanding to the whirlwind of the girl's emotions plumped up against a wall. Why, if she was so furious against him, had she let him ride ahead of her to the meeting with dad without first carrying to her vengeful parent the tale of the stranger's outrages? And why, sparing him from the very probable bullets such a report would have evoked, did she waylay him on the homeward trail to tell him of her mercy and give him a final cursing out? Ransch found no answer to these riddles.

It was a week after the college auxiliaries had been established and the second since Ransch's visit to the sheep camp, that a thin voice came over the wire to Moraine Station, spelling trouble.

"This is Griggs, of Stevens Peak Point. I was down in Strawberry Valley to-day and ran across signs of sheep near Grass Lake. That's off the free range, isn't it? . . . What say? . . . No, didn't see any sheep or herder, just signs of a big bunch having browsed through there. . . . Yes, about three miles off the Markleeville Road."

The message came to Moraine after dark. Before sunrise Ransch had the saddle on Sam and was off down the trail to the south. The last touch he added to the meager equipment for the hike was a belt and holster; a heavy .45 flapped against his left leg as he swung himself into the saddle.

The ride was a long one, first over trail, then by the Strawberry Road over the summit, and again into the labyrinth of the heavy timber. Ransch did not make directly for the Echo Lake meadows, where the sheep outfit was ostensibly camped, but bore away to the southward, skirting the boundary of the free range and edging cautiously into the wilderness of the big woods where the watcher on Stevens had seen the sheep signs. The trail carried the ranger into a wide basin, bounded on one side by the saw edge of the Divide he had just crossed, and hemmed in, north and south, by the downward pitch of Stevens' far-flung spurs. He clung to the higher ground, intending to work his way round to a vantage offered by a bald spur of granite which rose like a pulpit over the whole nave of the basin. Thence he could command a wide view of the open meadows and of segments of the road to Markleeville. To hunt for sheep in the interminable aisles of the pines would be a hit-or-miss job. From the heights he could at least command the avenue of approach and spot the invaders should they show in the open.

There was no trail to serve the ranger. His instinct for direction had to guide him to the objective sought after the forest swallowed him. His eyes were sharpened for evidences of the poaching sheep—for young firs stripped of their tender growing tufts, low-lying shrubs, conservers of snow water, ravaged of leaf and branch. But the forest was unsullied; there was not even a cloven-hoof mark in the thick mold of the pine needles.

The cloak of the woods was suddenly parted, disclosing a broad burn solidly green with close-crowded brush. As a mantle fallen away from the body of a giant the brush field slipped down from the feet of the naked granite knob which was Ransch's objective; a quarter-mile stretch of unbroken green it was. Ransch, taking in at a glance the problem of approach, put his buckskin to skirting the edge of the woods to gain a ridge where the brush was less dense and where the easiest ascent to the lookout peak offered. Putting a horse through the dense brush of a mountain burn belly-high and tricky as quicksand is no easy task.

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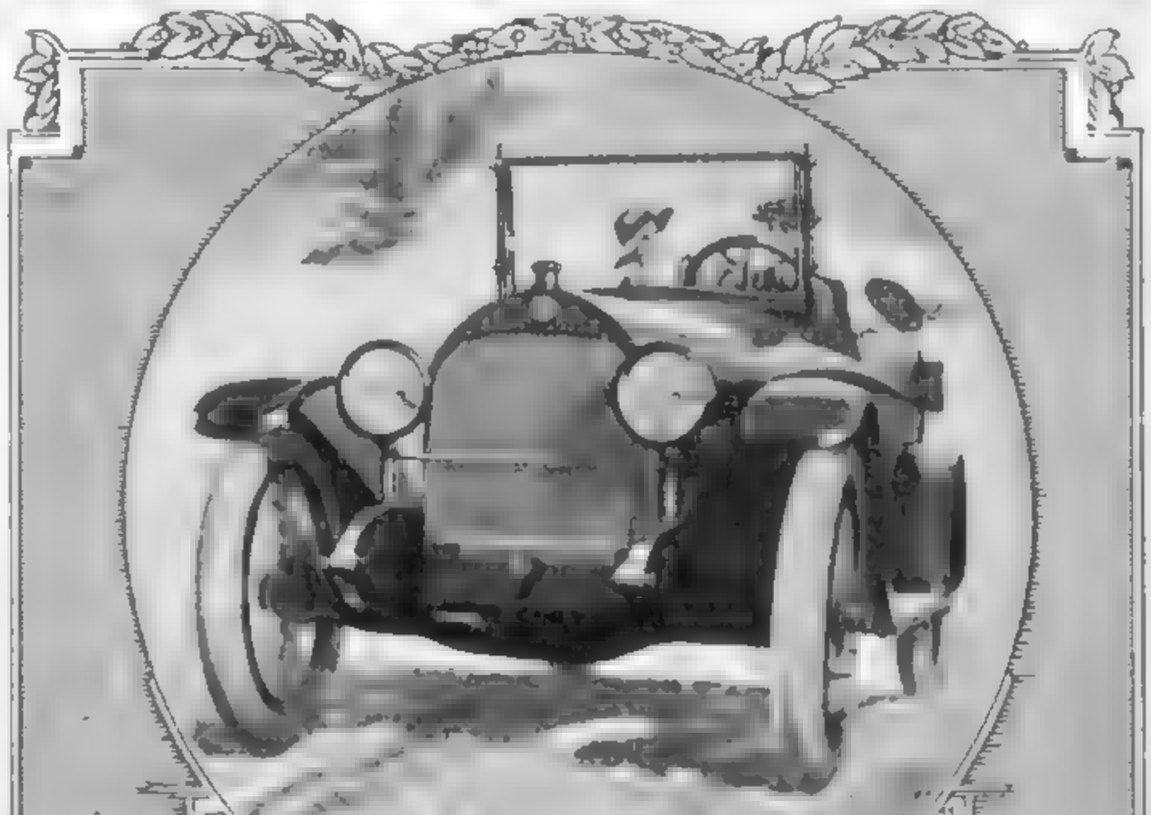

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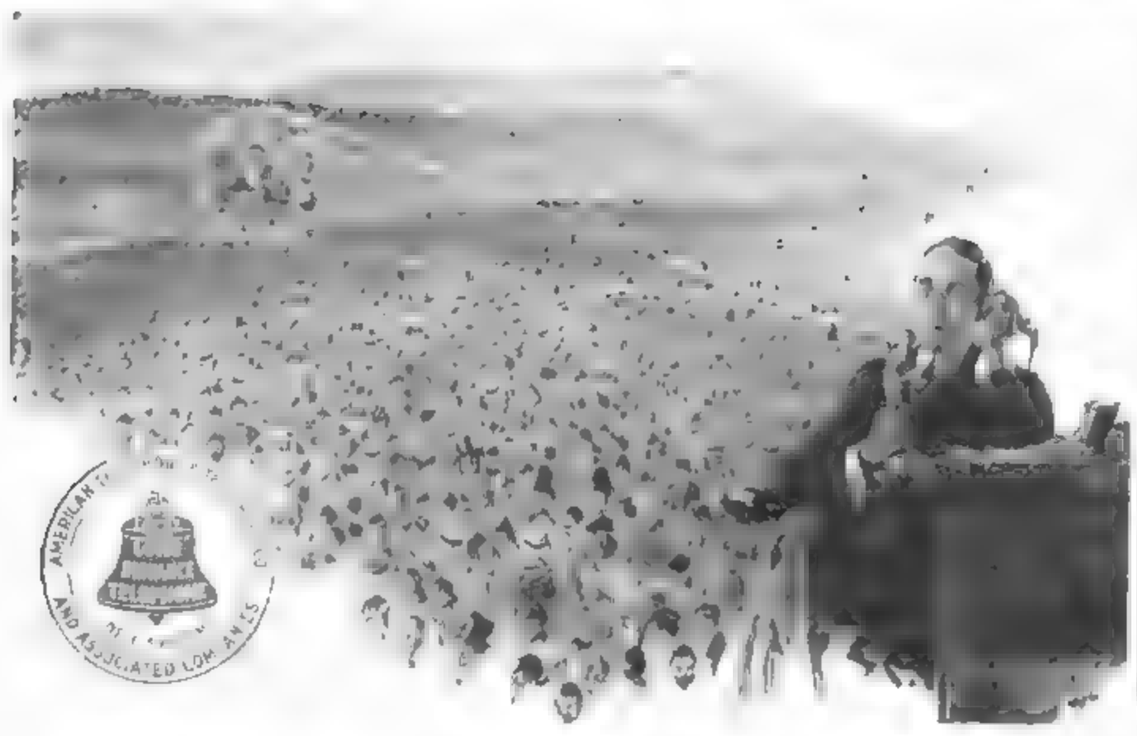

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The edge of the woods was a good two hundred yards behind and the rugged face of the citadel of granite so close that the forms of little trees in its crevices had begun to show. A rifle cracked and something cried "Phw-e-e-e-e!" past Ransch's ear.

The ranger ducked in his saddle and his hand leaped to the holster with a gesture automatic. Sam stopped stock still and blew loudly through his nose. Again came the rifle crack, clean and sharp as the snapping of a brittle pine branch. A spray of manzanita near Sam's fore feet quivered and bent slowly over.

"Down, Sam!" Ransch whispered the words in the buckskin's quivering ears, at the same time giving his head a sharp sidewise twist with hand at the snaffle. The little horse trembled, then slowly dropped to his knees and rolled on his side. Ransch wriggled himself clear of the stirrups as his mount went down. They lay together, heads below the screen of the brush.

Surprise had been complete and numbing. Now as he lay beside his horse Ransch instantly shook off the paralysis of the first shock, and his mind leaped to grapple with the problem of dodging death, projected itself across the green hedge of the brush to combat and defeat that other mind bent on murder. He whipped off his hat and, holding his .45 cocked and ready, cautiously lifted his head to bring his eyes to search the granite block a hundred yards away. Ransch dared not risk a too comprehensive view of the uptilted buttress; to do so would be to raise his head above the screening line of the brush and invite another shot.

As he searched, Ransch took stock of his position. He was two hundred yards away from the edge of the woods behind. To crawl back to the security of the big trees would be an easy thing; but how about old Sam? The buckskin assuredly could not retreat through the brush without becoming a mark, and Ransch felt confident the sniper in the rocks would stretch the buckskin out through pure wantonness if chance offered. The same objection barred any exploring detour through the brush to a position behind the concealed sharpshooter, whence a shot from the .45 would bring him into an open fight.

Sam grew restive, made little whickering noises through his nose, struck out tentatively with his hoofs. Ransch clapped a hand over his nostrils with a sharp reminder that he was a "fool hawse." He found some rank brake ferns crushed under him, broke off a dozen stems close to the roots and tucked them down the back of his neck, so that the heavy fronds folded over his head and dropped odorous fingers even down to his nose. So protected, he raised his head again, this time higher. His whole being centered for the minute in his eyes, searching foot by foot the contour of the great gray liberty cap lifting above the sea of green furze.

Sudden crackling of brush, a struggle, and Sam was up. Ransch's quick hand just missed the dragging bridle.

"Sam, you plumb fool!" At the angry exclamation the buckskin sheered away in fright. Ransch started to crawl after him. A shot, a startled scream from the little horse, and with a kick of his heels he started on a quick run for the line of the woods.

The man saw a long line along Sam's flank, where a bullet had creased him. In the wink of an eye he had jerked his head about to the rock splinters. Down in a narrow crack between two shoulders of granite a thin whiff of white smoke was shredding away; something moved ——

Ransch leaped to his feet and sent three shots banging into the cleft. Then he dropped.

He lay tense for many minutes, awaiting the answering spit of lead. None came. Very cautiously he raised his fern headdress until his eyes could find the cleft whence the rifle had spoken. He gazed long and steadily. No glint of sun on steel; no movement there.

Ransch's mood was all vengeful now. The cruel and useless wounding of his best friend cried for retribution more than the attempts on his own life, stirred his anger deeper than the purely personal matter of bandying death with that hidden intelligence in the gunsight cranny of the rocks. A declaration of war that first bark of the rifle had been. If war was what Joh Totten wanted Jay Ransch was all for obliging him. He measured with a careful eye the distance of a cautious detour round to the opposite side of the scarp, reloaded the empty chambers in his .45, then began patiently and with great care to crawl through the spinous thicket in a broad half-circle. Advance was slow, tantalizingly slow. He dared not cause a single branch to wave a signal of his progress; the breaking of a twig would be the explosion of a torpedo in the silence of the burn. Stiff old stubs of manzanita tore at him spitefully. Thorns of buck brush slashed face and hands. Busy red ants explored the tunnels of his shirt sleeves.

Longer than an hour Ransch crawled and twisted, taking his bearings from time to time by cautious peeks over the top of the brush. Finally he found himself on the opposite side of the battlements of granite and with catlike softness made his approach up the slope to the rocks. Now he was clear of the brush, and now, revolver at hip, he was picking his way, step by step, up the uneven levels of the mesa, nerves tightened and eyes sharpened to the hairline of a movement.

With purpose he sought the higher reaches of the rocks, planning to come upon the hiding place of his enemy from above, thereby putting him at the disadvantage of squinting against the sun in taking an aim. Ransch could see, now, the place in the brush where he had been ambushed, the woods beyond. He moved each foot with infinite pains. His cocked revolver he pushed well out in front of him and crawled to the edge of a broad shelf dropping to unseen depths. To the edge and a quick look over.

A flaming blot of red forty or more feet below and behind a fissured rock. The blot took shape—the contour of a sprawled body, arms thrown out. There was about it that indefinable sign of the sped vital spark which carries to comprehension almost quicker than the eye can register. Cold blue of a rifle barrel glinted just beyond reach of the limp hands.

A short cry of recognition, and Ransch was scrambling down to the side of his enemy. She lay on her face. Down from one outstretched arm a thin red streak lay clotting in the sun; the gingham sleeve was darkened from elbow to shoulder. Her face, as Ransch gently turned the girl over, was blanched to harmony with the gray rock she was stretched on. She breathed.

He picked her up with clumsy efforts at gentleness, carried her to a patch of shade, and there propped her back against the gnarled trunk of a stunted pine. The tip of his knife blade picked at the hem binding the soaked sleeve to the shoulders; it pulled off, exposing a full, round arm slit from elbow to clavicle by a bullet. Deep and freely bleeding, it was an ugly wound.

What rough surgery he was capable of, the ranger speedily put into practice. Lacking water to wash the wound he tried the next best antiseptic—odorous white pitch which followed slashes of his knife in the skin of the pine tree. The thick gum availed to check the blood; strips cut from the gingham skirt served as bandages, and Ransch's bandanna made a sling about her neck for the injured member to rest in. His first-aid work done, the ranger considered the next step this unexpected turn in affairs necessitated—to leave the girl unconscious while he went across to the forest and corralled Sam, doubtless ranging somewhere near by, or to carry her through the brush to the shade of the woods and find the buckskin afterward.

Ransch measured the strip of burn between the rocks and the nearest line of pines, perhaps three hundred and fifty yards. He stooped, gathered the yielding figure in his arms, added the weight of the rifle to that of the girl, and cautiously descended the levels of the rocks to the edge of the brush sea. Into it he plunged with a wide, high-kneed stride.

It was bitter going. The brush strove constantly to pull him and his burden down; taller branches threatened to rake the unprotected arm in the sling; because of what he bore in his arms he could not look down to plant his feet. Halfway to the forest edge he stopped, quite spent, to lean against a bowlder and rally his strength. As he rested, back against rock and the weight in his arms eased against a propped knee, the girl opened her eyes and looked steadily into his.

"So—you—cotched me?" faintly and with a flicker of defiance about the lips.

"You might say so," Ransch answered dryly.

"An' now—you got me—what you goin' do—with me?"

"Feed you to the hellydids," said Ransch.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE LORD PROVIDES

(Continued from Page 11)

the Major became aware that he was sandwiched in between the fat chief of the paid fire department and worthless Tobe Murphy, who hadn't been out of the penitentiary a month. I know that old Peter J. Galloway, the lame Irish blacksmith, wore his leather apron as he limped along, bobbing up on his good leg and down on his short bent one.

I know that Mr. Herman Felsburg brought with him four of the clerks of Felsburg Brothers' Oak Hall Clothing Emporium. One of them left a customer behind, too, or possibly the customer also came. On second thought, I believe he did. I know that some men stood along the curbstones and stared and that other men, having first bared their heads, broke away to tail in at the end of the doubled lines of marching figures. And I know that of those who did this there were more than of those who merely stood and stared. The padding of shoe soles upon the gravel of the street became a steadily increasing, steadily rising thump-thump-thump; the rhythm of it rose above the creak and the clatter of the hearse wheels and the hoofs of the horses.

Lengthened and strengthened every few feet and every few yards by the addition of new recruits, the procession kept on. It trailed past shops and stores and jobbers' houses. It traveled by the Y. M. C. A. and by Fraternity Hall. It threaded its way between rows of residences. It must have been two hundred strong when the hearse horses came abreast of that stately new edifice, with its fine memorial windows and its tall twin spires, which the darkies called the Big Rock Church. They didn't stop here though. Neither did they stop at the old ivy-covered church farther along nor at the little red-brick church in the middle of the next block.

The procession kept on. Growing and still growing, it kept on. By now you might have counted in its ranks fit representatives of every grade and class, every cult and every creed to be found in the male population of our town. Old men and young men marched; bachelors and heads of families; rich men and poor; men who made public sentiment and men who defied it; strict churchgoers and avowed skeptics; men called good and men called bad. You might have ticked off almost any kind of man in that line. Possibly the Pharisees were missing and the Scribes were served only in the person of the editor of the Daily Evening News, who appeared well up toward the front of one of the files, with a forgotten cedar lead pencil riding in the crotch of his right ear. But assuredly the Publican was there and the Sinner.

Heralded by the sound of its own thumping tread and leaving in its wake a stupefaction of astonishment, the procession kept straight on down Franklin Street, through the clear October sunshine and under the sentinel maples, which sifted down gentle showers of red and yellow leaves upon it. It kept on until it reached the very foot of the street. There it swung off at right angles into a dingy, ill-kempt little street that coursed crookedly along the water front, with poor houses rising upon one side and the raw mud banks of the river falling steeply away upon the other.

It followed this street until the head of it came opposite a little squat box-and-barn of a structure, built out of up-and-down planking; unpainted, too, with a slatted belfry, like an overgrown chicken coop, perched midway of the peak of its steeply pitched tin roof. Now this structure, as all knew who remembered the history of contemporary litigation as recorded in the local prints, was the True Believers' Afro-American Church of Zion, sometimes termed in derision Possum Trot, being until recently the place of worship of that newest and most turbulent of local negro sects, but now closed on an injunction secured by one of the warring factions within its membership and temporarily lodged in the custody of the circuit court and in the hands of that court's servant, the high sheriff, pending ultimate determination of the issue by his honor, the circuit judge. Technically it was still closed; legally and officially still in the firm grasp of Sheriff Giles Birdsong. Actually and physically it was at this moment open—wide open. The double doors were drawn back, the windows shone clean, and at the threshold of the swept and garnished interior stood Judge Priest's Jeff, with his broom in his hand and his mop and bucket at his side. Jeff had concluded his share of the labors barely in time.

As Mr. Jansen steered his dappled span close up alongside the pavement and brought them to a standstill, Judge Priest looked back and with what he saw was well content. He knew that morbid curiosity might account for the presence of some among this multitude who had come following after him, but not for all, and perhaps not for very many.

He nodded to himself with the air of one who is amply satisfied by the results of an accomplished experiment.

For the bearers of the dead he selected offhand the eight men who had marched nearest to him. As they lifted the coffin out from the hearse it befell that our most honored physician should have for his opposite our most consistent drunkard, and that Mr. Crump, who walked in straight and narrow paths, should rub elbows with Beck Giltner, whom upon any day in the year, save only this day, Mr. Crump would have rejoiced to see harried with hounds beyond the corporate limits.

Up the creaking steps and in between the lolling door-halves the chosen eight bore the dead girl, and right reverently they rested their burden on board trestles at the foot of the little box-pulpit, where shafts of sunshine, filtering through one of the small side windows, stenciled a checkered pattern of golden squares upon the white velvet box with its silver handles and its silver name plate. Behind the eight came others, bringing the flowers. It must have been years, I imagine, since the soiled hands of some of these had touched such gracious things as flowers, yet it was to transpire that none among them needed the help of any defter fingers. Upon the coffin and alongside it they laid down their arm loads, so that once more the narrow white box was almost covered under bloom and leaf; and then the yellow pencilings of sunlight made greater glory there than ever.

When the crowd was in and seated—all of it that could get in and get seated—a tall, white-haired woman in a plain black frock came silently and swiftly through a door at the back and sat herself down upon a red plush stool before a golden-oak melodeon. Stool and melodeon being both the property of the fractious True Believers, neglect and poor usage had wrought most grievously with the two of them. The stool stood shakily upon its infirm legs and within the melodeon the works were skewed and jangled. But Mrs. Matilda Weeks' finger ends fell with such sanctifying gentleness upon the warped keys, and as she sang her sweet soprano rose so clearly and yet so softly, filling this place whose walls so often had resounded to the lusty hallelujahs of shouting black converts, that to those who listened now it seemed almost as though a Saint Cecilia had descended from on high to make this music. Mrs. Weeks sang a song that she had sung many a time before—for ailing paupers at the almshouse, for prisoners at the county jail, for the motley congregations that flocked to Sunday afternoon services in the little mission at the old Acme skating rink. And the name of the song was Rock of Ages.

She finished singing. Judge Priest got up from a front pew where he had been sitting and went and stood alongside the flower-piled coffin, with his back to the little yellow-pine pulpit and his prayer book in his hands, a homely, ungraceful figure, facing an assemblage that packed the darky meeting house until it could hold no more. In sight there were just five women: the good woman at the melodeon and four other women, dwellers beneath a sinful roof, who sat together upon what the pastor of the True Believers would have called the mourners' bench. And all the rest were men. Men sat, row on row, in the pews; men stood in the single narrow aisle and against the walls round three sides of the building; and men appeared at the doorway and on beyond the doorway, upon the porch and the steps.

I deem it to have been characteristic of the old Judge that he made no explanation for his presence before them and no apology for his assumption of a rôle so unusual. He opened his black-bound volume at a place where his plump forefinger had been thrust between the leaves to mark the place for him, and in his high, thin voice he read through the service for the dead, with its

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SIX DOLLARS

promise of the divine forgiveness. When he had reached the end of it he put the book aside, and spoke to them in the fair and grammatical English that usually he reserved for his utterances from the bench in open court:

"Our sister who lies here asked with almost her last conscious breath that at her funeral a sermon should be preached. Upon me, who never before attempted such an undertaking, devolves the privilege of speaking a few words above her. I had thought to take for my text the words: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.'

"But I have changed my mind. I changed it only a little while ago. For I recalled that once on a time the Master said: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' And I believe, in the scheme of everlasting mercy and everlasting pity, that before the eyes of our common Creator we are all of us as little children whose feet stumble in the dark. So I shall take that saying of the Saviour for my text."

Perhaps it would be unjust to those whose business is the preaching of sermons to call this a sermon. I, for one, never heard any other sermon in any other church that did not last longer than five minutes. And certainly Judge Priest, having made his beginning, did not speak for more than five minutes; the caressing fingers of the sunlight had not perceptibly shifted upon the flower-strewn coffin top when he finished what he had to say and stood with his head bowed. After that, except for a rustle of close-packed body and a clearing of men's huskened throats, there was silence for a little time.

Then Judge Priest's eyes looked about him and three pews away he saw Ashby Corwin. It may have been he remembered that as a young man Ashby Corwin had been destined for holy orders until another thing—some said it was a woman and some said it was whisky, and some said it was first the woman and then the whisky—came into his life and wrecked it so that until the end of his days Ashby Corwin trod the rocky downhill road of the profligate and the waster.

Or it may have been the look he read upon the face of the other that moved Judge Priest to say:

"I will ask Mr. Corwin to pray."

At that Ashby Corwin stood up in his place and threw back his prematurely whitened head, and he lifted his face that was all scarified with the blighting flames of dissipation, and he shut his eyes that long since had wearied of looking upon a trivial world, and Ashby Corwin prayed. There are prayers that seem to circle round and round in futile rings, going nowhere; and then again there are prayers that are like sparks struck off from the wheels of the prophet's chariot of fire, coursing their way upward in spiritual splendor to blaze on the sills of the Judgment Seat. This prayer was one of those prayers that burn.

After that Judge Priest bowed his head again and spoke the benediction.

It turns out that I was right a while back when I predicted this narrative might end with Judge Priest sitting at his desk in his room at the old courthouse. On the morning of the day following the day of this funeral he sat there, putting the last words to his decision touching upon the merits of the existing controversy in the congregation of the True Believers' Afro-American Church of Zion. The door opened and in walked Beck Giltner, saloon keeper, sure-thing gambler, handy-man-with-a-gun, and, according to the language of a resolution unanimously adopted at a mass meeting of the Law and Order League, force-for-evil.

Beck Giltner was dressed in his best. He wore his wide-brimmed, black soft hat, with its tall crown carefully dented in, north, east, south and west; his long black coat; his white turn-down collar; his white lawn tie; and in the bosom of his plaited shirt of fine white linen his big diamond pin, that was shaped like an inverted banjo. This was Beck Giltner's attire for the street and for occasions of ceremony. Indoors it was the same, except that sometimes he took the coat off and turned back his shirt cuffs.

"Good mornin', Beck," said the Judge. "Well?"

"Judge Priest," said Giltner, "as a rule I don't come to this courthouse except when I have to come. But to-day I've come to tell you something. You made a mistake yesterday!"

"A mistake, suh?" The Judge's tone was sharp and quick.

"Yes, suh, that's what you did," returned the tall gambler. "I don't mean in regards to that funeral you held for that dead girl. You probably don't care what I think one way or the other, but I want to tell you I was strong for that, all the way through. But you made a mistake just the same, Judge; you didn't take up a collection.

"It had been a good many years since I was inside of a church, until I walked with you and the others to that little nigger church yesterday—forty-odd years I reckon; not since I was a kid, anyway. But to the best of my early recollections they always took a collection for something or other every time I did go to church. And yesterday you overlooked that part altogether.

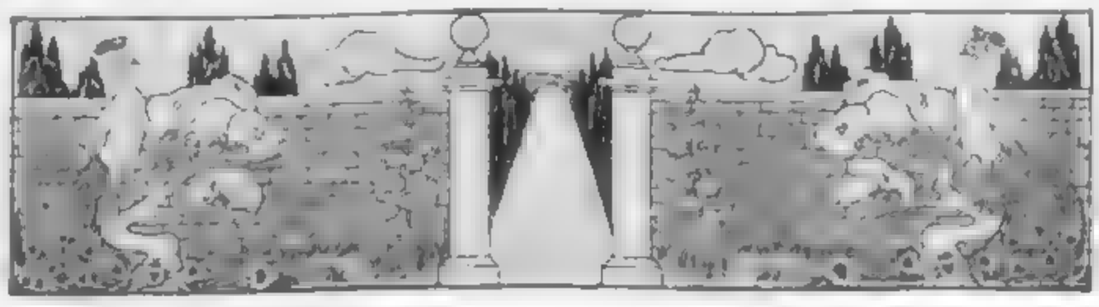
"So last night I took it on myself to get up a collection for you. I started it with a bill or so off my own roll. Then I passed the hat round at several places where you wouldn't scarcely care to go yourself. And I didn't run across a single fellow that failed to contribute. Some of 'em don't move in the best society, and there's some more of 'em that you'd only know of by reputation. But every last one of 'em put in something. There was one man that didn't have but seven cents to his name—he put that in. So here it is—four hundred and seventy-five dollars and forty-two cents, according to my count."

From one pocket he fetched forth a rumpled packet of paper money and from the other a small cloth sack, which gave off metallic clinking sounds. He put them down together on the desk in front of Judge Priest.

"I appreciate this, ef I am right in my assumption of the motives which actuated you and the purposes to which you natchally assumed this here money would be applied," said Judge Priest as the other man waited for his response. "But, son, I can't take your money. It ain't needed. Why, I wouldn't know what to do with it. There ain't no outstandin' bills connected with that there funeral. All the expense entailed was met—privately. So you see ——"

"Wait just a minute before you say no!" interrupted Giltner. "Here's my idea and it's the idea of all the others that contributed: We-all want you to take this money and keep it—keep it in your safe, or in your pocket, or in the bank to your credit, or anywheres you please, but just keep it. And if any girl that's gone wrong should die and not have any friends to help bury her, they can come to you and get the cash out of this fund to pay for puttin' her away. And if any other girl should want to go back to her people and start in all over again and try to lead a better life, why you can advance her the railroad fare out of that money too. You see, Judge, we are aimin' to make a kind of a trust fund out of it, with you as the trustee. And when the four seventy-five forty-two is all used up, if you'll just let me know I'll guarantee to rustle up a fresh bank roll so you'll always have enough on hand to meet the demands. Now then, Judge, will you take it?"

Judge Priest took it. He stretched out and scooped in currency and coin sack, using therefor his left hand only. The right was engaged in reaching for Beck Giltner's right hand, the purpose being to shake it.



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A FILM FAVORITE

(Continued from Page 8)

utilized by some film company; and if, during a G. A. R. or an Elks parade, one sees a ridiculous individual making an ass of himself, one invariably looks for a camera. At the last Vanderbilt race at Santa Monica visitors were horrified to see a machine, dragging somebody behind, dash past the grand stand, while two policemen, who rushed out and tried to stop the wild monster, were bowled over like tenpins and rolled fifty yards down the track in a cloud of dust.

There was a time when fire engines suggested that something was burning somewhere; now, however, the commotion may be nothing more than a ladder wagon headed for an actress lying flat on her ample tummy in the middle of Main Street.

After seeing some Charlie Chaplin drive a jitney into a hearse, scattering the dear departed all over the Plaza, one finally becomes suspicious—even of a funeral. An open patrol wagon, full of fierce and piratical police, may go tearing through the heart of the town; but the sophisticated villagers on the sidewalk pay them only the bored attention of fellow artists. It is the tourists who stop to rubber. There are no studios in Keokuk; so all this excitement is very interesting to the outlander.

There is hardly a building, public or private, in the city that has not been used as a location in a picture. Occasionally the location hunter gets permission, but oftener we go and take the picture and explain afterward—if explanations seem necessary. If we run into a landlord who lacks local patriotism, and he makes a disagreeable scene, the director may manage to have him pull it off in front of the camera, and thereby get twenty or thirty feet of good "quarrel stuff."

In one of my first pictures we were doing a scene in a beautiful place in Pasadena, and the owner of the estate arrived just in time to see twenty or thirty nuns coming out of his front entrance. Looking about the grounds he beheld brown-frocked and sandaled monks going about their labors or saying their beads in the shade of a high brick wall that inclosed the place. It was the first time he had realized what a fine old cloistral effect his architect had achieved. The butler had given us permission to use the location during the absence of the owner, whose premature arrival did not, however, bring censure to Jorkins. Later the whole place was put at our disposal.

Recently one of our directors came to the studio beaming with delight because he had secured the services of a church congregation to pose for a camp-meeting scene. Five hundred dollars for The Cause had done the deed.

One day the city was placarded by huge bills advertising a bullfight at the Stadium. Mexico's most famous matador was to appear. Thousands journeyed to the great amphitheater—only to find that they were to act as a background for one of America's greatest singers, who was appearing in a seven-reel production of Carmen. Enough extra people in Spanish costume were employed to furnish the "crowd" for the close-up stuff. In the big pictures this detail of costume is not necessary, for only the immensity of the multitude is noticed.

If one goes home some afternoon and finds an ambulance or a motor cop outside the door he instinctively looks for the camera. It usually emerges from a group of little boys.

In Hollywood and Santa Monica, where so many of the studios are located, the inhabitants have ceased to marvel at anything. To come from behind their hedgerows and run slam up against one of Rome's legions is to them no more surprising than to look up suddenly into the immense face of an elephant. Automobiles full of Zulus, Arabs and Cossacks race through the town unnoticed. An Egyptian princess, sitting on a high stool and encompassing a nut sundae, might create a sensation in an Eastern drug store—not so in this country. It is all part of the workingday life of the place.

The astonishing number of floral and electrical parades, fiestas and pageants only adds to the sophistication of the villagers and the bewilderment of the tourists. Nothing in the way of weird costume or outrageous make-up seems incongruous in this carnival city. With my face loaded with grease paint, I have sat many times at luncheon in a downtown restaurant and attracted only passing interest. Some waiter occasionally gives me the high sign of our tribe, for the chances are even that he himself is a past m.-p. performer.

There is a cafeteria near our studio that is patronized almost exclusively by moving-picture folk in all their stage feathers. It is the most cosmopolitan restaurant in the world; for at any time one may find every race and type extant rubbing elbows and eating chili beans in perfect harmony of spirit—if not of raiment.

Stagecoaches still go tearing through the hills and over the mountains as they did in '49; but the passengers they carry are the heroes and heroines of our mimic world. It is not a comic-paper joke that occasionally some stranger, usually an Englishman, who runs on some scene of Western daring while touring the country, will straightway speed madly to the next town in great excitement to report the hold-up of a stage. There is always some kind-hearted person who will lead him aside and explain the ribald laughter of the sheriff's office.

The reason the greatest rodeos of the country are now held in Los Angeles is because all the best cowboy riders and ropers in the West are performing here, with one company or another. Besides working in the Western stuff, they perform in all pictures where dangerous riding is necessary; and there is always somebody to double with the hero when the latter must make some wonderful escape or rescue. By cutting in and out the deception is easily arranged.

I have a chap named Curly who doubles with me; he is about my build, and we have costumes made exactly alike. I can get away with the ordinary riding stuff; but when the part necessitates a hard fall or any rough riding I gladly turn that feat over to a professional, who knows how to take his bumps. In these scenes the double is careful to keep his face turned from the camera; but the speed of the action alone is sufficient to conceal the substitution.

There are some pictures made on the plains and in the hills that are really worth a long journey to witness; these are the great battle scenes, ancient and modern. Some of them involve thousands of men and horses, and are enacted over miles of country. It seems too bad that the magnificence of these spectacles is witnessed by so few. The film picture can never be so stirring as the actual scene, yet often a handful of men are the only spectators.

By linking up with a showman the moving-picture director can pull off the big stuff at very little cost. It is a beautiful scheme; the extra people, instead of receiving five dollars a day, flock to the beach by thousands, thus paying for the film through the railroad companies and at the same time acting the mob stuff for nothing. Besides this, fifty or a hundred thousand people alertly await the release of the great war stories in which they figure so inconspicuously.

In Shakspere's time poor old Thespis was in much disrepute and the players were compelled to stay outside the walls of London; but, alas, how the wheel has turned up in some three hundred years! Now everybody within the walls has become an actor and a city is the stage. I should qualify that statement by saying that four hundred thousand are actors and two hundred thousand are writing scenarios—the city has grown one hundred thousand since I wrote the first paragraph!

There is always a part of the population, working indoors or in dark places, who could not participate in the picture play; but there is nothing to prevent them from writing scenarios; and apparently nothing does. I know only one motor man who is not writing a romance or a drama. In the depths of the canning factories and in the bowels of the office buildings are thousands of burning geniuses who are writing—on one side of the paper only, according to scenario requirement—of escapades that would test the nerve of the best of us.

Shopgirls turn out romances by tens of thousands that would make the Perils of Pauline seem safe and tame; and if we actors took some of the chances the stenographers and elevator men frame up for us every hospital and morgue in the place would be filled to overflowing. It is so easy, in the safe seclusion of the boiler room, to write: "The hero falls headfirst from the third-story window, but is saved by striking

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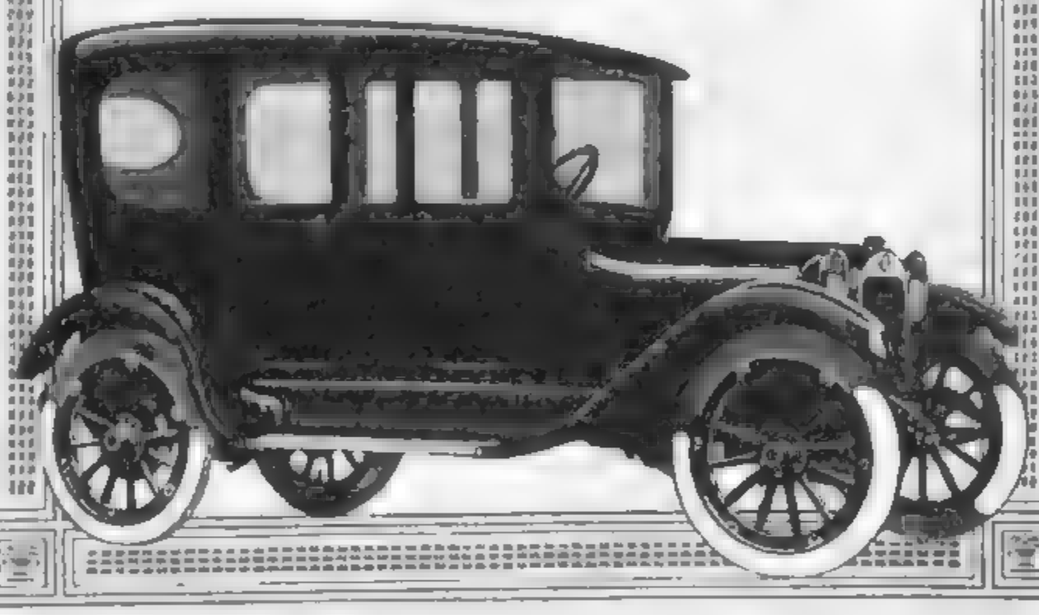

the angle of an awning, which turns him over, so that he lands uninjured on his feet."

The moving-picture magazines offer prizes for scenarios; the correspondence schools solicit, and occasionally a studio accepts a scenario; so the mill goes grinding on—why, heaven only knows!—for most studios have a scenario department. There are a few newspaper fellows on the outside who, having learned the knack and knowing the peculiar needs of each studio, feed into the omnivorous maw. What becomes of the works of the hundred thousand, only they or the janitor could tell; but on they write, each one thinking the story he is doing will be better than Cabiria. The impulse that prompts all these people to write is, no doubt, the call for expression that lurks in the heart of everybody—even office boys and crossing policemen; and it is true that most of the pictures one sees would seem to have been written by them.

Why do we all wish to act? I have never seen anyone refuse, and most people are quite honestly excited about appearing in the pictures. Even great and modest public men succumb, with only very faint struggles.

It is a curious sort of egotism; the only actors who do not have it are little children. That is why children usually do so well. The most egotistic among us are those who wish their faces to loom largest—we call them by the indelicate name of camera hogs. Some there are whose artistry is stronger than their egotism, yet they are often compelled to hog the picture by their directors. These latter are the men who lay more emphasis on the film favorite than on the play.

I learned later, however, that there were other reasons why the professional actor succumbs to the lure of the moving picture. When one thinks of the nervous, helter-skelter life of the average American actor, a normal working life makes a tremendous appeal. Instead of touring the country in stuffy cars and living at second-rate hotels, he can now have a home. Many of us, indeed, have beautiful places; our jobs are fairly permanent—if not with one company, at least in the same city. I know many fellows who have been with one studio for seven or eight years.

Also, in the moving pictures we can work for fifty-two weeks a year, instead of thirty or forty. There are days—because of the weather or for other reasons—when we do not work, yet our salaries go right on; but, best of all, we control our own evenings and can enjoy the same social life as other professional people. That is why our clubs and balls are such great successes; we can all go if we wish.

Another strong factor in this life that makes it more interesting than the grind of the legitimate stage is the fact that we do not work monotonously in one part during an entire season. There is constant change and our work is ever new. The variety of the scenes takes us from the mountains to the sea, all over this glorious country—to the Yosemite, Catalina, Mexico—every place of picture possibilities and interest. It is one grand adventure. One week I am playing polo in Pasadena, in a society play; the next I am sailing the Channel in a Fisherman story.

Then there is the great joy of the first night. The moving-picture magazines publish lists of releases for the coming week; and if one of our pictures is scheduled for a local theater the whole company flocks down to see itself. We attend our own performances and become our own critics—and such criticisms! To hear the roasting and the joshing of the action and the actors as the story develops! The ordinary dramatic critic is charitable in comparison to the self-criticism of actors.

Unfortunately or fortunately for me, Mrs. Grandon is one of those purposeful girls who refuses to be tremendously impressed by our work. She always accompanies me to our premières, but sometimes smiles throughout the loftiest heights of my dramatic effort. This morning I read a newspaper story to her that commented fulsomely on the latest triumph of a woman star, and laid perhaps too much emphasis on the size of the young lady's salary.

"I do not wish to be unkind, Spencer; but the fact is, I am vastly more interested in the minimum wage of shopgirls than in the maximum wage of moving-picture queens," said she.

Mrs. Grandon is one of the girls who worked her way through college.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 20)

possible to get to Petrograd—possible and very wearisome. Travel increased, and they improved the service to some extent. Haparanda and Karungi began to be important places.

Naturally, as there was nothing at Karungi, the men who saw business chances there built themselves business places. I doubt if there is another village in Europe that is so typically like a Western frontier village in the United States. It made one homesick to come into it, for everything was there—the square pine hotel, the one-story shops, the saloons, the livery stable, the moving-picture show in a tent, the hastily built shed for the bank, and all that. It looks like a little cow town at the end of a spur of railroad across the prairie or a little mining town. There are dozens of them in our West. And the hotel is the Grand Hotel, and its competitor is the Central Hotel; and the same sort of people loaf round and go down to see the two trains a day go out as loaf about in our Western mushroom towns.

Also, this was the one way that freight for Russia from the west could be sent in for several months in the year while Archangel was frozen. That made Karungi and Haparanda and Tornea important places indeed. Likewise, it gave the Swedes a chance to show their dislike for Russia. Sweden, as Russia holds it, is pro-German, but I am assured that this is not the exact statement of the case. Sweden is anti-Russian, and to some extent, of course, that makes her pro-German. There is grave fear in Russia, or was when I was there, that Sweden might turn her army in with Germany, and there is no doubt that Germany is working to that end. However, Sweden and Denmark and Norway made a tripartite agreement that neither would go into the war without the consent of the other parties to the agreement. Denmark and Norway are not pro-German. They do not like the Germans.

The sentiment in Sweden, as I found it, is divided. The upper and aristocratic classes, and, mayhap, the peasants, or the laboring class, would not be averse to joining with Germany, but the strong, influential and rich middle class will not hear to a war. Sweden is doing very well, selling her products to Germany and elsewhere, and these business men say it would be folly for Sweden to go in. Inasmuch as declaring war is a complicated process in Sweden, the Russians, who are watching Sweden carefully, say they can be prepared if Sweden does go in, as Sweden can take no step hastily, owing to constitutional restrictions which will give Russia five or six weeks to meet this emergency if it arises. Norway would not be averse to this step on Sweden's part. Norway would make it interesting for Sweden if Sweden did go in.

Sweden's Lack of Love for Russia

Sweden has two or three hundred thousand very good soldiers. Also, Sweden has a very pleased opinion of herself. They are of the idea—these Swedes—that if they throw their army into the war that will settle everything. They are very cocky and self-confident people. I talked to a good many of them who told me that the Swedish soldiers were so far superior to Russians and to Frenchmen that they considered their army of a quarter of a million, say, equal to twice that many men fighting for the Allies. Naturally, Russia does not want Sweden to go into the war, for Russia needs that freight route through a neutral country. If Sweden did go in and join with Germany there would be no communication between Russia and England save by way of Archangel, which is icebound for several months, and all the materials for arming and feeding and clothing and transporting the Russian Army would then have only the inlet through Archangel on the west and through Vladivostok on the east. Vladivostok is a good many thousand miles from the front, and there is but one track to the railroad for a large part of the distance.

Sweden knows that fact, and Sweden is very self-assertive. In addition Sweden is making it as difficult as possible for Russia by taking her own—leisurely—time in handling the freight that is coming up that way for Russia. There were two things that struck me when I was coming out of Russia. The first was the enormous number of parcel-post packages that were arriving for Russia and were being sent forward from Haparanda in a most casual and indifferent manner. The second was the tons and tons and tons of freight lying in the mud in Karungi and in Haparanda. The freight transportation in those days was done by one-horse carts. Each cart carried one barrel, or one good-sized box, and the distance between Karungi and Haparanda, where freight from the west for Russia is transshipped to Tornea, is eighteen miles. There were thousands of tons of every conceivable commodity piled up round the railroad track in Karungi—cotton by the hundreds of bales, metals of all kinds, boxed goods, canned goods, oils, iron, machinery, clothing, everything that an army needs, or a country at war; and a good deal of it, judging from its appearance and the depths to which it was sunk in the mud, had been there for long periods. Now, I understand, they have railroad communication between Karungi and Tornea, so freight may go on faster, but it is not likely that it will go on much more rapidly, for the Swedes are in no hurry at all to send materials into Russia that will particularly help the Russians. The Swedes would hold a grand national celebration if Russia were defeated. Russia, you know, has been carving slices off Sweden for three hundred years, and Sweden remembers and considers this a good time to get revenge.

An Arctic Boom Town

I got some pictures of this freight that lies rotting and rusting in the mud at Karungi and at Haparanda, and of the congestion of parcel-post packages, and of the newly constructed village of Karungi, which may be entirely passed by when the connecting railroad is working successfully. Even if that should be so, Karungi was a lively place while it lasted. Imagine the astonishment of those few fishermen up there, who did not see ten strangers a year, when all sorts of excited foreigners began rushing through their village to get out of Russia and rushing through it to get into Russia. The inhabitants had the right spirit, however. They built a town to take care of these travelers and to do business with them, a town including the hotels and the picture show and the saloons. Karungi, within a few miles of the Arctic Circle, is, no doubt, the farthest north boom-town in the world.

It has had an exciting life. Before it was anything more than the two houses that were occupied by fishermen there began to pour into it distracted German refugees from Russia and equally distracted Russian refugees from Germany. There came great parties of English who wanted to do business with Russia, Americans who had things to sell, all sorts of folk who wanted to get to London or Petrograd for all sorts of purposes. They had money and they spent it. They demanded automobiles where there were none and food when there was no food. They raved and shouted and cursed and struggled in the mud. The Swedes looked on placidly for a time and then began to put all this clamor and excitement to account. They brought up automobiles. They organized a transportation service. They got in food. They built Karungi. They put out nets and flypaper and birdlime for every ruble or sovereign or dollar or krona that came that way, and they got a lot of them. These northern Swedes do not want to go to war. What's the use? They are coining money as it is. They know how to charge. It costs money to linger in or round Karungi.

When we had passed the last Swedish sentry and had changed our rubles into kronas at the local bank, we went up to the hotel in Haparanda and found it organized for this new business. They had a dinner ready and it was a good dinner. While we were eating, the automobile men and the carriage men lined up in front of the hotel, and the one-horse wagons, with the trunks, jolted off down the road toward Karungi. The train was due to leave at eight-thirty that night, and four o'clock was time enough to start. I went to look for a photograph shop.

A man and a woman came along the street. "Perhaps I can help you," the woman said in English. I told her what I wanted, and she and the man walked part of the way with me.

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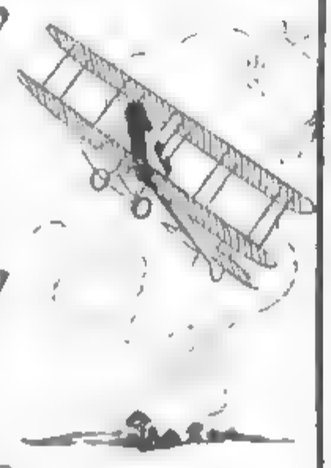
You don't have to fly to know how it feels



Just wing along on Cat's Paw Heels

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

The Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip.

It prevents thousands of accidents.

There are no holes to track mud and dirt.

Makes your step light and your walking easy and safe.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they are easy to find—all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Get a pair today.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached at your dealer's—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c and outline of your feet

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

Pups One Can Whip

In learning how to fight, a pup starts on other pups he can whip. To train a winning football team a squad is matched first against "easy marks."

A BOY is trained for business in the same way. The steps are: minor achievement, self-confidence, aggressiveness, larger achievement, more confidence, and so on. Thus your boy must grow.

Upon request we will equip your boy for an adventure in a business without risk, and in which he is assured of the success he needs and for that self-confidence which leads to greater achievements. Write to us or ask him to do so.

VOCATIONAL SECTION, BOX 102
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"You are an American, I suppose," she said. "We see some Americans here. We used to live in America, and so did my husband."

"Where?" I asked her.

"I lived in Butte, Montana," she said, "and my husband lived near Bozeman. Our folks are here and we came back."

I thought that was odd, to find folks who had lived in America up near the Arctic Circle in Sweden, but it wasn't, for the man who drove me over to Karungi had been a taxi-driver in Chicago, and the hotel keeper in Karungi had worked in Brooklyn, and the railroad man was for ten years in San Francisco.

The road between Haparanda and Karungi was hastily built across a bog. In most parts of it they forgot to remove the bog when they put down the road. The ride over is a cross between a mud bath and a bump-the-bumps. But we arrived and hurried to the railroad station to get our sleeping-car tickets.

"Name, please?" said the sleeping-car man, who had been employed in Omaha and in Minneapolis.

I told him.

"No reservation here," he said, shuffling his slips. "The wires have been down between here and Petrograd for four days."

So it developed that it was my part to stay in Karungi all night and go on in the morning. I got a room at the Grand Hotel. The Grand Hotel is made of pine boards. It is a new hotel. The other Grand Hotel, also made of pine boards, burned up a time ago. They built the second edition of the Grand in three weeks. It looked the part.

That night—or rather that time it should have been night but was day—I went to the moving-picture show. The man had a tent and had blackened the inside of it with paint, for outside, even though it was ten o'clock at night, the sun was shining brightly. I saw some American films. The man who owned the show told me that he had had a show in Rochester, Minnesota, once.

I was glad I stopped at Karungi, for I saw the midnight sun—the almost-midnight sun, to be exact, for although it was noonday bright all night, the sun did make a bluff at setting. It went down at twenty minutes to twelve, and rose twenty minutes after twelve. In the hurry of rebuilding the Grand Hotel and of furnishing it for the large numbers of others who, like myself, found no reservations for them—I wonder if those ticket men in Petrograd own an interest in those hotels in Karungi—no window shades or curtains had been provided, and as I had a room with windows facing both the setting and the rising points, sleeping was rather out of the question. The room was flooded with light all night.

When Sunrise Elbows Sunset

There is a river behind the hotel. It wasn't full to the bank, and resembled a lake more than a river. The sun went down blood-red, and the sky was crimsoned almost to the zenith. It seemed as if all the north were on fire. The river burned in the glow, and the sky took on tints that ranged from cardinal to pink. Just as the whole place seemed about to burst into flame, the sun dropped out of sight, and the glaring reds began to mellow into softer shades, the river lost its glow of fire, and the sky dulled and dimmed until it looked like a great inverted dome that had been white hot and was cooling slowly.

There were no other shades than the shades of fire. None of the usual maroons and cerises and garnets that come as the aftermath of mountain sunsets. Everything was carmine. The air quivered redly, and the trees and the grass were rubescent. All this softened gradually into a glowing one-toned mass of color. Then, at twenty minutes past twelve, at a point that seemed not more than half a mile along the horizon from the place where the sun had disappeared, there came a golden glory that spread evenly over the reddened sky. The sun was rising and soon was above the horizon. It went down red as fire. It came up bright, glittering, gleaming, as if, during the forty minutes it had been below the horizon, some titanic hand had polished it for another day's use.

In ten minutes every evidence of the sunset in sky and clouds had been dissipated by the glitter of the sun, and in half an hour it was riding in the heavens and all was light and warmth again. A little later in the year the midnight sun is almost a reality at Karungi, and not much farther north it does not set. All over Norway they have these white nights, and in Stockholm, on the night of June twenty-fourth, the people do not go to bed. It is a festival. Indeed, there are a good many other nights in that latitude when the people apparently do not sleep. There is never a time between six o'clock in the evening and six o'clock in the morning when there are not plenty of people on the streets.

I asked in Stockholm and in Christiania: "When do you sleep?"

"In the winter," they said. "Then the nights are so long there is nothing else to do."

There came stories to Christiania that the Germans were after the boats that run from Bergen to Newcastle, little boats that make the trip in about forty hours and—with the exception of a once-a-week line from Christiania to Newcastle—provide the only means for people to get back and forth between England and Russia. Several times passengers on these boats had seen German submarines in the North Sea, and once a torpedo was fired at the Iris. The torpedo hit the Iris, but did not explode. Apparently the torpedo was depressed at the head as it was fired, for it went down under the boat, came out on the other side and proceeded harmlessly on its way out to sea. Another of the boats was fired at, but the aim of the gunner was bad, and the boat came safely to Bergen.

"Next Stop, New York"

It seemed extraordinary that the Germans would attack these boats, for though they furnish means of communication between England and Russia, also they are used to a great extent by Germans who go back and forth on work of espionage, and there are a good many of these, despite the vigilance of the English at Newcastle, at leaving and arriving times. There was a general apprehension that one of them would sink one day or night, and the passengers embarked fearfully, and almost all bought extra life preservers and sat up all night wearing them. It is no joke to cross the North Sea in these days.

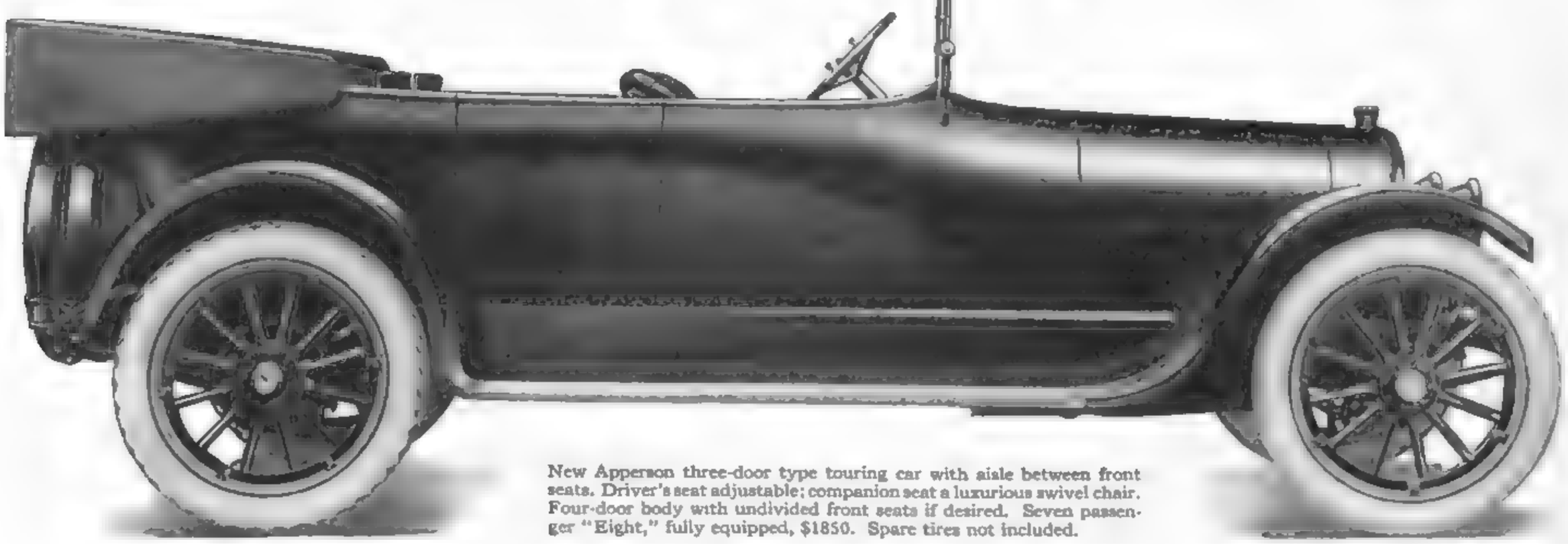
Also it was reported that the English had tightened their blockade that extends from Iceland to the Hebrides. All incoming boats, whether neutral or not, and whether plying between neutral countries, were stopped and taken into Kirkwall for examination of cargoes and of passengers. Just before I sailed, outgoing boats from Denmark and Norway to the United States were stopped also, and detained for a day or so. The three that left before mine had that experience. The agent in Christiania said we should be stopped, and the captain marked the spot on the chart. We were to be held up between three and four o'clock on Sunday afternoon—we sailed on Friday—and, probably, taken into the Hebrides. We went away north of the Shetlands coming out and then began to bear down toward the Hebrides. Also, for the first three days we were in the danger zone and might run afoul of mines or submarines. The lifeboats were swung out and provisioned. The name of our ship had been painted in big letters on the sides, and the Danish colors. Spars, that held big clusters of electric lights, were lashed over the sides, in order that the painted name might be seen by night as well as by day.

Almost at the minute, at three o'clock on Sunday, a torpedo boat stuck her nose out of the mist on the horizon. That was the boat that was to stop us and convoy us in, we thought. But she didn't. She came on a few miles, apparently took a long look at us, and then turned contemptuously and scooted away into the mist. That was the only war boat we saw until we came to the English cruisers that lay outside New York harbor. We swung in our lifeboats, took down our electric lights, and squared away for America.

"Next stop, New York," said the captain. That sounded better than anything I had heard for six months.

APPERSON LIGHT EIGHT

$1850 — The First Big Light-weight Eight — 3100 Pounds



New Apperson three-door type touring car with aisle between front seats. Driver's seat adjustable; companion seat a luxurious swivel chair. Four-door body with undivided front seats if desired. Seven passenger "Eight," fully equipped, $1850. Spare tires not included.

Light, Economical and Graceful; Yet Big, Powerful and Comfortable

The Apperson eight-cylinder car makes its bow in this announcement. A car so new, so beautiful, so harmonious as to make an immediate impression. Its beauty is everywhere. It is complete. The mechanical excellence is apparent even to the most casual observer. The car, as a whole, strikes a pace that will be hard to meet.

Lightness—Power—Size

In the Apperson Eight lightness in weight—a time-proved advantage in motor-car construction—finds its first eight-cylinder application.

The Apperson Light Eight is the lightest weight, 60-horse-power motor car. Completely equipped, its weight is but 3100 pounds, yet no other eight is larger or more luxurious.

Here lightness is due to simplicity and costly materials and is not gained at the expense of strength and sturdiness. Neither has economy been sacrificed at the expense of power.

A Mighty Flow of Silent Power

The power of the eight-cylinder motor is like the flow of Niagara. It is continuous—irresistible—silent.

The Eight gives you four power impulses for every revolution of the fly-wheel, an impulse every quarter turn. The overlapping is so complete that the turning effort is practically constant.

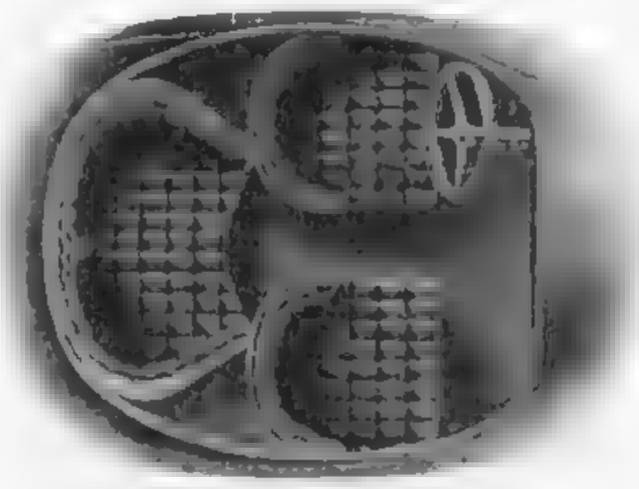
Built on 23 Years' Success

The building of an eight-cylinder car by the pioneer company is a fitting climax to its 23-year career as manufacturers of quality automobiles.

And having this in mind, we have labored long and faithfully to create a car that will be lasting in beauty and satisfactory in service. The Apperson Eight is offered with the feeling that this has actually been accomplished.

Apperson Leadership

Light Weight—3100 Pounds
Horse Power 60
Big Saving in Gasoline
Great Increase in Tire Mileage
Rare Grace in Lines
Beauty and Detail of Finish
Ease of Riding and Roadability
Perfect Balance
"Two-gear" Simplicity of Motor
Simplified Cooling System
Positive Lubrication



The Chummy Roadster for Four

This model represents as great an advance in body designing as does the Apperson Eight mechanically. It is the first practical four passenger roadster. True utility is to be found in every feature of its unique design.

Four passengers are accommodated in perfect comfort—all face forward—all are protected when the top is up. In exterior appearance there is nothing to detract from the snappiness of the roadster type. Rather, the longer sweep of the lines enhances its attractiveness. Prices—Six, $1550; Eight, $1850.

The Apperson Eight is worthy of the Apperson name. We are proud of it, and its inspection will prove a revelation to those who have followed the trend in motor-car construction. For here are new ideals:

New ideals in beauty
New ideals in body building
New ideals in finish

And a mechanical standard which is as solid as the Apperson record of twenty-three years.

It is a car for those who have wished for a big, comfortable automobile combining light weight with untiring power, silent ease, and obeying flexibility.

A True American Eight

The Apperson Eight is a real American eight. Long established, safe Apperson principles form the basis of the motor design. Principles which have featured the famous Apperson Motor for years, with the improvements which long, practical usage has suggested.

Not only was this new Eight conceived by Apperson designers, but it is built in its entirety in Apperson shops. From the first inspiration to the completed car it is purely an Apperson product. An American car through and through, it is representative of American genius, American skill, American thoroughness—and is not a foreign imitation.

A New Measure of Excellence

The Apperson Eight offers a new measure of eight-cylinder excellence. Its builders have accomplished much in their long experience. They have won many triumphs. They have always stood resolutely for quality—never sacrificing merit to price. Their latest creation, the Apperson Eight, is the crowning achievement of a long series of successes—a car that deserves recognition by those who discriminate and seek quality and performance without prohibitive price.

The Apperson Sixes

The Apperson Six is a beautiful car. Its lines are new—long and low—indicative of the speed and power it possesses. The body designs are exclusive, equal in style to the highest priced cars in America. Seven passenger touring car, $1550; five passenger touring car, $1485. Large 6-60 seven passenger, $2350. All prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Indiana.

Write for Catalog of the 1916 Apperson Cars. Dealers Are Now Displaying These Models (1)

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE CO., KOKOMO, IND.

This machine is saving us $25,000 a year in our own offices.

The time-saving effected by the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter is, therefore, no guesswork.

This machine should save you relatively as much as it saves us. The saving depends on the amount of work you give it.

Read what others say:

HERE is a masterpiece in typewriters—a correspondence machine which simultaneously or separately—*types, adds and proves.* Read these experiences—typical of hundreds which we constantly receive. With a different emphasis, each tells the same story—time and money saved.

1. A Retailer:

"We are now using this machine in our bookkeeping department and find it has saved many times its cost in writing our bills, sales book and statements."

Yes. And what is more, this machine is always ready as a correspondence typewriter. It need *never* be idle.

2. A Wholesaler:

"It has given us entire satisfaction and we feel we would not want to go back to our old way of billing for the price of a machine several times over."

Its immediate use calls for no change in your office system. It does your work your way.

3. A Jobbing House:

"We consider this machine a splendid idea for billing, as it guards against the omission of items in copying from orders. Also it proves the addition of these orders."

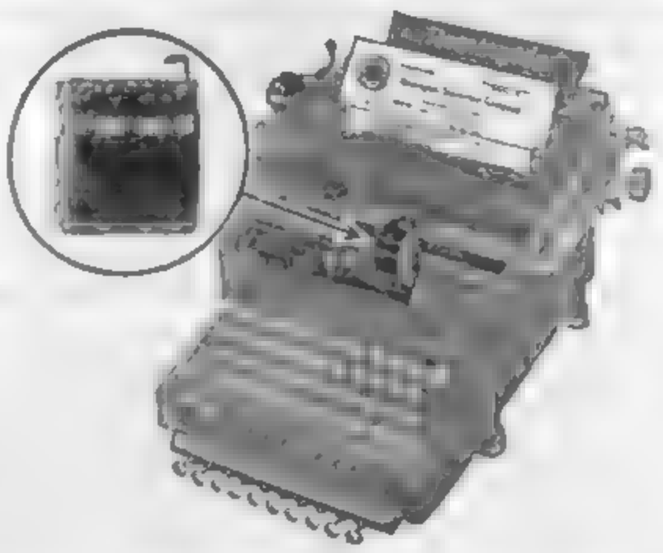
It forces instant accuracy on every bill and statement you render.

4. A Manufacturer:

"Before we bought the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter, which we are now using in writing this letter, we had thought of buying a typewriter and an adding machine. Had we done this it would mean a separate operation. Whereas, on the class of work for which we use this machine, we do it in one complete operation, meaning a great labor saving for us. The results we have received from it are far beyond our expression."

Your business instinct must say: "Here is something I should investigate now."

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER



5. A Bank:

"We consider the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter a great labor saver and could not now afford to be without it. We can get our foreign items in ⅓ the time that we could formerly."

The fact that banks use it daily is sufficient proof of its accuracy.

6. A Public Service Company:

"We figure the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter saves us 30% in bill clerks' time—with a far greater degree of accuracy from our billing department as a result of using it."

Many users find it saves up to 70% of the time spent on billing.

No matter what your business, we can in all probability point to hundreds in your line who are now saving time and money by using this remarkable machine.

It was awarded Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for flexibility and wide range of uses.

The newest model opens up a still wider range of uses, for it adds both vertical columns and "cross ways" on horizontal lines.

If you are aiming to reduce expensive time-waste, send for our folder, "The Story of a Day's Work." It describes the workings of the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter more in detail. Address our head office, New York, or any branch office.

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City *(Branches Everywhere)*

For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico Brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons—write our nearest office

THE REAL PERUVIAN DOUGHNUTS

(Continued from Page 18)

of Desbrosses Street. The eyes of both were lit by adventure. Jimmie pushed through the crowd on the wharf to a ticket office. A glimpse through a door of the huge shed had given him inspiration. No common ferryboats for them! He had seen the stately river steamer, Robert Fulton, gay with flags and bunting, awaiting the throng of excursionists. He recklessly bought tickets. So far, so good. A momentous start had been made.

At this very interesting point in his discourse to me, however, Boogles began to miss explosions too frequently. From the disorderly jumble of his narrative to this moment I believe I have brought something like the truth; I have caused the widely scattered parts to cohere. After this I could make little of his maunderings.

They were on the crowded boat and the boat steamed up the Hudson River; and they disembarked at a thriving Western town—which, I gather, was Yonkers—because Boogles feared his stepmother might trace him to this boat, and because Jimmie Time became convinced that detectives were on his track, wanting him for the embezzlement of a worn but still practicable uniform of the Western Union Telegraph Company. So it was agreed that they should take to the trackless forest, where there are ways of throwing one's pursuers off the acent; where they would travel by night, guided by the stars, and lay up by day, subsisting on spring water and a little pemmican—source undisclosed. They were not going to be taken alive—that was understood.

They hurried through the streets of this thriving Western town, ultimately boarding an electric car—with a shrewd eye out for the hellhounds of the law; and the car took them to the beginning of the frontier, where they found the trackless forest. They reached the depths of this forest after climbing a stone wall; and Jimmie Time said the West looked good to him and that he could already smell the "b'ar steaks br'iling."

Plain enough still, perhaps; but immediately it seemed that a princess had for some time been sharing this great adventure. She was a beautiful golden-haired princess, though quite small, and had flowers in her hair and put some in the cap of Jimmie Time—behind the nickel badge—and said she would make him her court dwarf or jester or knight, or something; only the scout who was with her said this was rather silly and that they had better be getting home or they knew very well what would happen to them. But when they got lost Jimmie Time looked at this scout's rifle and said it was a first-class rifle, and would knock an Indian or a wild animal silly.

And the scout smoked a cigarette and got sick by it, and cried something fierce; so they made a fire, and the princess didn't get sick when she smoked hers, but told them a couple of bully stories, like reading in a book, and ate every one of the greasy sugared crullers, because she was a genuine princess, and Boogles thought at this time that maybe the boundless West wasn't what it was cracked up to be; so, after they met the madam, the madam said, well, if they was wanting to go out West they might as well come along here; and they said all right—as long as they was wanting to go out West anyway, why, they might as well come along with her as with anybody else.

And that Chink would mighty soon find out if Little Sure Shot wasn't the real Peruvian doughnuts, because that old murderer would sure have him hard to find, come sundown; still, he was glad he had come along with the madam, because back there it wasn't any job for you, account of getting too fat for the uniform, with everyone giving you the laugh that way—and they wouldn't get you a bigger one ——

I left Boogles then, though he seemed not to know it. His needle worked swiftly on the red one he was making for the madam, and his aimless, random phrases seemed to flow as before; but I knew now where to apply for the details that had been too many for his slender gift of narrative.

At four that afternoon Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, accompanied by one Buck Devine, a valued retainer, rode into the yard and dismounted. She at once looked searchingly about her. Then she raised her voice, which is a carrying voice even when not raised: "You, Jimmie Time!"

Once was enough. The door of the bunkhouse swung slowly open and the disgraced one appeared in all his shameful panoply. The cap was pulled well down over a face hopelessly embittered. The shrunken little figure drooped.

"None of that hiding out!" admonished his judge. "You keep standing round out here where decent folks can look at you and see what a bad boy you are."

With a glance she identified me as one of the decent she would have edified. Jimmie Time muttered evilly in undertones and slouched forward, head down.

"Ain't he the hostile wretch?" called Buck Devine, who stood with the horses. He spoke with a florid but false admiration.

Jimmie Time, snarling, turned on him:

"You go to ——"

I perceived that Lew Wee, the night before, had delicately indicated by a mere initial letter a bad word that could fall trippingly from the lips of Jimmie.

"Sure!" agreed Buck Devine cordially. "And say, take this here telegram up to the corner of Broadway and Harlem; and move lively now—don't you stop to read any of them nickel liberries."

I saw what a gentleman should do. I turned my back on the piteous figure of Jimmie Time. I moved idly off, as if the spectacle of his ignominy had never even briefly engaged me.

"Shoot up a good cook, will you?" said the lady grimly. "I'll give you your needings." She followed me to the house.

On the west porch, when she had exchanged the laced boots, khaki riding breeches and army shirt for a most absurdly feminine house gown, we had tea. Her nose was powdered, and her slippers were bronzed leather and monstrous small. She mingled Scotch whisky with the tea and drank her first cupful from a capacious saucer.

"That fresh bunch of campers!" she began. "What you reckon they did last night? Cut my wire fence in two places over on the west flat—yes, sir!—had a pair of wire clippers in the whip socket. What I didn't give 'em! Say, ain't it a downright wonder I still retain my girlish laughter?"

But then, after she had refused my made cigarette for one of her own deft handiwork, she spoke as I wished her to:

"Yes; three years ago. Me visiting a week at the home of Mrs. W. B. Hemingway and her husband, just outside of Yonkers, back in York State. A very nice swell home, with a nice front yard and everything. And also Mrs. W. B.'s sister and her little boy, visiting her from Albany, the sister's name being Mrs. L. H. Cummins, and the boy being nine years old and named Rupert Cummins, Junior; and very junior he was for his age too—I will say that. He was a perfectly handsome little boy; but you might call him a blubberhead if you wanted to, him always being scared silly and pestered and rough-housed out of his senses by his little girl cousin, Margery Hemingway—Mrs. W. B.'s little girl, you understand—and her only seven, or two years younger than Junior, but leading him round into all kinds of musses till his own mother was that demoralized after a couple of days she said if that Margery child was hers she'd have her put away in some good institution.

"Of course she only told that to me, not to Margery's mother. I don't know—mebbe she would of put her away, she was that frightened little Margery would get Junior killed off in some horrible manner, like the time she got him to see how high he dast jump out of the apple tree from, or like the time she told him, one ironing day, that if he drank a whole bowlful of starch it would make him have whiskers like his pa in fifteen minutes. Things like that—not fatal, mebbe, but wearing.

"Well, this day come a telegram about nine A. M. for Mrs. W. B., that her aunt, with money, is very sick in New Jersey, which is near Yonkers; so she and Mrs. L. H. Cummins, her sister, must go to see about this aunt—and would I stay and look after the two kids and not let them get poisoned or killed or anything serious? And they might have to stay overnight, because the aunt was eccentric and often thought she was sick; but this time she might be right. She was worth all the way from three to four hundred thousand dollars.

Three Delicious Light Suppers for November

Deviled Ham Scallop
Hot Biscuits Lettuce Salad
Chocolate Cake Tea

Deviled Ham Salad
Supper Rolls Cold Turkey
Apple Sauce with Raisins Tea

Deviled Ham Soufflé
Buttered Toast Creamed Potatoes
Marmalade Coffee

How To Make These Easy New Dishes

DEVILED HAM SCALLOP: Large can Underwood Deviled Ham; six hard boiled eggs, chopped; cup bread crumbs; pint thick cream sauce. Salt and pepper to taste. Line a buttered baking dish with crumbs. Add alternate layers egg, ham, crumbs, moistening with sauce, and ending with top layer crumbs. Put on several small pieces of butter, bake 20 minutes in brisk oven.

DEVILED HAM SALAD: Shred one head lettuce, saving a few leaves to garnish; cut several stalks of celery in small pieces; slice two tomatoes and a small onion thin. Arrange in bowl and add this dressing: One tablespoon Underwood Deviled Ham; three tablespoons freshly grated horseradish; one tablespoon each vinegar and lemon juice; few drops tabasco; dash of paprika; mix thoroughly with four tablespoons cream, beaten light.

DEVILED HAM SOUFFLÉ: Large can Underwood Deviled Ham; pint thick cream sauce; whites of four eggs, beaten stiff. Stir ham into the sauce; when cool add whites of eggs. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

"Branded With the Devil But Fit for the Gods"

"Good Tastes For Good Times"

Our new book of famous Little Red Devil Recipes and Meal Menus sent Free for the asking. 15c will also bring you an economical trial can. When writing always mention your grocer's name, and if possible say whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham. Most grocers do. Send for this book today.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers also of
Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue and Turkey

SOFT KNIT
GIVES CONSOLING COMFORT

The comfort in socks most men have longed for but almost despaired of—this is the ease SOFT KNIT IPSWICH Socks give you.

SOFT KNIT makes these socks more durable, too. SOFT KNIT yarn is loosely twisted and "springy." It cushions the feet. Loosely twisted threads do not rub each other—nor cut the foot. The result?

№1650
IPSWICH 15¢
SOCKS
Guaranteed

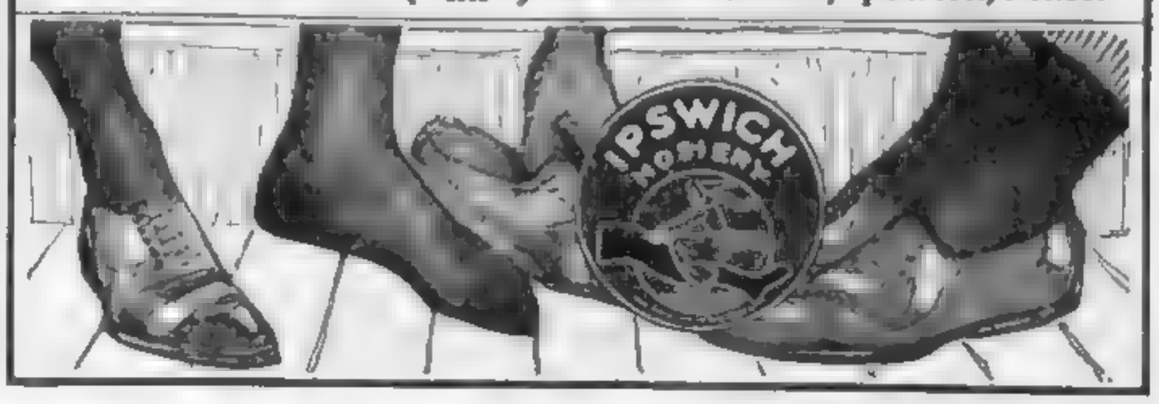
are probably more durable and comfortable than any socks you own.

Best staple cotton; highest priced dyes; reinforced heel and toe. Black, Tan, White and colors.

If IPSWICH 15c socks fail to give good service, return them to us with your dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c for two pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color desired and name and address of your dealer. Prompt delivery, postpaid in U.S.

IPSWICH MILLS (Established 1833) 26 River Street, Ipswich, Mass.



It breaks in the center

This is an exact-size photograph of a Takhoma Biscuit—"The Sunshine Soda"—being broken. It breaks clean, without even so much as a crumb. But freedom from the usual mussiness of crumbs is not the only reason of Takhoma Biscuit's popularity. Its crisp, flaky goodness baked to a golden richness in the "Thousand Window Bakeries" makes it the quality soda biscuit of America.

Sunshine Biscuits

are made in variety to suit every taste and every occasion. That you may know how different and how delicious they are

Send for Our Sunshine "Surprise Box" Containing Six Varieties

Your name and address and the name of your dealer on a post card brings it FREE

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY 768 Thomson Avenue, L. I. C.
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits New York

How would you like to have her job?

It occupies only her spare time.

It has made for her a thousand friends.

It keeps her out in the open air, brings her in contact with people of culture and refinement.

And its profits support her, her home and leave something over to give to others.

SHE is Mrs. Charles Hans, who lives in a small Southern city, and who, for years, has held the position of local subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

She is one of the many women who represent The Curtis Publishing Company and who have developed a market in which women can sell their full time or their spare hours at a good price.

"A New Market For Spare Hours" is a booklet which tells all about the work which this organization is doing and how you can become a member of it. Write for it.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 99

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

"So I said I'd love to stay and look after the little ones. I wanted to stay. Shopping in New York City the day before, two bargain sales—one being hand-embroidered Swiss waists from two-ninety-eight upward—I felt as if a stampede of longhorns had caught me. Darned near bedfast I was! Say, talk about the pale, weak, nervous city woman with exhausted vitality! See 'em in action first, say I. There was a corn-fed hussy in a plush bonnet with forget-me-nots, two hundred and thirty or forty on the hoof, that exhausted my vitality all right—no holds barred, an arm like first-growth hick'ry across my windpipe, and me up against a solid pillar of structural iron-work! Once I was wrastled by a cinnamon bear that had lately become a mother; but the poor old thing would have lost her life with this dame after the hand-embroidereds. Gee! I was lame in places I'd lived fifty-eight years and never knew I had.

"So off went these ladies, with Mrs. L. H. Cummins giving me special and private warning to be sure and keep Junior well out of it in case little mischievous Margery started anything that would be likely to kill her. And I looked forward to a quiet day on the lounge, where I could ache in peace and read the Famous Crimes of History, which the W. B.'s had in twelve volumes—you wouldn't have thought there was that many, would you? I dressed soft, out of respect to my corpse, and picked out a corking volume of these here Crimes and lay on the big lounge by an open window where the breeze could soothe me and where I could keep tabs on the little ones at their sports; and everything went as right as if I had been in some A-Number-One hospital where I had ought to of been.

"Lunchtime come before I knew it; and I had mine brought to my bed of pain by the Swede, on a tray, while the kids et theirs in an orderly and uproarious manner in the dining room. Rupert, Junior, was dressed like one of these boy scouts and had his air gun at the table with him, and little Margery was telling him there was, too, fairy princes all round in different places; and she bet she could find one any day she wanted to. They seemed to be all safe enough, so I took up my Crimes again. Really, ain't history the limit?—the things they done in it and got away with—never even being arrested or fined, or anything!

"Pretty soon I could hear the merry prattle of the little ones again out in the side yard. Ain't it funny how they get the gambling spirit so young? I'd hear little Margery say: 'I bet you can't!' And Rupert, Junior, would say: 'I bet I can, too!' And off they'd go ninety miles on a straight track: 'I bet you'd be afraid to!'—'I bet I wouldn't be!'—'I bet you'd run as fast!'—'I bet I never would!' Ever see such natural-born gamblers? And it's all about what Rupert, Junior, would do if he seen a big tiger in some woods—Rupert betting he'd shoot it dead, right between the eyes, and Margery taking the other end. She has by far the best end of it, I think, it being at least a forty-to-one shot that Rupert, the boy scout, is talking high and wide. And I drop into the Crimes again at a good, murderous place with stilettos.

"I can't tell even now how it happened. All I know is that it was two o'clock, and all at once it was five-thirty P. M. by a fussy gold clock over on the mantel, with a gold young lady, wearing a spear, standing on top of it. I woke up without ever suspicioning that I'd been asleep. Anyway, I think I'm feeling better, and I stretch, though careful, account of the dame in the plush bonnet with forget-me-nots; and I lie there thinking mebbe I'll enter the ring again to-morrow for some other truck I was needing, and thinking how quiet and peaceful it is—how awful quiet! I got it then, all right. That quiet! If you'd known little Margery better you'd know how sick that quiet made me all at once. My gizzard or something turned clean over.

"I let out a yell for them kids right where I lay. Then I bounded to my feet and run through the rooms downstairs yelling. No sign of 'em! And out into the kitchen—and here was Tillie, the maid, and Yetta, the cook, both saying it's queer, but they ain't heard a sound of 'em, either, for near an hour. So I yelled out back to an old hick of a gardener that's deef, and he comes running; but he don't know a thing on earth about the kids or anything else. Then I am sick! I send Tillie one way along the street and the gardener the other way to find out if any neighbors had seen 'em. Then in a minute this here Yetta, the cook, says: 'Why, now, Miss Margery was saying she'd go downtown to buy some candy,' and Yetta says: 'You know, Miss Margery, your mother never lets you have candy.' And Margery says: 'Well, she might change her mind any minute—you can't tell; and it's best to have some on hand in case she does.' And she'd got some poker chips out of the box to buy the candy with—five blue chips she had, knowing they was nearly money anyway.

"And when Yetta seen it was only poker chips she knew the kid couldn't buy candy with 'em—not even in Yonkers; so she didn't think any more about it until it come over her—just like that—how quiet everything was. Oh, that Yetta would certainly be found bone clear to the center if her skull was ever drilled—the same stuff they slaughter the poor elephants for over in Africa—going so far away, with Yetta right there to their hands, as you might say. And I'm getting sicker and sicker! I'd have retained my calm, mind you, if they had been my own kids—but kids of others I'd been sacredly trusted with!

"And then down the back stairs comes this here sandy-complected, horse-faced plumber that had been frittering away his time all day up in a bathroom over one little leak, and looking as sad and mournful as if he hadn't just won eight dollars, or whatever it was. He must have been born that way—not even being a plumber had cheered him up.

"'Blackhanders!' he says right off, kind of brightening a little bit.

"I like to fainted for fair! He says they had lured the kids off with candy and pop corn, and would hold 'em in a tenement house for ten thousand dollars, to be left on a certain spot at twelve P. M. He seemed to know a lot about their ways.

"'They got the Honorable Simon T. Griffenbaugh's youngest that way,' he says, 'only a month ago. Likely the same gang got these two.'

"'How do you know?' I asks him.

"'Well,' he says, 'they's a gang of over two hundred of these I-talian Blackhanders working right now on a sewer job or something about two miles up the road. That's how I know,' he says. 'That's plain enough, ain't it? It's as plain as the back of my hand. What chance would them two defenseless little children have with a gang of two hundred Blackhanders?'

"But that looked foolish, even to me. 'Shucks!' I says. 'That don't stand to reason.' But then I got another scare. 'How about water?' I says. 'Any places round here they could fall into and get drownded?'

"He'd looked glum again when I said two hundred Blackhanders didn't sound reasonable; but he cheers up at this and says: 'Oh, yes; lots of places they could drownd—cricks and rivers and lakes and ponds and tanks—any number of places they could fall into and never come up again.' Say, he made that whole neighborhood sound like Venice, Italy. You wondered how folks ever got round without gondolas or something. 'One of Dr. George F. Maybury's two kids was nearly drownded last Tuesday—only the older one saved him; a wonder it was they didn't have to drag the river and find 'em on the bottom locked in each other's arms! And a boy by the name of Clifford Something, only the other day, playing down by the railroad tracks ——'

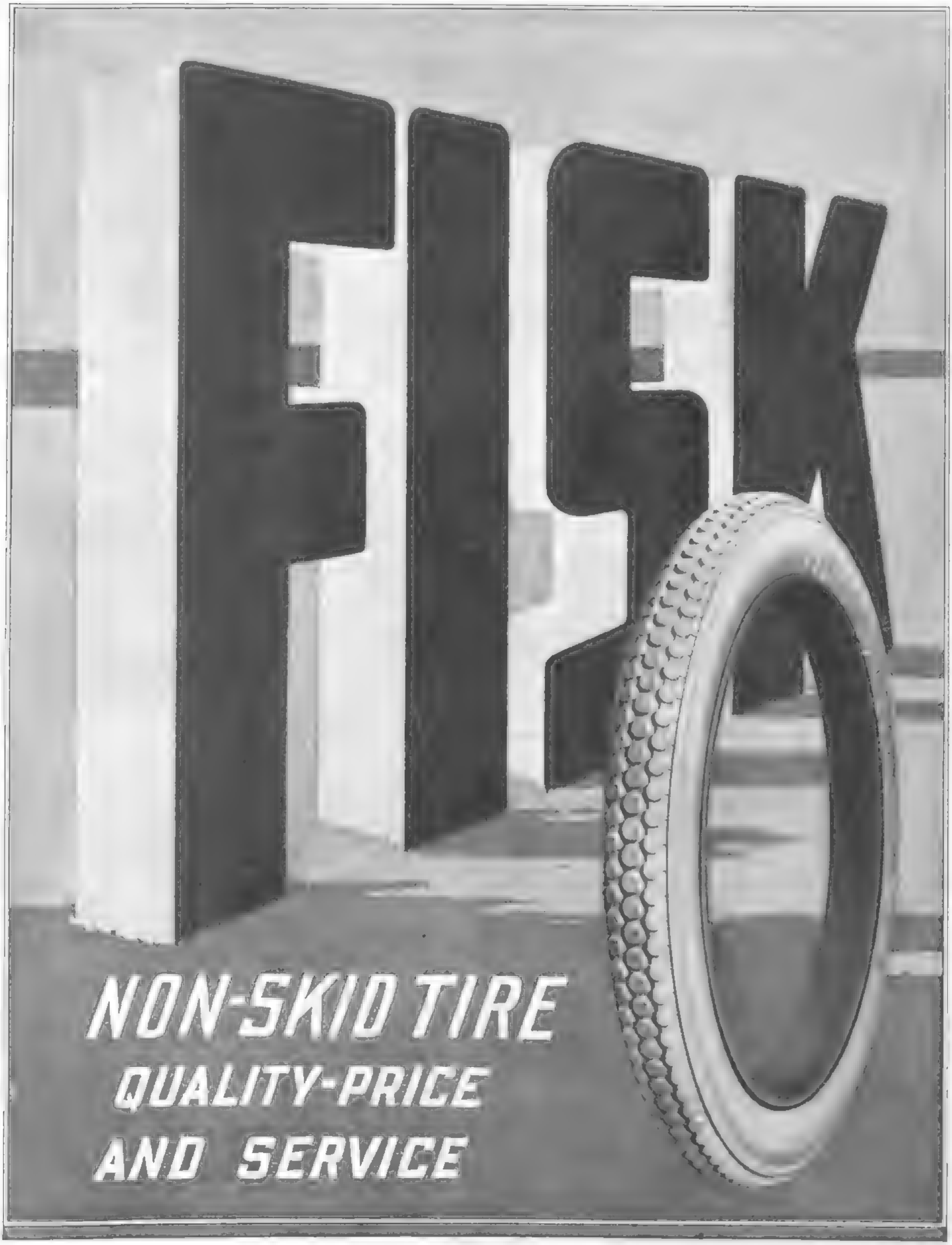
"I shut him off, you bet! I told him to get out quick and go to his home if he had one.

"'I certainly hope I won't have to read anything horrible in to-morrow's paper!' he says as he goes down the back stoop. 'Only last week they was a nigger caught ——'

"I shut the door on him. Rattled good and plenty I was by then. Back comes this silly old gardener—he'd gone with his hoe and was still gripping it. The neighbors down that way hadn't seen the kids. Back comes Tillie. One neighbor where she'd been had seen 'em climb on to a street car—only it wasn't going downtown but into the country; and this neighbor had said to herself that that boy would be likely to let someone have it in the eye with his gun, the careless way he was lugging it.

"Thank the Lord, that was a trace! I telephoned to the police and told 'em all about it. And I telephoned for a motor car for me and got into some clothes. Good and scared—yes! I caught sight of my face in the looking-glass, and, my! but it was pasty—it looked like one of these cheap apple pies you see in the window of a two-bit lunch place! And, while I'm waiting

(Continued on Page 73)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August 20th was designated as Cadillac Day by the officials of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco.

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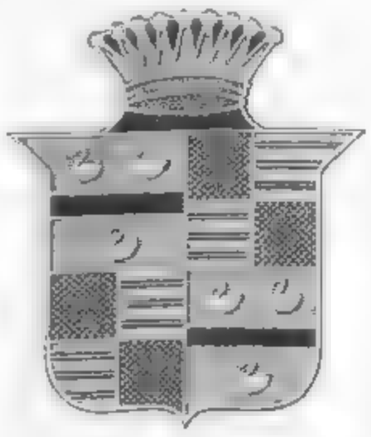
The climax of an elaborate and impressive ceremonial was the presentation of the Certificate of the MEDAL OF HONOR awarded to the Cadillac by the International Jury of Awards.

The presentation was made by Captain A. C. Baker, Director of Exhibits, and was accepted for the Cadillac Company by Mr. Don Lee, the Company's representative in California.

The Cadillac was the only motor car with a V-type Engine exhibited at the Exposition.

The tribute paid is unique in the annals of the industry.



THE COAT OF ARMS OF ANTOINE DE LA MOTHE CADILLAC, WHO FOUNDED IN 1701, UNDER COMMISSION FROM LOUIS XIV, THE COLONY ON THE SITE WHERE NOW STANDS THE CITY OF DETROIT.

THE TYPE 53 CADILLAC CAR IS DISTINGUISHED BY THIS COAT OF ARMS MOUNTED UPON ITS RADIATOR

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 70)

for this motor car, what should come but a telegram from Mr. W. B. himself saying that the aunt was worse and he would go to New Jersey himself for the night! Some said this aunt was worth a good deal more than she was supposed to be. And I not knowing the name of this town in Jersey where they would all be!—it was East Something or West Something, and hard to remember, and I'd forgot it.

"I called the police again and they said descriptions was being sent out, and that probably I'd better not worry, because they often had cases like this. And I offered to bet them they hadn't had a case since Yonkers was first thought of that had meant so much spot cash to 'em as this one would mean the minute I got a good grip on them kids. So this cop said mebbe they had better worry a little, after all, and they'd send out two cars of their own and scour the country, and try to find the conductor of this street car that the neighbor woman had seen the kids get on to.

"I r'ared round that house till the auto come that I'd ordered. It was late coming, naturally, and nearly dark when it got there; but we covered a lot of miles while the daylight lasted, with the man looking sharp out along the road, too, because he had three kids of his own that would do any living thing sometimes, though safe at home and asleep at that minute, thank God!

"It was moisting when we started, and pretty soon it clouded up and the dark came on, and I felt beat. We got fair locoed. We'd go down one road and then back the same way. We stopped to ask everybody. Then we found the two autos sent out by the police. I told the cops again what would happen to 'em from me the minute the kids was found—the kids or their bodies. I was so despairing—what with that damned plumber and everything! I'll bet he's the merry chatterbox in his own home. The police said cheer up—nothing like that, with the country as safe as a church. But we went over to this Blackhanders' construction camp, just the same, to make sure, and none of the men was missing, the boss said, and no children had been seen; and anyway his men was ordinary decent wops and not Blackhanders—and blamed if about fifty of 'em didn't turn out to help look! Yes, sir, there they was—foreigners to the last man except the boss, who was Irish—and acting just like human beings.

"It was near ten o'clock now; so we went to a country saloon to telephone police headquarters, and they had found the car conductor, he remembering because he had threatened to put the boy scout off the car if he didn't quit pointing his gun straight at an old man with gold spectacles setting across the aisle. And finally they had got off themselves about three miles down the road; he'd watched 'em climb over a stone wall and start up a hill into some woods that was there. And he was Conductor Number Twenty-seven, if we wanted to know that.

"We beat it to that spot after I'd powdered my nose and we'd had a quick round of drinks. The policemen knew where it was. It wasn't moisting any more—it was raining for fair; and we done some ground-and-lofty skidding before we got there. We found the stone wall all right and the slope leading up to the woods; but, my Lord, there was a good half mile of it! We strung out—four cops and my driver and me—hundreds of yards apart and all yelling, so maybe the poor lost things would hear us.

"We made up to the woods without raising a sign; and, my lands, wasn't it dark inside the woods! I worked forward, trying to keep straight from tree to tree; but I stumbled and tore my clothes and sprained my wrist, and blacked one eye the prettiest you'd want to see—mighty near being a blubberhead myself, I was—it not being my kids, you understand. Oh, I kept to it though! I'd have gone straight up the grand old state of New York into Lake Erie if something hadn't stopped me.

"It was a light off through the pine and oak trees, and down in a kind of little draw—not a lamplight but a fire blazing up. I yelled to both sides toward the others. I can yell good when I'm put to it. Then I started for the light. I could make out figures round the fire. Mebbe it's a Blackhanders' camp, I think; so I didn't yell any more. I cat-footed. And in a minute I was up close and seen 'em—there in the dripping rain.

"Rupert, Junior, was asleep, leaned setting up against a tree, with a messenger boy's cap on. And Margery was asleep on a pile of leaves, with her cheek on one hand and something over her. And a fat man was asleep on his back, with his mouth open, making an awful fuss about it. And the only one that wasn't asleep was a funny little old man setting against another tree. He had on the scout's campaign hat and he held the air gun across his chest in the crook of his arm. He hadn't any coat on. Then I see his coat was what was over Margery; and I looked closer and it was a messenger boy's coat.

"I was more floored than ever when I took that in. I made a little move and this funny old man must have heard me—he looked like one of them silly little critters that play hob with Rip Van Winkle out on the mountain before he goes to sleep. And he cocks his ears this way and that; then he jumped to his feet and I come forward where he could see me. And darned if he didn't up with this here air gun of Rupert's, like a flash, and plunk me with a buckshot it carried—right on my sprained wrist too!

"Say, I let out a yell, and I had him by the neck of his shirt in one grab. I was still shaking him when the others come to. The fat man set up and rubbed his eyes and blinked. That's all he done. Rupert woke up the same minute and begun to cry like a baby; and Margery woke up, but she didn't cry. She took a good look at me and she says: 'You let him alone! He's my knight—he slays all the dragons. He's a good knight!'

"There I was, still shaking the little old man—I'd forgot all about him. So I dropped him on the ground and reached for Margery; and I was so afraid I was going to blubber like Rupert, the scout, that I let out some words to keep from it. Yes, sir; I admit it.

"'Oh! Oh! Oh! Swearing!' says Rupert. 'I shall tell mother and Aunt Hilda just what you said!'

"Mebbe you can get Rupert's number from that. I did anyway. I stood up from Margery and cuffed him. He went on sobbing, but not without reason.

"'Margery Hemingway,' I says, 'how dare you!' And she looks up all cool and cunning, and says: 'Ho! I bet I know worse words than what you said! See if I don't.' So then I shut her off mighty quick. But still she didn't cry. "'I s'pose I must go back home,' she says. 'And perhaps it is all for the best. I have a very beautiful home. Perhaps I should stay there oftener.'

"I turned on the Blackhanders.

"'Did these brutes entice you away with candy?' I demanded. 'Was they holding you here for ransom?'

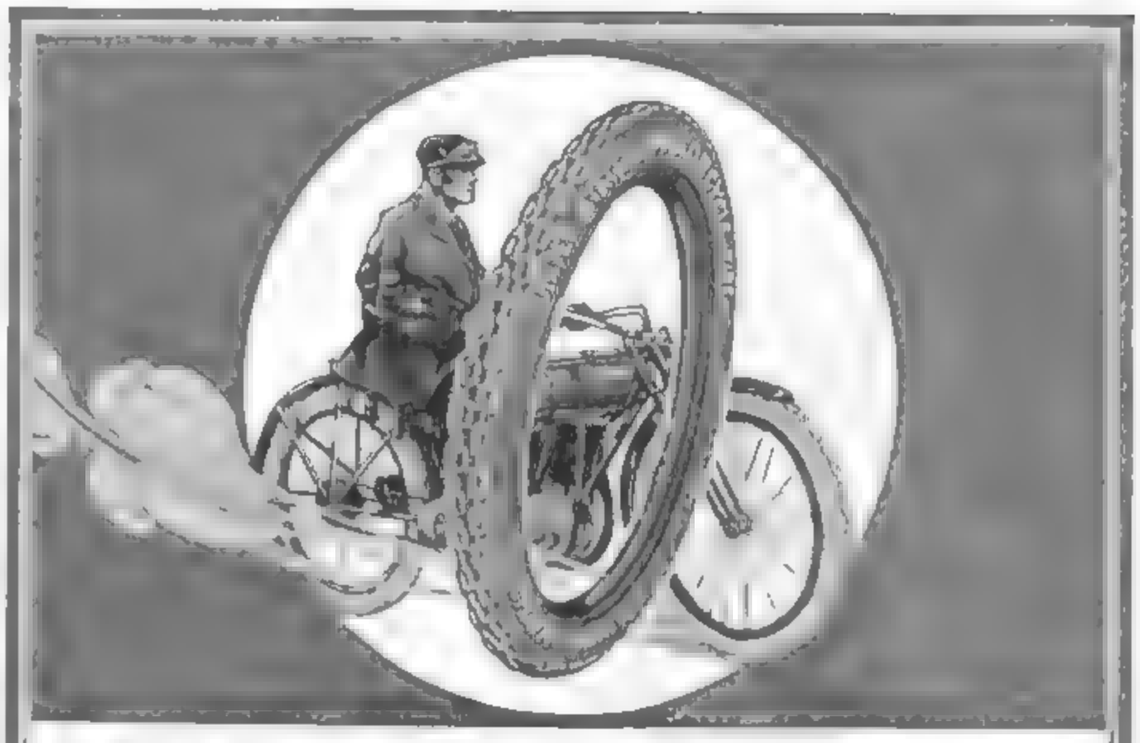
"'Huh! I should think not!' she says. 'They are a couple of 'fraid-cats. They were afraid as anything when we all got lost in these woods and wanted to keep on finding our way out. And I said I bet they were awful cowards, and the fat one said of course he was; but this old one became very, very indignant and said he bet he wasn't any more of a coward than I am, but we simply ought to go where there were more houses. And so I consented and we got lost worse than ever—about a hundred miles, I think—in this dense forest and we couldn't return to our beautiful homes. And this one said he was a trapper, scout and guide; so he built this lovely fire and I ate a lot of crullers the silly things had brought with them. And then this old one flung his robe over me because I was a princess, and it made me invisible to prowling wolves; and anyway he sat up to shoot them with his deadly rifle that he took away from Cousin Rupert. And Cousin Rupert became very tearful indeed; so we took his hat away, too, because it's a truly scout hat.'

"'And she smoked a cigarette,' says Rupert, still sobbing.

"'He smoked one, too, and I mean to tell his mother,' says Margery. 'It's something I think she ought to know.'

"'It made me sick,' says Rupert. 'It was a poison cigarette; I nearly died.'

"'Mine never made me sick,' says Margery—'only it was kind of sting-y to the tongue and I swallowed smoke through my nose repeatedly. And first, this old one wouldn't give us the cigarettes at all, until I threatened to cast a spell on him and turn him into a toad forever. I never did that to anyone, but I bet I could. And the fat one cried like anything and begged me not to turn the old one into a toad, and the old one said he didn't think I could in a thousand years, but he wouldn't take any chances in the Far West; so he gave us the cigarettes, and Rupert only smoked half of his and then he acted in a very common



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way, I must say. And this old one said we would have br'iled b'ar steaks for breakfast. What is a br'iled b'ar steak? I'm hungry.'

"Such was little angel-faced Margery. Does she promise to make life interesting for those who love her, or does she not?

"Well, that's all. Of course these cops when they come up said the two men was desperate crooks wanted in every state in the Union; but I swore I knew them both well and they was harmless; and I made it right with 'em about the reward as soon as I got back to a check book. After that they'd have believed anything I said. And I sent something over to the Blackhanders that had turned out to help look, and something to Conductor Number Twenty-seven. And the next day I squared myself with Mrs. W. B. Hemingway and her husband, and Mrs. L. H. Cummins, when they come back, the aunt not having been sick but only eccentric again.

"And them two poor homeless boys—they kind of got me, I admit, after I'd questioned 'em awhile. So I coaxed 'em out here where they could lead the wild, free life. Kind of sad and pathetic, almost, they was. The fat one I found was just a kind of a natural-born one—a feeb, you understand—and the old one had a scar that the doctor said explained him all right—you must have noticed it up over his temple. It's where his old man laid him out once, when he was a kid, with a stove-lifter. It seemed to stop his works.

"Yes; they're pretty good boys. Boogles was never bad but once, account of two custard pies off the kitchen window sill. I threatened him with his stepmother and he hid under the house for twenty-four hours. The other one is pretty good too. This is only the second time I had to punish him for fooling with live ca'tridges. There! It's sundown and he's got on his Wild Westa again."

Jimmie Time swaggered from the bunk-house in his fearsome regalia. Under the awed observation of Boogles he wheeled, drew, and shot from the hip one who had cravenly sought to attack him from the rear.

"My, but he's hostile!" murmured my hostess. "Ain't he just the hostile little wretch!"

Always Two Sides

IT USED to be said of the late United States Senator Allison, of Iowa, that in conversation he was the most conservative man in the United States. To get him to say plain "Yes" or plain "No" to any proposition, until he had gone thoroughly into the matter, was next to impossible. If he wasn't sure, he qualified the statement. Even if he was sure, he was likely to qualify it in order to be safe.

Once—so the tale runs—he was making a campaigning tour through the state of Nebraska. The train upon which he rode, with a party of other prominent Republicans, passed a great pasture where thousands upon thousands of sheep, so newly and so neatly sheared that the pink hides showed through the cropped wool ends, were nibbling at the herbage, all with their heads pointed in the same general direction. One of the group turned to two of his companions.

"I've got Allison now," he confided. "I'm going to make him commit himself for once. Listen!"

He dropped back two seats to where the Senator from Iowa sat, and slipped into the vacant place alongside him.

"Senator," he began with a flirt of his thumb toward the browsing flocks, "that's quite a lot of sheep out yonder in that pasture, eh?"

Allison stared through the window as though approximately to compute the number.

"Ahem," he said; "there do seem to be a considerable number of sheep there."

"Did you ever see more sheep than that at one time in your whole life?" pressed the conspirator.

"I may have," responded Senator Allison after due reflection, "and then again I may not."

"Well," said the other desperately, "you're willing anyhow to admit that they've been pretty closely sheared, aren't you?"

The Senator took another look before answering.

"Well," he admitted, "they appear to have been sheared—on this side."

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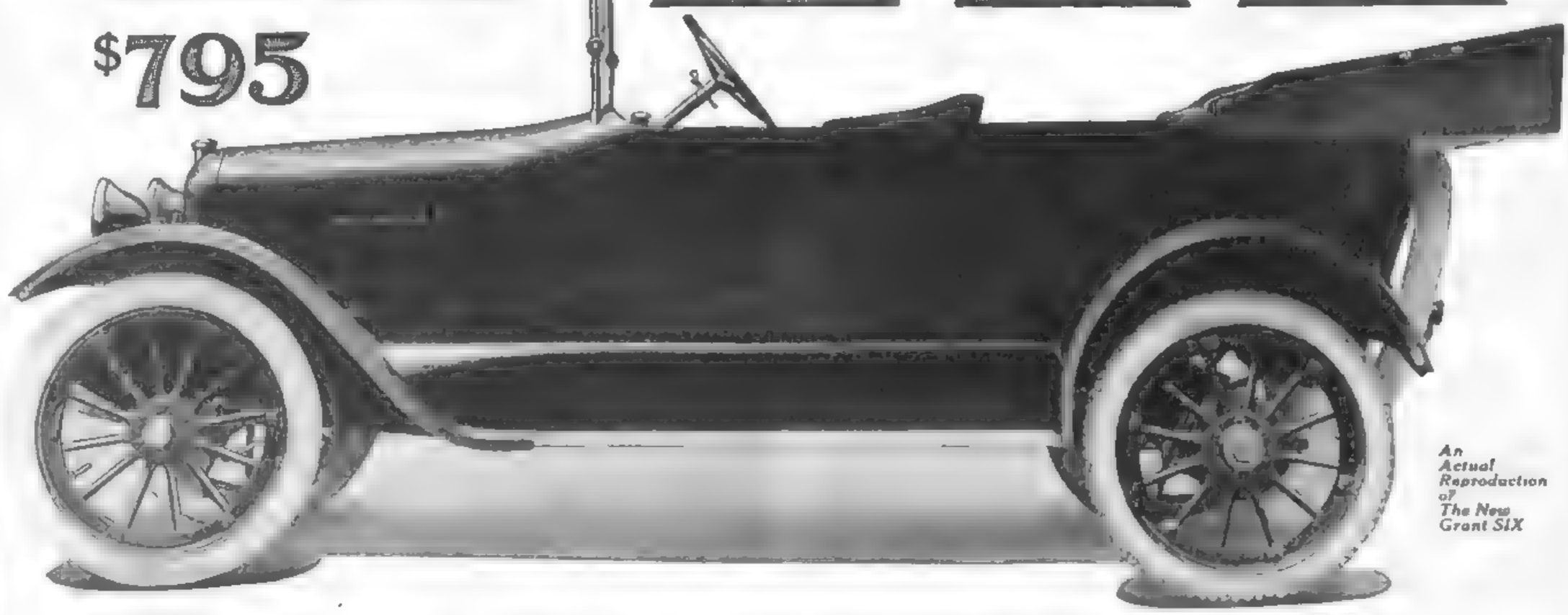

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The Grant SIX for the coming season is now on exhibition in the sales-rooms of hundreds of dealers. Everywhere it is attracting buyers because it so clearly and unmistakably proclaims itself a car of *excess value*

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3. Extra large, extra fine body—the largest and finest, we believe, used on any car priced below a thousand dollars.

4. Proven economy of fuel, lubricant and tires, due to light weight and high efficiency motor.

The new Grant SIX has the same overhead-valve motor, enlarged to compensate for the increased size of the car—more powerful, yet quieter and cleaner.

For your convenience the improvements that characterize the latest Grant SIX are listed. It is immediately apparent how greatly these improvements add to the value of the car, yet the price remains the same.

The new Grant SIX awakens your admiration because of its trim, graceful lines. It combines beauty with dignity. Its body reflects the most advanced ideals of style, yet it is not in the slightest degree commonplace or faddish.

The seats are wide, deep and restful. The leg-room in both front and rear compartments is so generous that a six-foot man can ride all day in comfort. And side lines are so high that knees do not show above rail.

The dark Brewster green finish is rich and elegant. The upholstery soft, deep and supremely comfortable.

Coupled with this luxury is permanent and enduring economy.

When you know that Grant SIX owners average over 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—900 miles to the gallon of oil; and that the Grant SIX will throttle down to 1½ miles an hour on high gear—speed up to fifty miles in a few city blocks—take any hill with ease—plough through sand without faltering; and will at all times carry five adult passengers in comfort, you will realize that the Grant SIX is a truly remarkable car.

And you will understand then why, despite our best efforts, we have never before been able to meet the demand for Grant cars. Why the factory has made money; has never needed to borrow; has no bonded or other indebtedness—and has *quadrupled* its production for the present season so that Grant SIXES are coming through on schedule time NOW.

Specifications

UNIT POWER PLANT—Motor 3x4½, three-point suspension.

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse, mounted on annular ball bearings.

FRONT AXLE—I-beam, drop forged, heat-treated.

REAR AXLE—Full floating—differential and gearing on one carrier—fully adjustable—ball and roller bearing.

STEERING GEAR—Irreversible—and adjustable.

CONTROL—Left-hand drive—center control—foot accelerator, hand throttle.

LUBRICATION—Constant level—circulating pump, sight feed on cowl board.

GASOLINE SYSTEM—Gravity. Ten gallon tank mounted on dash under cowl—filler cap with gasoline gauge on cowl board.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptic front—true cantilever rear—special alloy steel.

WHEELBASE—112 inches. 56-in. tread.

GEAR—4½ to 1.

ROAD CLEARANCE—11 inches.

BODY—Flush sides, very wide U-doors.

CLUTCH—Cone—fully adjustable with special ball-bearing clutch throwout mechanism.

IGNITION—Atwater Kent automatic spark advance. Polarity switch.

TIRES—32 x 4½ inches all around—straight side type. Non-skid on rear.

WINDSHIELD—Both rain vision and ventilating.

LIGHTS—Electric headlights—electric tail light, all with dimmers.

STARTING—One unit Allis-Chalmers generator and starting motor mounted on engine base, extra large battery, easily accessible.

COWL BOARD MOUNTINGS—Ammeter—polarity switch for Atwater Kent—combination Lighting and ignition switch with lock—electric regulator and fuses—and all on big Handsome Black enameled plate attached to center of cowl board.

COLOR—Brewster green body, black chassis, guard and hood equipment three coats black enamel.

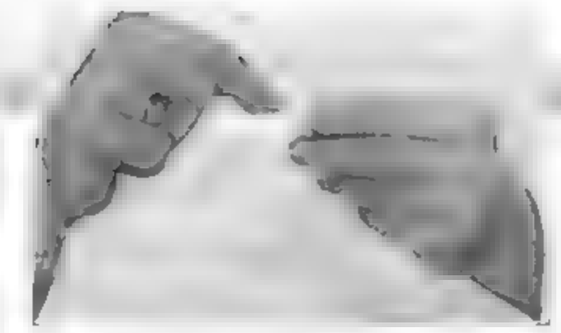
CARBURETOR—Rayfield carburetor with water jacketed manifold and shut-off valve.

EQUIPMENT—One man top, tonneau with mohair top slip inside, releasable curtains, Stewart speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rail, floor mats. Firestone demountable rims, with extra rim and rim carrier on rear—tools, tank, tire pump—and see list of cowl board mountings. Price, $795 complete, f. o. b. Findlay, O.

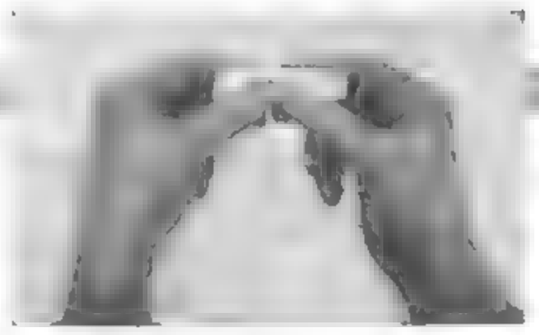
At the beginning of this announcement we declared the Grant SIX to be a car of *excess value*. You are asked to accept that statement as a plain, unvarnished truth. You are urged to make comparisons. Your investigations will make you eager to own a Grant SIX. Write now for descriptive catalog and name of nearest Grant dealer.

Grant Motor Car Company, Findlay, Ohio

1 In the fingers of the left hand, hold paper, curved, to receive the tobacco, poured with the right hand.



2 Spread the tobacco the length of the paper, making it slightly hollow in the centre.



3 Then place your two thumbs next to each other in the middle of the paper in this position.

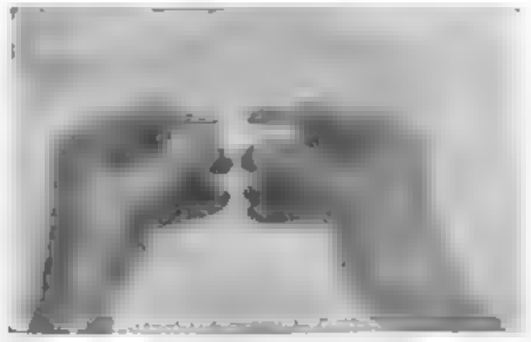
4 Roll Cigarette on lower fingers, index fingers moving up. With thumbs gently force edge of paper over the tobacco.

How To "Roll Your Own"

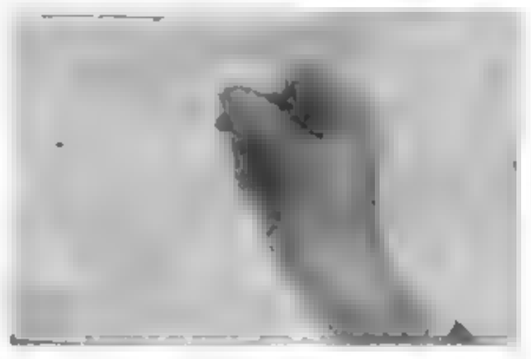
It's a simple, easy process. You can do it with your eyes shut after a little practice. And what a joy is the fresh, fragrant cigarette of "Bull" Durham rolled by your own hand to your own liking! *You* "roll your own" with "Bull" and note the difference.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

All over the world men of energy and action are rolling "Bull" into cigarettes. Probably not one of these millions of men "rolled his own" successfully at the first trial. There's a knack in it—rolling your own is an art—but you can learn it if you will follow these diagrams. Keep at it for a few days and you'll soon be able to make for yourself, *to suit your own taste,* the smartest, liveliest, mildest smoke in the world.

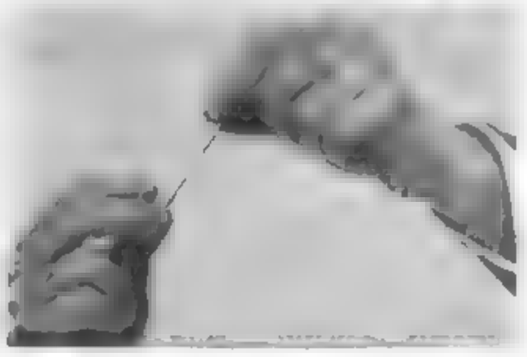


5 Shape the Cigarette by rolling it with the thumbs as you draw them apart.



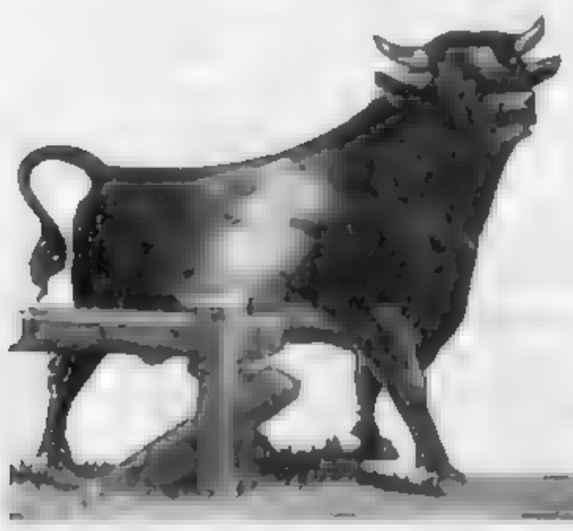
6 Hold the Cigarette in your right hand, with edge of paper slightly projecting, and—

7 With the tip of your tongue moisten the projecting edge of the paper.



8 Close ends of Cigarette by twisting the paper. The Cigarette is now ready to smoke.

"Bull" Durham, made of "bright" Virginia-North Carolina leaf, has a mellow-sweetness that is unique and an aroma that is unusually pleasing.



Start "rolling your own" with "Bull" Durham today and you'll never again be satisfied with any other kind of a cigarette.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Great-Game Fields of the World

PERHAPS you paid a hundred and fifty, two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars for the grizzly-bear rug in your den. If you have a perfect tiger rug in the reception hall your friends will know you once had at least five hundred dollars, or else your credit was good. Try to kill your own grizzly or your own tiger, and you will think that the only time you ever solved the high-cost-of-living puzzle was when you bought the skins and did not try to kill the animals at first hand.

That you could to-day take a thousand dollars and go out and kill a grizzly bear with your own rifle is very doubtful. Very likely you might be obliged to make several trips before you found one. Certainly you would have to go a long distance and outfit at considerable expense. A friend of the writer got a grizzly in Canada last spring. It required a forty-days' trip with a pack train. The betting is a thousand to one that you yourself will never kill a grizzly inside the United States. There are a few left, but not many; and all are rather highly trained in suspiciousness and resourcefulness. Colorado now has a bill before it looking toward the protection of the grizzly bear. All the old bear stories of history used to teach us that the grizzly bear was the one creature in the world which could take care of himself, but he could not; and to-day the grizzly is one of the most timid of wild animals, one of the least dangerous and one of the most expensive.

As for the cost of a lion or tiger hunt, it runs into so much money that the average American hunter cannot figure on it at all. The successful great-game hunter of to-day must have not only sporting qualities but financial resources to back them up.

Conditions in British East Africa

Where are the great-game countries of the world to-day? This question has been much to the fore of late, for within the last five years there have been more great-game trophies brought to America than in any fifty years of the earlier history of this country. More and more you hear about some of our best people who have felt it incumbent on them to go out and do something sporting in the way of big game. The heads of the mountain sheep, of the elk, of the many beautiful African antelopes, of the great Cape buffalo, the rugs of this or that animal known or unknown to the public these things you see more and more about you in the homes of your wealthy friends. They have about them curious stories, and all these represent definitely the changes of the world.

You may mark almost all of North America—or at least most of the United States—off the map now as big-game country. The best of our best people no longer hunt in the United States. Of course we still kill a great many deer and a considerable number of elk, once in a while a mountain sheep, rarely a good bear, in one or other part of the United States. To use even these dwindling resources in a big-game hunt is rather an expensive business to-day. We used to figure it at about fifteen dollars a day, average cost, including a pack train. To-day you had better push the cost up to twenty or twenty-five dollars a day for each man of the party.

A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars for a good head is not thought very expensive by some of our best people who hunt in America, though often more success is bought for less money by those who know the how and where of it. You can take five thousand dollars and go to Africa; or, if you wish to take along a moving-picture outfit—which, as we say in Chicago, is quite *au fait* to-day—you can run the expenses up to thirty-five thousand for a long safari and not attract a great deal of attention among our very best people.

British East Africa has for some years been very much in the public eye as a great-game country. They have taken good care of that country, have established high game licenses and more than one big-game preserve; yet, none the less, returning sportsmen say that game is harder to get there now than it was a while ago, and that good specimens are rare. In short, British East Africa, far away as it seems, is relatively already on the point of being pretty well shot out—rather an extraordinary thing to believe, yet very credible. The European war has taken away a great deal of the sporting travel that has been going to the country accessible via Nairobi; so that within the next two years we may look to a great increase of game in those fairly well-known fields.

German East Africa is a better game field than British East Africa, but is much less known and more difficult of access. In general it is a certain proposition that if you are a good shot, and have enough money, you can go easily to one or the other of the East African districts and get yourself lion, buffalo, elephant and rhino, as well as countless specimens of the beautiful African antelope. That is not so good a hunting country as Lewis and Clark found in the American West a hundred years ago. What will it be a hundred years hence? Will not its story be the same as that which the country of Lewis and Clark shows to-day?

Most of us are obliged to do our big-game hunting closer at home; so we accept the compromise forced on us by civilization and meekly go for a rather tame big-game hunt to Wyoming, Ontario, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, where we can find elk or moose, caribou or deer. Not so long ago one could go to Manitoba and get not only moose but elk; but the elk of that country, as well as of Northern Minnesota, are now almost a negligible quantity in sport and ought not to be pursued too closely.

In the Canadian Rockies there are a few mountain sheep where the Indians have not killed them off, an occasional grizzly, and in certain districts rather an abundance of white goats. In our own Rockies there is a fairly sure chance to get an elk—probably with nothing like the sort of antlers that could be found twenty years ago. Not even these dwindling antlers would be available, except in the great-game preserve of Yellowstone Park. A few states still allow mountain sheep to be shot, and in different parts of the Rockies blacktail or mule deer are fairly abundant. In the Cascade system, as we may call the upthrust of our mountains that run up into British Columbia, north of the line, or in the Selkirks and upper Rockies, there are—especially in the western ranges—some mountain sheep and a good many goats, but very rarely a grizzly now. The crossing of that country by the Grand Trunk Pacific has or will soon put an end to certainty of great sport. The local guides and outfitters, of course, will hardly agree with this statement, though it is a very fair one.

The Vanishing Antelope

The best outdoor country and the best big-game country the world ever saw ran along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, in the foothills or the edge of the high plains, from Alberta south to Arizona. That country is pretty well exhausted now. There are a very few antelopes in Saskatchewan, and from there south to Arizona there is not one state where an antelope can be or at least ought to be killed to-day—the species is passing away so rapidly that we ought not to kill antelopes at all for a long time.

In Arizona, in the remote desert regions, and in a part of desert California, there are a few antelopes left—not many. There are about twelve in the area close to the petrified forest, between Adamana and Holbrook. There are about a dozen near the mouth of Chevelon Creek, near Winslow. Southwest of Winslow, about forty-five miles from the railroad, there are two or three bunches, making about a hundred and fifty head. Six years ago there was a good band between Williams and Sunset Pass; but the Navajo Indians got among them and killed all but about thirty head. Between Williams and the Grand Cañon there is a band of about ten, and about that number have been seen between Ashfork and Prescott. There are about a dozen not far from Tombstone; but in this bunch the bucks outnumber the does. Arizona does not very fully protect any of her game against miners, and more especially against Indians. There are a few grizzlies in a restricted part of Arizona. The antelope, as

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If you want to drop into a chair that will make you forget all your daily woes—if you want "head to heel" comfort—want to experience the joys of complete relaxation, rest and rejuvenation for *years to come—spend that cent NOW.* Paste the coupon below on a postal and mail today for details of our remarkable offer introducing

No. 2 SPECIAL!
REGULAR $23.75 VALUE—NOW $18.75.
A low, deep, den chair—made in Fumed Oak with Spanish Leatherette cover—equipped with Push Button and Concealed Foot Rest—Sliding Shoes
If you present our [illegible] $15.75
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"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

Sit down in a Royal! Pull out the foot rest—use it. Now lean back. Want to go back *further?* All right *Push the Button* The back reclines to any position and *locks* in that position until you again "Push the Button." Now settle back—stretch—*relax all over!* Isn't that a wonderful, an *unusual* feeling of comfort that comes stealing over you? Some say ten minutes in a Royal is as good as sixty in bed.

It's all in the Push Button—a simple little device that absolutely controls the action of the chair back. Hidden, silent, trouble-proof, entirely reliable, and patented In no other chair can you find this *patented* feature. Nor in any other chair can you find such *comfort.* And in addition up-to-the-minute *style* and real beauty of line and design. *All Royals are fully guaranteed*

Our Big Offer

We want to further introduce Royals in new homes, and to this end offer at a tremendous limited time only, two of [illegible] signs—the two Royal Settees [illegible] you either of them at a clean cut reduction of $7.00 if you act at once [illegible] make you *still another concession.* If you will

Send a Postal for Our Free Booklet

which describes these two *Specials* and other popular and stylish Royals [illegible] we will, with the booklet, send a Credit Slip for One Dollar You can take this credit slip to [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] $8.00 [illegible] Your dollar and [illegible] Your dollar [illegible] Your dollar [illegible] Your dollar

Do All "Safety Devices" Really Safeguard?

The mere mention of the word "safety" ofttimes gives the impression of absolute infallibility. But, does *safety* always mean just that?

As you know, a pistol is cocked when the *hammer* is held back by the *sear*. To fire a pistol, the sear must be moved to release the hammer and allow it to fall. In some pistols this may be unintentionally caused by a jar.

Unless the "safety" positively blocks the sear, it is not a real "safety," but a dangerous substitute.

is POSITIVELY SAFE in the fullest sense of the word. It means that the COLT GRIP SAFETY blocks the sear and locks the trigger, thus positively preventing the hammer from falling unless this grip safety is pressed in and the trigger pulled.

The Colt, therefore, is *positively locked against* accidental discharge.

Write for free booklet, "How to Shoot," and Catalogue No. 85.

Buy a Colt and feel safe!

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

MUSICAL CAREER for High-School Girl

Miss Beatrice Langis, of New Hampshire, has just earned a year's scholarship in violin-study at the New England Conservatory of Music. For a year or more she had been taking violin lessons. Her ability developed so rapidly that her teacher advised special courses in a good conservatory.

SHE heard that a scholarship might easily be earned by securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In just six months she won a scholarship for an entire year's study at Boston and had received from the Company more than $1.00 a week for spending-money besides.

We have made arrangements with scores of conservatories and colleges in all parts of the country, which make it possible to offer scholarships in return for a surprisingly small amount of work done in spare hours. This is the best season of the year in which to start.

An interesting booklet describing the plan will be sent on request.

Educational Division, Box 100

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

may be seen from the foregoing figures, ought not any longer to be considered an object of sport.

There are a few elk in the Mogollon Mountains, of Arizona, which were imported from Yellowstone Park, about eighty having survived the trip. It is a question whether they will make a good increase, for in all likelihood they will be killed off as rapidly as they increase.

There are a few mountain sheep in the desert country of California and in the extreme south of Arizona and across the line in Mexico. South of Ajo Valley, on the Mexican side, there is an old volcanic country where there are several bands of mountain sheep of the desert variety. Not many of these ought to be killed. Since information regarding all these remote districts is so accurate, you can see what sport is to-day—you can no longer stroll out before breakfast and kill your mutton or your antelope venison.

The great state of California once swarmed with big game. To-day deer are almost the only big game you can find. There are a few dwarf elk left in the Coast Range and an attempt has been made to transplant them into the Sierras. The great species of the Roosevelt Elk in Northern California has a few members left. The giant grizzly bear of California, one of the most splendid animals of the world, might as well be called extinct to-day. There may be two or three grizzlies—perhaps none at all—left in Siskiyou County. Not one has been seen for years. There are a few black bears and some mountain lions in the Sierras, but not enough to invite a big-game trip by an Eastern man.

Colorado is no longer a field for grizzlies; nor are there black bears enough to be worth while, or elk, or mountain sheep. Black-tailed deer may be called the one game animal to invite the sportsman into that tremendous mountain region, once one of the most wonderful game districts of the world. Parts of Montana and Wyoming are better, because they are close to Yellowstone Park. The country below and west of the park is a good game district even yet in the fall; but the demands on it are extreme.

Suppose we desert the Rockies, the Sierras, the Cascades, and even the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks, as game fields to-day, and pass on to the extreme north, which now is beginning to open up to travel. For two thousand miles north of Edmonton one will be in moose country occasionally—good districts and bad; but one might make a trip there without success, for there is an extreme amount of country and some of it does not abound in game. One must know the district and the seasons for the game. Transportation is meager and outfitting is difficult. The routine trip down the Mackenzie River is not one to invite the big-game hunter. Side trips, which take time, must be made, and for these the fur-trade steamers cannot stop.

The Game Crop in Alaska

On the pass of the Rockies between the mouth of the Mackenzie and the head of Porcupine River there is a district, very little visited, where there are mountain sheep. It is a two-year proposition to make a good hunt in that region and it is too difficult to warrant the undertaking, though that is one of the least-visited parts of this continent.

At the head of the Black River, one of the Yukon tributaries—say, from fifty to seventy-five miles south of Rampart House on the Porcupine—there is good moose country—big moose. Fifty miles north of Rampart House the caribou come in the fall. One cannot very well go into that country and make a hunt and come out the same season, unless one could go up the Porcupine in a good power boat from Fort Yukon. There was no such boat there two years ago.

There are a number of streams going down into the Yukon up which one can go by boat, with the certainty of finding big game, if he knows his country and has the time and the money. Toward the headwaters of the Stewart, up the Pelly and its tributaries, more especially round the head of the Macmillan River, there is good big-game country for mountain sheep of two or three varieties, caribou, good moose, and sometimes good grizzlies; but it will surprise you, remote as all this district sounds, to hear that the Macmillan country is often visited, and that some years ago the trappers were supposed to have taken the cream of the grizzly-bear product.

One of the best big-game regions on this continent is round Mount McKinley, in Alaska. The hunter can go in via Fairbanks, where he can get outfit and guides. It is not a picnic to make any of these Alaska trips, or any of the yet longer ones required for the Northwest Territory, deeper into the continent.

The Kenai Peninsula, of Alaska, was one of the most splendid game districts of all the world not many years ago. Big-game hunters of all the sporting races of the world went there and shot the country so hard that at length the United States had to put a ban on the export of moose heads and restrict the killing of game very sharply. There is game left in the Kenai country now, but you can no longer call it one of the cinches. The grandest moose heads in all the world came out of the Kenai Peninsula—moose that would make the best product of New Brunswick or Ontario look like thirty cents. They would also make your pocketbook look like thirty cents to-day if you had to go in after them.

Still, you can get good moose in many parts of Alaska, and can also get the white or Dall's sheep, or the black sheep, known as Stone's sheep, as well as the ordinary Rocky Mountain bighorn. Alaska may still be called a great-game country. The Yukon even yet is a highway into splendid game fields; but every mining camp, such as Dawson, Iditarod, Fairbanks, Ruby City, Circle City—wherever miners go—soon becomes simply a center of a shot-out game field. Freight is high in that country; beef is unknown. The big game of the country is used as food, and the market hunters soon clean it out for fifty or a hundred miles round any settlement of consequence; so you cannot go to Alaska now with the certainty of an easy, pleasant and inexpensive big-game hunt. You must go "a little farther on." Indeed, all over the world you hear that same old story—"a little farther on"—even in East Africa.

Why Not Try Siberia?

The interior of Alaska is a pleasanter hunting country—though mountainous and difficult—than is the coast country. There is no more difficult or unpleasant hunting country in the world than the coast regions of Alaska, where it rains all the time and where the forests are dense, damp and nearly impenetrable. In this vast region, along the bold rivers that carry salmon, not only near the mainland but on many of the great islands of the coast, there are still numbers of the great brown bear of Alaska. Up the Stickeen and the Iskoot Rivers you can get mountain sheep and grizzlies still in the wet country. It is a difficult and expensive trip to try to get a good bear, as you may find for yourself.

On Kadiak Island, farther north, the great bears have been pretty well exterminated, and the great volcanic eruption of a few years ago put them still worse to the bad. The Alaskan Peninsula, across from Kadiak, was a splendid country for caribou and the giant brown bear until very recently. The volcano did not help any. Those great bears were shot down remorselessly by hunting parties from all over the world. The species is not extinct, but it is far more difficult to make a good hunt there now than it was even five years ago.

If you have a private yacht of your own and can afford to go out for a cruise of two or three years along the coast of Alaska, round Dutch Harbor and north of the Aleutian Islands, you can surely get big brown bears—all you want of them. You can even push up far enough north to get a polar bear—which, for the average man, is out of the question, unless he has time to take a voyage on a whaler, or unless he is located at some point within touch of the Arctic Ocean.

While you are about it, with your private yacht—which, of course, is a mere bagatelle for you and me and others of our best people—you might as well go over to Siberia. In that country you can get, perhaps, one of the greatest trophies of the world—the mountain tiger of Siberia and upper China. Perhaps you have seen one of those thick-furred robes, beautifully striped and much superior to the tiger of India in beauty. Personally I believe I would as lief get one of those tigers as any other trophy in the world, and I have often planned to make that trip, which ought not to cost more than the mere trifle of ten or twenty thousand dollars.

There are other trophies, however, which in the eye of the big-game sharp outweigh

perhaps even the best of the Asiatic tigers. The giant mountain sheep of Tibet, *Ovis poli*, and that other great sheep known as *Ovis ammon*, would rank in the belief of the experts as the capital trophies of all the world. They come just a trifle high. Of course you are now getting into trips—when you mention the polar bear, the moose of the Northwest Territory, and the great trophies of Asia—which means a year or two devoted to the single purpose of sporting. Usually the boss does not wish to let us off for so long a vacation, and the average salary of fifteen dollars a week, which represents the average income of the average American citizen, does not go so far as it ought when spread out over a proposition of this kind. Big-game hunting to-day is a question of time and money. Fifteen dollars a week and two weeks' vacation a year do not get us much in the way of sheep and tigers.

Closer at home we still have some countries that, for the boy or young man of to-day, must fulfill all the feasible dreams of wild life in the wilderness. Texas, for instance, was once a wonderful game state; it had buffaloes, antelopes, bears, lions and deer. To-day you may say it has deer.

Closer to the north, and yet less known, there lay until within ten or fifteen years ago what I believe to have been the most typical wilderness of the United States—the so-called Delta country of Mississippi. In this dense canebrake and hardwood region there was a country, fifty miles across, where, when I knew it, there was not a house. It was full of black bears, deer, turkeys and panthers. To-day the railroads crisscross it. Its black soil is raising crops. The old bear packs are now scattered. It is an agricultural region to-day and game is but an incident there. On one hunt there we once killed ten black bears in eight days. If you got one now you would be lucky.

Still, we have left the tracked and tabulated wilderness of Maine, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—that pinewood country which lies along the south edge of the Great Lakes' waterway. This is rather old settled country and, in some part, it has learned the lesson of game supply.

Perhaps you did not know that Connecticut is one of the best deer countries in America—because deer are protected there. Vermont was once shot out, but a few years ago that little state turned out eighteen hundred deer, killed in one season—more than would have been possible fifteen years before. There is more game in New Brunswick than there was forty years ago. Pennsylvania is something of a bear country yet, and there are very many more bears in Pennsylvania than in Colorado—which perhaps you did not know.

Perhaps you do not know that there are at least as many bears killed east of the Mississippi annually as there are in all the greater country west of it, and more than twice as many deer! You have been thinking of Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado—the Great West—as the place where you were going to make your big-game hunt when you got the price. You can make it with a better prospect of success, albeit in tamer fashion, nearer home. Did you know that?

New Zealand's Wise Policy

Yet it is true that the future of sport is in what we might call the second-growth stage. Perhaps you have seen grandpa's wood lot, with the old hickory stumps standing in it. Here and there are some small trees. Those are the second-growth hickory trees. Our only hope for sport in America is in this second-growth crop; for sport in America, or timber in America, is in this second-growth crop.

With incredible speed and with unspeakable remorselessness we have already reached the second-growth crop of raw resources in America.

Suppose, after having thus casually strolled across the world in pursuit of a big-game trophy, we pass into the South Sea Islands country and stop, say, at New Zealand. It may seem strange to you to hear that, in case you really need a good elk head or a specimen of red deer, New Zealand might be the best place for you to go; because, if you are at all posted on your natural history, you will know that there were no land animals at all native to New Zealand, except two species of bats—and bats are not big game, outside Broadway.

In 1862 the gentlemen of New Zealand concluded to see what they could do by way of establishing sport on that continent. At that time they imported red deer from Great Britain. In one district now there are ten thousand of those deer, fine specimens, and a few of them are now allowed to be killed annually. In one district there are said to be forty thousand fallow deer, also the product of a little stock imported from the British Isles. Black-tailed deer and elk, imported from America, are also thriving in New Zealand equally well. In short, New Zealand knew the value of big game—Americans do not.

The rainbow trout was introduced into New Zealand from California in the early eighties, and to-day New Zealand is the best trout region of all the world. The biggest rainbows are no longer to be had in California, Oregon or Washington; you must go to New Zealand for those. You can get them up to twenty-five, forty and fifty pounds in New Zealand, with fine sport in bold and rushing rivers that once ran fishless to the sea. In Rotorua Lake, in the Auckland country, an average of four tons of rainbow trout a day has been taken in season.

As high as fourteen tons have been taken in one day. There was not a rainbow there in 1880. The problem was perfectly simple when treated on a businesslike basis. Our own problem, also, is perfectly simple if we care to treat it on a business basis.

Game and Good Business

I have before me as I write the report of the gamewarden of California. It is, in large part, a record of what does not exist to-day, but what did exist ten, twenty or thirty years ago. Yet the warden of that state says, with a certain pride, that the funds raised by shooting and fishing licenses in that state are all applied to game protection. In short, he has the same point of view we have in all our states—that sportsmen only are to pay for sport. Yet we have established, as a part of our Constitution, that there shall be no class legislation. Is it not perfectly simple to see the conflict of terms here?

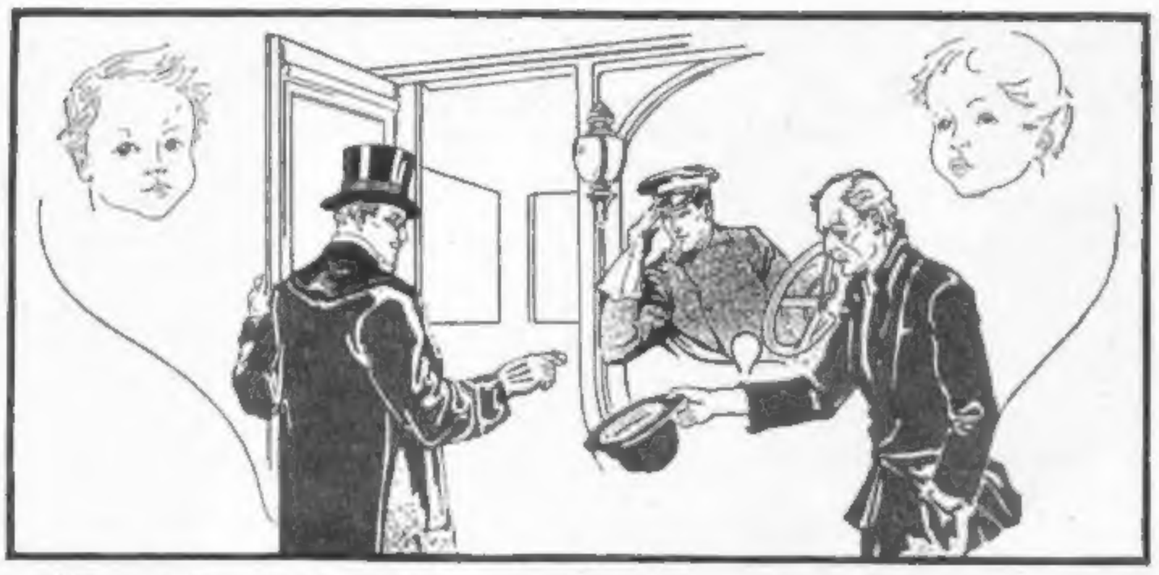
Though it is true that market shooting ought not to be tolerated in any corner of the world to-day—no more than unrestricted killing of poultry ought to be tolerated if there were no systematic increase provided for—none the less it seems to be the broader and more businesslike point of view to wipe out the whole theory that sport is for sportsmen only—that game is for special classes alone. The truth is, we ought to regard all these great resources of a country as things to be husbanded and increased. We ought not to dig out the roots of the trees in grandfather's wood lot, but give others a chance to grow.

The natural productiveness of the world is as great now as it ever was. Great game will take care of itself now as well as ever it did, and there is still plenty of room. The story of New Zealand is proof of that. On a second-growth basis we can have game all through the United States—all over the world—just as quickly as we want it and will provide for it on a business basis. And there are few better or bigger businesses in which a nation, a state, a county or a district could be engaged.

Not long ago, at a bankers' banquet in Chicago—attended by gentlemen supposed to be of the highest and best type of citizenship—there were offered on the menu, as one item, Jumbo Snowbirds. These, of course, were nothing but quail, which knowingly were served illegally at that date—as witness the name under which they were offered; but out of a hundred of those gentlemen, each of whom ate his quail, I did not hear one word of protest, or even of comment. This industrial waste was accepted by all those bankers as a matter of course.

At a banquet a year ago in one of the greatest hotels in Chicago six hundred quail were served, it was alleged, illegally; at that banquet six hundred of the best business men of Chicago sat down. At another banquet in that same hotel—another gathering of good business men—there were five hundred alleged illegal quail served. And yet we ask why our game is disappearing! It is because we are not business men.

Further this deponent saith not. Our own great-game fields lie reaped, but not resown. That is waste! That is not being forehanded.



Both Had an Equal Chance

—Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipments, sometimes end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.

It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—*it's a difference of will-power, that's all.*

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor or fighter.

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The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not *use* their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

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How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
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The Ninety-nine Methods for using Will-Power in the conduct of life.
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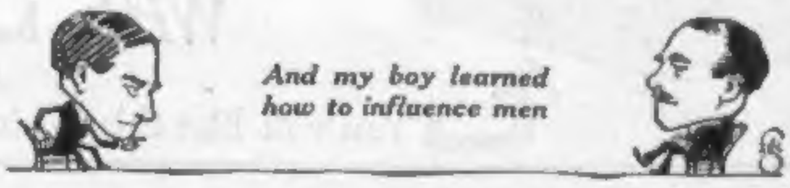

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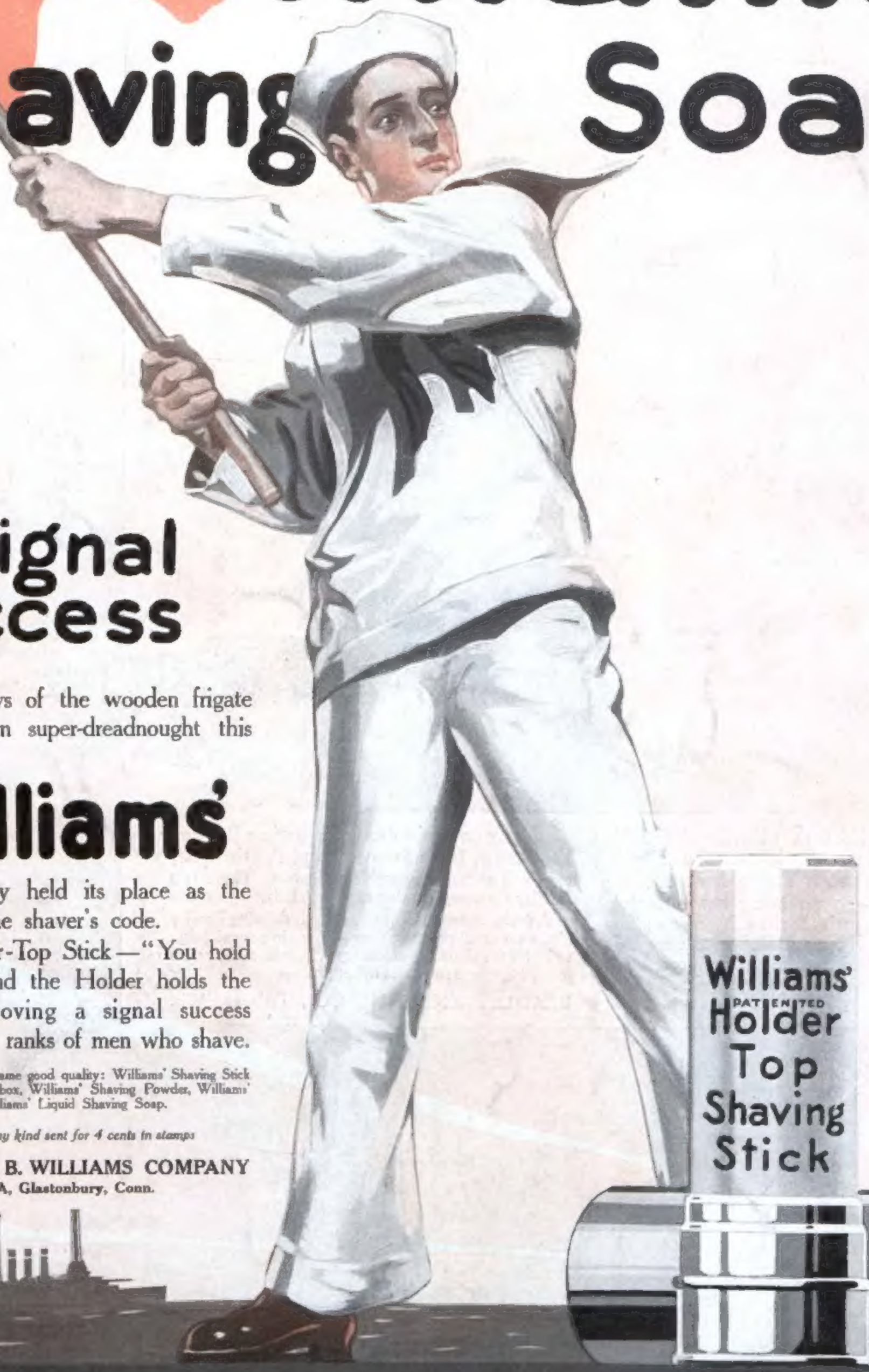

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